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Duquesne Monthly



Vol. 27

OCTOBER, 1919

No. 1.

Duquesne Monthly

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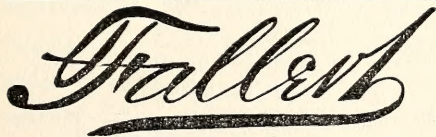
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Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXVII.

OCTOBER, 1919.

Number 1

Wilmer Henry Brickley.

BURNED TO DEATH AT MIAMI FLYING FIELD,
NOVEMBER 1, 1918.

LAST night I heard a tenor's voice
Whose mellow tones made me rejoice,—
The voice so sweet, so grand, so clear,
Of one who'd visioned a career
But left to fight for you and me,—
Who gave his all for liberty.

No call to arms could he resist.
His books discarded, to enlist
He bade Duquesne and home good-bye
And left to train in spirits high.
To ensign's rank he thought to rise,
Then drive a plane through trackless skies.

But wretched fate marked him, and lay
Within his plane one autumn day:
She struck as strikes some thief at night;
His tank she rent from left to right.
Then flames leaped up; he downward sped;
They found him in the wreckage—dead!

And though he's gone, this valiant knight
Who died before he reached the Fight,
It seems to me—perhaps I'm wrong,
That I have heard his voice in song.
But while I stood with rapture filled,
My joy took flight; the voice is stilled.

M. NOON GLYNN, '20.

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America Pays Her Debt.

ORATION DELIVERED AT COMMENCEMENT,
JUNE 17, 1919.

ONE hundred and forty-three years ago there stepped upon the shores of this continent a youth that was bold with the spirit of adventure and fired with the ambition to achieve a greater measure of liberty for himself and his fellow-men. Despite the fact that he was of noble lineage—having sprung from the French aristocracy in those days when Democracy was a thing to be frowned upon—all his sympathies were with the cause of the Patriots.

It was 1776, the first year of the War of the Revolution. The thirteen colonies had proclaimed themselves free and independent, and had taken up arms to make good their pretensions. To their cause, with others equally noble, the youth we have mentioned eagerly rallied. Having at his own expense chartered several vessels and equipped them as men-o'-war, he bade farewell to the land of his birth, and set sail for distant America. Arriving on this side of the water he lost no time in proffering his services to the colonial commanders. His ships became a part of their little navy, and he himself became a fighter, being appointed major-general by Congress.

Eight years the struggle lasted, and the notable role that this young adventurer played in the drama of American history will never be forgotten. Born with a fighting heart, imbued with a desire for liberty, having the innate qualities of a natural leader and displaying heroic skill and reckless bravery, his impress is left on every important battlefield from Brandywine and Newport to Yorktown.

Seven score years have since passed, and the scene has shifted. France herself is facing a situation as perilous as that which confronted the colonies in the days of their infancy. It is the period of the Great World War, and she is threatened with extermination at the hands of a ruthless autocracy. Already a quarter of her territory is overrun. Her call for assistance has been answered by America—the land she once defended against the very enemy which now tries to throttle her—the land that has grown to mighty nationhood thanks to the substantial aid she had then provided.

The first American contingent has just set foot upon the shores of France. Their leader, General Pershing, several days

after his arrival in Paris, is seen in a certain public square. Before him, like a mountain a huge statue rears its bulk. Its pedestal is a square mass of solid marble, around whose base God's own green grass is spread. The statue is that of a youth in the garb of the eighteenth century—that same youth who endeared himself to the heart of every true American—that youth who came to the aid of America in her hour of dire need; who spent fortunes in fostering her cause; who fought side by side with Washington; who, though born of the nobility, did not deem it beneath his dignity to take his place among America's half-clothed, half-starved, but valiant fighters for the justice and the liberty that they believed the heritage of all men. It is the statue of the great and illustrious LAFAYETTE.

In the square a great crowd is gathered. The assemblage is silent, for there in their midst stands one of France's foremost sons. His hair is white with the years, and his back is bent as though on his shoulders he carried the burdens of France itself. He is speaking, and his words are words of hearty welcome to our representative and the fighters he commands. Presently he has finished. He takes his place among the crowd, and the man whom America has sent as her contribution to the greatest body of military strategists ever assembled, mounts the platform. The crowd is hushed, expectant. They anxiously await the words that are to fall from his lips, words that will convey to them the sentiments of America—not of the land where the almighty dollar holds sway, but of the land where in all their purity and perfection flourish democracy and liberty. And as they listen tensely for the first sound of his voice, General Pershing, lifting his gaze heavenward, looks into the eyes of that cold statue as if it were the living Lafayette himself and utters those terse but pregnant words—words that will live in the hearts of every true American and Frenchman until sun and moon have ceased to shine—words that typify the man himself and his followers too—men of deeds—“*Lafayette, nous voici*—Lafayette, we are here!”

Then it seemed as if the very statue came to life and took on an added dignity, as if a smile suffused the countenance of bronze, in appreciation of the fact that America had not forgotten, that she had come to save his beloved people from that yoke of tyranny which, were it not for his aid and that of other Frenchmen, would long ago have forced itself upon our forefathers.

Oh, what an answer is contained in these few simple words!

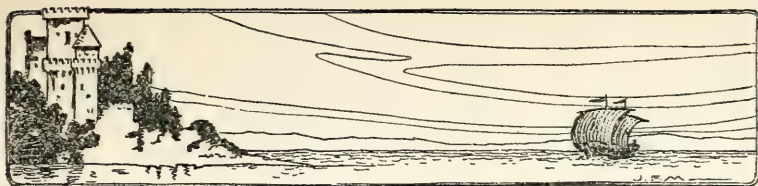
What memories they resurrect! What ambitions they foster! Franklin, with all his cleverness in framing pithy sayings, never couched in a few words all the height of thought and breadth of feeling that this one sentence reaches. Tersely it expresses what thousands of orators the country over have been striving to impress upon the American public in grandiose periods and elaborate theses that would fill volumes. It is America's answer to France. It is the link that binds the two republics together, that makes their fighters the most aggressive and the most indomitable of all the combatants in the war. It is this one sentence which, more than our dollars and cents, more than our ships and food, more than our cannon and ammunition, yea more than the skill of our most accomplished diplomats, brings together for common action and in a common invincible purpose, the souls of France and America.

It was at Chateau Thierry that America really entered the fray as a single unit. The Germans were putting forth their most telling blows in an effort to break through the allied line and reach the French capital, only thirty miles away. It was then that America's answer was translated into action. Nine hundred thousand good, clean American boys, strong and elastic of limb, buoyant of spirit and clear of brain, took up the challenge, met the shock of the onrushing tide of humanity, and turned what seemed imminent disaster to the allied cause into certain victory. They bent back, then broke, the German lines, and chased them, routed and discomfited, to the Rhine. Over hills and lowlands, devastated forests, and ruined towns, over the ground that was dark with the blood of many a martyr in freedom's cause, past streams that ran red with the gore of friend and foe, the chase continued. Finally the Germans were forced to acknowledge themselves beaten, and they sued for peace on that memorable day, November 11, 1918.

Surely the spirit of Lafayette had lived once more. We had heard the call of duty, we had helped to bring about a quick decision, we had done our share to aid the triumph of liberty and justice.

Our answer will not be forgotten. It will live in the hearts of our children and our children's children. When they read in the pages of history of the glorious and heroic deeds of the American armies they will always think of America's answer to Lafayette and to France, pronounced in her name by Black Jack Pershing, "Lafayette, we are here!"

JAMES J. MCCLOSKEY, B. A., '19.



School Debates.

IN the realm of studentdom we frequently hear discussions on the various benefits that may be derived from well planned debates. Of course every discussion has its "pros" and "cons". On the one side are ranged those who favor debates, namely the professors, the seniors and those students who have already to some extent realized that they have an object in life. On the other we meet those young gentlemen whose hearts are as yet filled with frivolity, who have not yet learned to look upon the seriousness of life. They are largely shiftless lads that have as yet no definite object in life; they go to school only as a matter of course, perhaps because their parents wish them to do so, as the only alternative to manual labor.

To the former class we give our whole-souled allegiance; and in these modest pages we shall attempt to illustrate some few of the advantages that the practice of debating has for the student. They are well worth considering.

Before undertaking to debate on any subject we must have knowledge, knowledge of facts and actualities. After all, what is debating? Nothing more than the exchange of ideas, with the view of convincing our hearers and of exacting, as it were, from them their real assent to the opinions we uphold. As I have previously mentioned, this can only be done after we have acquired knowledge. No one will deny that it is impossible to have any such particular knowledge on a specified topic, unless we have previously equipped ourselves with the means necessary to carry on this *bellum verborum*. Knowledge of some subjects may be the result of individual experience; but in the vast majority of cases the only manner of securing this necessary equipment is reading. Hence it clearly follows that research work in the strict sense of the term, and a diligent seeking and collating of facts is the only way to prepare ourselves for the verbal conflict. By this very act of going to the library, the mind is trained. The thought of going there causes an association of ideas; one is readily and somewhat unconsciously brought to think of the purpose of his visit, and that in turn

directly causes the mind to turn the topic over and over. Thinking over the subject, one is forced to admit that one's partial ignorance of it compels him to seek light from those better informed. At the library we come across books that are educational regardless of the particular topic of which they treat; they are classics as far as their composition is concerned. Thus, little by little, we form a habit of good, wholesome, substantial reading; we become inquisitive, and feel in our minds a new sensation—a craving for truth, more truth, and then still more truth. We also become familiar with the facts regarding the particular question we desire to discuss. We have occasion to converse, so to speak, with great men in the realm of wisdom, and in this manner we become stockholders in their fund of valuable information. What is more, we have the opportunity to familiarize ourselves with their style of expression, and thus even go so far as to quote them unconsciously.

We now come to the next step in the training of our mind by means of debates. After having assimilated a sufficient amount of knowledge in the form of facts, that shape themselves as distinct entities in our imagination, we have the opportunity to write on our chosen subject. Our style of expression then comes into play, when having accumulated our thoughts and disposed them in logical order, we take pen in hand and put them in a coherent and convincing manner upon paper.

And here several elements enter that render composition in view of public debate far more useful to the student than any other form of writing in which he indulges. The fact that he is to have an audience that he must first interest and then convince, lends an unaccustomed zest to the effort of writing; it leads him to search for the happy expression, the apt illustration, the occasional humorous turn, that will render his talk persuasive. Moreover, the efforts that he knows his opponent will make, the favor he will find, the arguments he will put forth, must all be counterbalanced. Hence the student will be impelled to put to use all that he has learned regarding the art of literary composition.

Our essay is now written, it is ready to be criticized by the professor, by whose favor we have our weaknesses of composition pointed out. The value of this form of correction is that it forms in us a habit of rereading a composition after we have written it, and of correcting errors of grammar or orthography which might have escaped our notice. A very commendable

habit, because the result is careful work, proper use of English, and a habit of self-criticism which will have a good influence in many other directions.

The professor now returns the essay with corrections and an encouraging mark. Then comes the further work for the student in which his mind receives training of still another sort. This work is no other than the memorizing of our essay. This effort has a tendency to force us to give a real assent to our arguments; that is to say, the memorizing actually makes us believe and feel what we are studying. Let no one pretend that he can dispense with this part of his preparation for a public appearance. Neglect to memorize in student days is responsible for the loosely arranged discourses, the scant vocabularies, the interminable sentences, and all the rambling inconsequences that long-suffering audiences must frequently endure.

Now that we have our debating essay memorized, we come to the step that gives the most valuable training of all. It is the delivery of our arguments before an audience. To acquit ourselves with any degree of success, we must have conviction, which we have unconsciously acquired in the memorizing of our debate; and this conviction in turn begets assurance, ease of manner, resourcefulness and that kind of eloquence that alone moves the heart of man. After the first qualms that surge through our being at the thought of being the centre of interest for so many of our fellows, the presence of our opponents and of our colleagues, the gravity of the parliamentary procedure, and above all the desire to win, fill us with a sense of the importance of the occasion and a determination to use our opportunity to the best of our ability; nay, they discover to us abilities that we never thought we possessed.

To summarize: debating helps the student to store up knowledge and to acquire a habit of reading; compels him to compose with order, taste, and forcefulness; it makes him self-critical, trains the memory, improves the vocabulary; and lastly, it gives him assurance and poise in presence of an audience. A single experience of this kind, gone through with the proper spirit, means for him visible progress along many lines; and repeated experiences cannot fail to work in him changes for the better that all must see and admire.

FRANCIS J. LIGDAY, '20.

Sambo Jackson Meets the Voodoo.

I SUPPOSE most of you folks who read the sporting sheets know me, at least by reputation. For the benefit of those who don't, I'm Billy Crosby, fight manager, promoter, and all that sort of thing, you know. I've stood so much infernal guying ever since that Jackson-Tucker scrap two years ago, that at last I've decided to give you fight fans the real inside dope on the affair, and let you decide for yourselves who was to blame for its unexpected conclusion.

Understand now, I'm not welching. I can stand having my pocket-book dented once in a while, but I lost a lot of prestige on that fight, and a lot of people began to question my ability to pick a boxer with nerve. You see I told the newspapers beforehand that my man, Jackson, was as game as they come. I still believe he is, but at present I'm almost alone in my belief. I think most of you fans, after reading this, will at least agree with me, when I say they can't prove Jackson was yellow, and will acquit me of the charge of being a poor picker of men with a fighting heart. Whether you do or not, I'll always assert my innocence, and maintain that I can't control a man's religion, especially if it's some fool kind I never heard of, and don't know anything about. At least I knew nothing about it before the fight.

But to get down to my story and begin at the beginning.

I suppose you remember about three years ago when I was compelled to go South for my health. No, I didn't rob a bank or anything, just had a nervous breakdown. Well, anyway, I went down to New Orleans. Friend of mine, Jack McCleary, owns a plantation around there somewhere. I stayed at his place. It's right near the city, and we used to come into town almost every night. We generally went to one of the athletic clubs and gave the pugs the once over. You see, Jack used to do a little bit of mitt-slinging himself. Fact is, I've often seen him polish off big bruisers twice his size—Jack's a little fellow—without even taking his coat off. Naturally he's interested in scrappers. Likewise I'm naturally interested in 'em too—seeing as they're my meal-ticket. So, as I said before, we spent most every evening at one or another of these clubs.

One night Jack suggested that we go to a new club, the Olympic, I believe. I didn't care which one we went to, so the Olympic was elected. They were putting on a couple of private bouts that evening in the gym, so of course we took them in. During the second tilt, someone came up behind me and gave me

an awful slap on the back. I turned around ready to fight—I was sun-burned. But my belligerent mood was short-lived. There was "Buck" Long, my old pal, who'd trained Arley Kelly when I piloted him to the bantam-weight championship.

We shook hands and I introduced "Buck" to Jack. Then "Buck" invited us into the grill-room to talk over old times and old wine. It seems he had retired from active participation in the fight game, and had just been appointed general manager of the Olympic Club. He was still interested in mittdom though, and had a pretty good line on all the pugs around the Crescent City.

After sitting there fanning for about an hour during which I told him about my whole string of maulers, Long asked, "How'd you like to pick up a good heavyweight?"

I glanced at him scornfully.

"You're getting foolish as you get older, Buck," I rejoined. "Why ask simple questions? You know I'd give my shirt for a good heavy."

"Well, I can't promise you a world-beater," he said earnestly, "but I can sic you onto a good prospect. It's up to you to make him. He's had some experience. One or two bouts, but of course he has a lot to learn."

"I can make him, if he has it in him," I declared confidently. "But," I added, suddenly suspicious, "why don't you take him under your own wing if he's so good? If I remember rightly, you always hankered to be chamber-maid to a champion."

"I know you'd say that," laughed Buck, "and to tell the truth there is a sort of hitch in it. You see this marvel is a gentleman of color. That, of course, wouldn't account for my passing him up, if it didn't account for his being a voodoo-worshiper."

"What's a voodoo-worshiper?" I demanded, though I began to smell the rat.

"Oh, it's some sort of religion a lot of the darkeys around here have," explained the uncoverer of the marvel. "It makes 'em superstitious as all git out. Once it gets to 'em they get scared of every kind of jinx there is, and they'd fall on the neck of a rabbit's left-hind-foot—if it had any neck—and weep for joy. They're a great lot, all right."

"Come on now, Buck," I exclaimed, "what's the rest of it? You know that's not all. Lots of fighters are superstitious."

"I know that, Billy," replied Long, "but they haven't the bug like this bird. Why he won't go out after dark without rubbing rattle-snake dust on himself and crossing his fingers."

"How do you know all this?" I inquired.

"I tried to get him to enter the ring a couple of times, myself," he explained, rather sheepishly, "but it was no go. He fought in a couple of prelims around here. That's where I saw him first. Then that blinkety-blank hag those fool voodooers call their priestess got wind of it. She told him if he ever fought again she'd sic the voodoo on 'im. Now he's afraid to touch a glove. It's a rotten shame, too, for he certainly has the goods. There's a great future in him for some manager who can jolly him into fighting. Why," looking significantly at me, "he can't even count money."

"What's his name?" I asked with interest. Of course Buck's last statement meant nothing to me. I wouldn't cheat my own mother.

"It's Sambo George Washington Jackson," replied Buck. "He fights under the name of Sambo Jackson."

"What's his weight?"

"Two hundred pounds, or thereabouts. He's six feet two, and has arms like a gorilla, and he certainly can use 'em. Knocked out both his opponents in those prelims. Take my tip, Billy, and look 'im up. He'll be a gold mine for you if he's worked right."

Now all this line of chatter sounded pretty good to me. I'm not the man to be taken in by a "morning-glory," but when a friend like "Buck" Long, who knows a real find when he sees one, puts me onto a good thing, I'm not going to pass it up without at least giving it the double-O. Besides I'm a pretty good talker—have to be in my profession—and I figured that I could persuade Mr. Sambo Jackson to re-enter the squared circle if anyone could.

So I said to Buck: "I tell you what I'll do. We'll go out and have a look at Sambo. Jack 'll come along. If Sambo's my kind of a prospect, I'll try and talk him into signing up with me. Of course I'll only sign him to a three months' contract, till I see if he has the goods."

"We'll bring him here to the Olympic, and I'll look 'im over. I have to go north this night a week. My boy, Willie Warner, takes a crack at the lightweight championship next month, and I have to see that he's in shape. You, Buck, and Jack work this

darkey out while I'm away. Teach 'im a few tricks. You know what I mean. Then, when I come back, we'll put the finishing touches on. Do you get me?"

"I get you," affirmed Buck, "We'll go up to-morrow. Have to get an early start though. It takes all day, in a machine. The place is up near Baton Rouge, about ten miles from there in a swamp. Have to get a skiff after we reach Lynchville. Will reach the voodoo camp about eight P. M. We ought to be back in Lynchville by one A. M. The camp's in the most god-forsaken-looking place you ever saw, and it's a rotten trip there, but, believe me, it'll be worth it if we bring Sambo back with us.

"Well," said Jack, speaking for the first time in half an hour, "you can count me in. We can use my car. When do we start?"

"Seven-thirty in the morning," answered Buck. "Where'll I meet you, fellows?"

"Come out to my place for the night," proposed Jack. "There's lots of room there. Anyway it's on the road to Baton Rouge. Then we'll be that much ahead of time when we start."

Buck agreed, and immediately went to his room upstairs in the club for a change of scenery. He soon reappeared, carrying a satchel, and then all three of us piled into Jack's machine and whizzed away to the 'Wild Rose' plantation. That was Jack's place. He swears up and down his wife christened it that, and that he wanted to call it the 'Jim J ffries' or the 'Salvator', after the famous 1:35 pony, but I'm sort of afraid that he's growing sentimental.

Well, anyway, we got away to a good start the next morning—it was a Wednesday—and although the roads reminded me of the kind you see in a Bill Hart movie, we made fairly good time to Lynchville, landing there about four o'clock.

We had our supper at the one-horse hotel on Main Street, then hired a boat for the voodoo camp. Buck claimed that he knew the way there without a guide. He said that of course he'd have to sit in the stern, so he could look ahead, and Jack remarked that he thought I needed exercise, so I took the hint and the oars.

The going was all upstream for an hour and a half. Then we turned off into a smaller stream, which widened into what Buck called a bayou. Here the water was still, so Jack offered to row. My back was nearly broken by this time, and I was getting madder every minute. I gave him the oars and tried to think of something sarcastic to say, but was so sore I couldn't think at all.

It was then six-thirty and getting dusk. Buck told Jack to hurry up or we'd be caught in the swamp after dark. I said I thought he expected to be caught before we started. He told me he had, but that he was a little confused in his bearings, and that he just wanted to be sure.

To make a long story short, we reached the swamp before dark, about seven o'clock. We cruised around till after dark, then Buck lost his bearings, and we'd just have to keep going till we reached the camp. He took the oars and Jack shifted to the stern.

I lit the lantern we carried, but Jack yelled for me to put it out. Said it'd attract snakes. I didn't know whether he was kidding me or not, so I played safe and blew it out. Funny, but I never could get to like snakes.

Buck rowed around till I thought it must be nearly morning. I struck a match and looked at my watch. It was ten-thirty. The bird who said time flies never rode around in a swamp after dark.

Just as I was thinking this, Jack hollered: "There's a light."

I turned and, sure enough, there it was—about a mile ahead through the trees. Maybe it wasn't a mile though, for in about two minutes, we could hear a low sort of wail.

"It's the voodoo-ers, declared Buck positively, and he was right for once that day.

As we made our way toward the camp, I vowed solemnly that, after taking all that trouble, if it was humanly possible, I'd make a fighter out of Sambo George Washington Jackson.

We came around to one side of the camp, which was on a little bit of an island, and pulled in behind some bushes near a sort of beach. From there we could watch the voodoo worshippers without being seen ourselves.

There were about thirty negroes ranged in a semi-circle, on their knees, before an old skinny, toothless, cross-eyed, ramshackle hag of the same race. She looked just like the witches in the Fairy Tales, only about ten times worse. In front of her was a big bon-fire, and every couple of minutes she'd throw some kind of stuff into the blaze that would make it give off a thick yellowish smoke, and a 'dark-brown' odor. Then the whole bunch would start to chant, and sway backward and forward, and little ripply chills would chase each other up and down my spinal column.

After fifteen minutes of this, the hag, who I saw was the

high-priestess, screeched something which I couldn't make out, and a great negro detached himself from the rest of the group and went forward toward her.

"Sambo!" exclaimed Buck softly. "That's him as sure as you're living. But watch that old hag, and see what she does to 'im."

I was already watching them as Buck spoke. Sambo strode up to her, and they sort of embraced, looking for all the world like two boxers in a clinch. We had a side view of the affair and could see every move they made. Not a word did they speak, but she put her left hand over both his eyes and hauled off and hit the back of her hand with her right. Sambo dropped like he'd been shot, and lying on the ground face down, and arms straight out.

"That's the voodoo sign in this camp, explained Buck, in a whisper, "He'll lay there for an hour maybe. He's plumb scared to get up till she gives the word."

We'd watched them for a good while before she let Sambo get up. Then Buck proposed that we pull away a piece till morning. "You see," he whispers, by way of explanation, "It mightn't be healthy for us to bust up their prayer-meeting while they're so dog-gone enthusiastic."

In the morning we called on Sambo at his hut, and I stated my proposition. At first he wouldn't hear of it, but I pointed out how he'd soon be rolling in wealth, and it wasn't long before he gave in, though not without considerable doubt and misgiving.

I wanted him to leave the camp without saying where he was going, but he insisted on telling his best girl, a sweet young thing of the proportions of a yearling buffalo. Of course she told someone else, and in ten minutes every darkey in the camp knew that "Sambo Jackson was gwine leave us, an' go 'way wid de white-mans to be a box-fighter."

Publicity was just what I desired to avoid, so I tried to sneak my latest find out of camp without any noise being made, but it was no use. Every darkey in the place followed us to the spot where we had moored the boat. Just as we were stowing the somewhat frightened Sambo in the stern, the old, cross-eyed 'high-priestess,' transfixed him with her stony stare, and shaking her bony fore-finger at him, screamed shrilly: "Yo' jes' go wid dat wite trash, Sambo Jackson. Jes' yo' be a box-fightah. Remembah, now, though, Ah sics de voodoo on yo, an' he'll git yo' jes' when yo' thinks yo'ah smartest. De nex' time a voodoo sign's put on you, youah name'll be mud."

Sambo gave a groan of despair.

"Oh, Laud, boss," he exclaimed, "Ah think Ah bettah go back."

"Come on, Sambo," I cried encouragingly, slapping him on the back so that I nearly swamped the boat, "buck up. She can't do anything to you. Ain't you got your rabbit's foot along?"

He nodded disconsolately, produced that sure chaser of the jinx, surveyed it for awhile as if it were the only thing between him and death's dark pit, and pocketed it again, seeming somewhat brighter.

All this while Jack was rowing away from the landing, and by the time Sambo had completed the rather lengthy process described above, it was too late to go back, so he accepted his fate philosophically, even recovering sufficiently to show us the route through the swamp.

Our journey back to New Orleans was completed without further mishap, and by ten o'clock Thursday night a considerably brighter Sambo Jackson had been installed in training quarters at the Olympic Club.

During the week that followed, all the claims that Buck Long had made for him were justified. Yes, and a lot more, too. For instance he showed unquestionable gameness, when in his first tryout, he took a terrific lacing from that old and crafty ringster, Charley McCune, boxing instructor at the Olympic. Charley was put to the task of teaching him the fine points of boxing. Sambo certainly proved an apt pupil. When, the following week, I left for the North, he already showed signs of a coming champion. Best of all, he seemed to have completely forgotten the dire threats of the 'high-priestess.' So, all in all, I was in mighty high spirits when I stepped aboard the northbound flyer.

For two months, I sojourned within hailing distance of Broadway. In that time a number of things happened. Willis Warner took the lightweight championship from Dick Arbuckle. Of course, you all know Dick Arbuckle was managed by "Corkscrew" George Pennock. You remember how Willie won by a first-round knockout? I made him do that. Told Willie to wade right in and finish him. Knew if Pennock's man had a chance he'd pull some dirty work. Wouldn't be Pennock's man if he hadn't something up his sleeve. Believe me, the guy who called George Pennock, "Corkscrew", chirped a lung-full.

Naturally losing his champion meal-ticket made George sore.

He came out in the papers with a loud wail, claiming that the K. O. was a fluke, and demanding another match. He had a fat chance of getting one, all right, especially when I knew him so well.

Everything went lovely till one night we came together in a café. Pennock, like the low-down cuss he is, walked up to me and hollered so you could hear him all over the place: "Why don't *you* carry a heavyweight on your string, you big cheese? Aren't you man enough to handle one?"

I didn't say a word, just letting him squeal. I wanted to keep quiet about Sambo till he was ready to fight big game.

"Why don't you get a colored fighter like Jasper Tucker?" he raved on. "Still," he added, "I guess a guy like you—"

I didn't let him get any further. I was clear mad.

"Say you big bum," I yelled, "Shut up about Jasper Tucker! Even if I had a man, I wouldn't put him on with any third-rater like Tucker. Go get 'im a reputation and then come around, and by that time I'll have a world's champion!"

That shut him up like a clam. I don't mind telling you I was feeling pretty self-satisfied that night. Strange, but I always did like to beat Pennock.

Five days later I was back in New Orleans. Letters from Buck and Jack had led me to expect a great improvement in Sambo, but nothing like what there really was. Why, that darkey was nothing more or less than a two-fisted whirlwind. He had everything a fighter needs including coolness, intelligence and wonderful stamin. In fact I was so pleased that the first thing I had him do was affix his 'mark' to a five year contract. Something unusual, perhaps, but warranted, I believe, by the circumstances.

Well, to shorten a long and monotonous tale, Sambo, under the expert tutelage of Buck Long, Jack McCleary, Charley McCune, and myself, cut a wide swath among the heavyweights of the country during the next eight months. He seemed as though he had never been superstitious, and his warm disposition and sportsman-like conduct left him many friends, white as well as black, wherever he went.

In the meantime Jasper Tucker, through the happy chance of possessing a terrific wallop, had also made quite a reputation for himself, and incidentally quite a lot of money for George Pennock.

Finally the field of competition for the right to meet the

champion narrowed down to Sambo and Jasper. Sambo was, I think, slightly the more famous of the two,—certainly he was the more popular. He was a perfect specimen of manhood, without the slightest defect, well-proportioned, light in color, and fairly good-looking. Tucker was black as the ace of spades, rather short for a man of his weight, heavy set with knottily-muscled arms hanging almost to his knees, large features, and terribly crossed eyes.

Thus I sized the two fighters up, and figuring on Sambo's superior skill and staying power, decided that it was better than an even bet that my man would come out on top in a long bout.

So, just eleven months after I discovered my now famous protégé, I had signed articles for him to meet Jasper Tucker for runner-up to the champion. Such was the meteoric rise of Sambo Jackson!

According to the agreement the exhibition was to be a 20-round affair, to be held in the open air on the night of June 28th, "at a site to be selected within a radius of ten miles of the city of New Orleans." The purse was \$10,000, on a 60-40 basis.

After some difficulty, a permit to stage a twenty-round bout to a decision, was secured by Tom Hagan the promoter. He also began to have a large wooden arena built in the extreme north end of the city especially for the event.

All these details which might have caused a hitch being attended to, Sambo went into training on June 2nd at Jack McCleary's. I took every precaution, as I'm not fond of taking the loser's end, especially when, as in this case, the loser's end would leave us £1,000 in the hole. You see, I had to put up five thousand to cover a wager Pennock proposed. To tell the truth I had no desire to take him up. I hate to bet with "Corkscrew" George—but there was no way out of it, for as the Britishers say: "One must show one's sporting blood, you know."

Sporting blood's all right, of course, but \$5,000 is \$5,000, so as I said before, I took no chances with Sambo. I wouldn't let a stranger go near him. Fact is I guarded him so closely all day, and nearly all night, that he got kind of sore, saying that he wuz'nt no baby to be follered aroun' like he was de only chile ob an ol' hen." I told him it was all for his own good and he quieted down.

Matters at the training camp went along smoothly enough to suit even Buck Long, who was, as usual, Sambo's condi-

tioner. Three days before the fight Jackson was declared to be in the pink of condition, and told to take things easy, and just exercise enough to keep fit. Of course he obeyed. This habit of strict adherence to his training schedule was a trait which contributed greatly to his success. No man can be a fighter and do as he pleases at the same time.

Two nights before the fight, I noticed Sambo looking worried for the first time in months. I tried to cheer him up, but it was no use. He continued to despond.

The next morning—the one before the fight—I caught him deep in conversation with a strange colored boy. He caught sight of me coming up, and ducked something under his coat. I ordered that he show me what he was hiding.

He hemmed and hawed, but finally pulled something furry from beneath the coat.

"What the deuce is that?" I demanded.

"'Tain't that, boss, it's dem," declared Sambo. "They is a pair ob rabbit-skin tights."

"Throw 'em away," I commanded, fearing a return of his superstitions, and knowing they'd slow him up in the fight.

"Ah jes' can't do it, boss," he returned stubbornly. "It's de wo'st kind o' bad luck to throw a rabbit's hide away. Ah knows, fo' Ah asked de high-priestess."

"Who's your boss?" I yelled, getting sorer, as I realized that I would again have to cope with a superstitious Sambo, "her or me? If it's me throw away those tights."

"Ah reckon you'ah the boss, Mistah Crosby," he answered calmly, "but it makes no difference, Ah jes' can't throw 'em away."

Well, we argued back and forth, I getting madder every second, but that was all the good it did, for Sambo remained firm, and in the end I had to permit him to wear the rabbit-skin tights.

Undismayed by this slight set-back, I worked as hard or harder than ever. I allowed Pennock no opportunity to try any of his tricks, even cooking Sambo's last few meals with my own hands, and watching them every minute of the way from the kitchen to his mouth.

Jackson took his last very light workout of the morning of the twenty-eighth. Once or twice he seemed to slow up and begin thinking of something. I had a hunch I knew what it was, so I brought him back to earth with a sharp reproof.

I sort of expected Sambo to be in a refractory mood that night, but my fears were groundless. He was never more peaceable. I tried to persuade him to wear regular tights, but he still insisted on donning his own rabbit-skin affair. I let it go at that, not wishing to disturb his peace of mind.

There was no dressing-room at the arena, so Sambo had to go there in Jack's auto, wearing citizen's clothes over his fighting costume. Before we left I took something from my dresser-drawer, and dropped it into my pocket.

"Might come in handy if he gets pig-headed about his jinx," I mused grimly to myself.

At last we reached the arena. It was a pretty large affair, holding easily ten thousand people. It was packed by a mob of rabid fans, who set up a loud and lengthy cheer as Sambo climbed through the ropes. There was a lesser howl five minutes later when Tucker appeared.

Sambo was a 10 to 7 favorite at the ringside, most people staking their money on his skill against Jasper's punch.

Ned Egan was the third man in the ring. I knew him to be incorruptibly honest, and therefore an essential in a contest requiring a decision.

The usual formalities being over, the ring was cleared for action and the bell rang.

The first six rounds were tame, neither man letting himself out much. Tucker several times tried to lure Sambo into giving him an opening to the jaw, but my man was too clever. He just stood Pennock's ace off and kept jabbing him with a straight left.

Between the sixth and seventh rounds I told Jackson to loosen up a bit. He certainly did, and kept it up for the next five sessions. At the end of the eleventh he was a mile ahead. Jasper seemed groggy, so I told Sambo to "go in and finish 'im."

Pennock must have decided that Jasper's only chance was a quick knockout, for he apparently decided to mix it, too.

As a result the twelfth was a hummer. Sambo just waded in and smashed Jasper all up. I think this must have made him over-confident, for he left himself open to one of Tucker's swings. The swing landed just as the round ended, and didn't do much damage to his physiognomy. He shook it off, and walked to his corner.

"Dat boy suah kin hit like de ol' voodoo himself," he remarked, grinning ruefully.

"Shut up," I ordered peremptorily.

But I was too late. The voodoo idea had taken root in his head, and I might just as well have tried to chase the English out of Gibraltar with a pop-gun, as to dislodge that crazy notion from his brain. Jasper Tucker was the voodoo in disguise.

I reckon most people would think that having your man imagine he was fighting a devil was bad enough. I thought so, too. But that was only the beginning.

As Jasper Tucker staggered to his corner after the twelfth, I heard him gasp to Pennock: "My Laud, Cawkscrew, Ah'm all in. Ef somethin' don't happen soon Ah'll do a Fred McKay, sho' as ah'm de cullah of a spade."

Corkscrew leaned over and whispered something in his ear. It must have been highly reassuring, for Jasper brightened up like the sun coming from behind a cloud, and grinned all over his face.

That was my cue. I knew that if George Pennock had anything up his sleeve, now was the time he'd show it. I watched him like a hawk, and inside of five seconds my vigilance was rewarded. He spoke one word, evidently a pre-arranged signal. Harry Gleason, Tucker's trainer, detached himself from the group around Jasper, sped up the aisle, and disappeared through an exit.

Before Gleason had reached the door Jack McCleary was after him. In the meantime I was massaging Sambo and hoping for the best. I was still massaging and hoping, when McCleary returned, empty-handed, to report that Gleason had given him the slip.

I muttered something unprintable about crooks like Pennock, and dropped to one knee to rub the calf of Sambo's leg.

"Fifteen more seconds," exclaimed Charley McCune, who held a stop-watch.

I began to rub the other leg.

"Ten more seconds," drawled Charley.

Suddenly the arena was plunged into darkness!

Just as suddenly a blood-curdling shriek rent the air. It was Sambo.

"Oh, my Gawd!" he wailed, in a voice of despair, "hit's de voodoo, suah. Dere, behint yo'. Oh, Laud, save dis poo', sinful—." His voice trailed off into a groan.

Turning quickly, I beheld an apparition that would have made the ace of spades turn white. It even startled me. There, out-lined against the inky blackness of the arena, was the greenish-white form of a glowing skeleton!

I said I was startled. So I was, but only for a second. Then in a flash I saw through the whole dirty scheme. Pennock had rubbed phosphorus on Jasper's head, arms, and body, in such a manner that when Gleason turned off the lights, the unearthly scene described above would be produced.

All this happened inside of five seconds. Then the lights came on again. I heard someone yell, "Belt slipped," but I knew better.

Meanwhile Sambo continued to moan, and entreat heaven for help.

I cut off his raving in short order.

"Shut up, you darn fool!" I exploded in a cross between a howl and a roar. "That was only—"

"Gong!" sounded the bell.

Sambo made no move to leave his corner.

"Get up there and fight," I cried, giving him a shove.

Still no move.

A sudden thought came to me. I reached into my pocket and jerked out the article I had taken from the dresser drawer.

"Nigger," I rasped grimly, sticking the revolver against his ribs, "*You fight.*"

"But, boss," he argued, shakily, "dat debbil'll knock me clean to Hades in dis thi'teenth round."

I pulled back the hammer of the gun.

"*You fight,*" I commanded, gratingly.

Seeing I was in earnest, Sambo rose reluctantly.

"Ah suah am 'twixt de debbil an' de deep blue sea," he groaned, miserably, as he left the chair. "But," he added, turning a woe-begone countenance toward me, "Ah reckon Ah'll take a chance wid de debbil."

Contrary to my expectations, Sambo came back fairly strong. Tucker began like a whirl-wind, but Jackson, remembering my revolver, refused to back up, and kept peppering his opponent with his famous left jab. Things began to look brighter to the followers of my protege.

The crowd, which had watched our controversy in silence, began to root again, and again I had hope of carrying off the winner's end of the purse.

After several attempts, Pennock's man finally got past that left, and they clinched. Their position seemed vaguely reminiscent to me. They seemed to be hugging each other. Tucker's left glove was covering the upper part of Sambo's face.

Before I could think of where I had seen the pose before, Jasper hauled off with his right, and laid it violently against the back of his left.

Sambo dropped like he was shot. As he fell I remembered the position. Tucker had put the voodoo sign on Jackson!

Immediately pandemonium broke loose. The crowd, of course, thought Sambo was knocked out, and began to holler like mad. The thing had taken place so quickly that hardly anyone had seen it, and nearly everybody was wondering how it had happened. Even Jasper was so surprised that he didn't have a clear idea of it himself. He just danced around, yelling like an Indian, and it was all Ned Egan could do to keep him from jumping on Sambo and kicking him.

I knew all this was scaring Jackson worse, and when Ned reached the count of six, I saw that the jig was up. Sambo Jackson had lost to his superstitions.

Suddenly Tucker growled in a fierce voice: "Black man, yo' beat it back to yo' ol' voodoo camp, 'foah Ah eats yo'. Now *run!*"

The apparently unconscious Sambo needed no second urging. In a wink he had vaulted the ropes. Amid a chorus of hoots and jeers he ran up the aisle, three steps at a time, and with one backward glance to see if the "voodoo" was after him, he jumped clean over the railing around the top of the arena, disappearing on the other side.

I've never seen him since.

Well, fans, I guess that's about all, except that it took five policemen to keep the sore-heads who had lost money on the fight away from me. Just as if I hadn't lost more than any of them on it. Curious how losing money makes some people sore. Am I right?

But to come to the point, boys, what do you think of that scrap? Was Sambo Jackson a physical coward? Certainly not. It was all his blinkety-blank superstitions. You agree with me, don't you?

Anyway, as I said before, I can't help it whether you do or not. I'll always declare and maintain that I can't control a fighter's religion like I can his pocket-book—especially if it's all some darn fool superstition—such as voodoo-worshipping. How about it, folks?

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, H. S., '21.

From One Having a Penance.

RONDEAU.

IF fords below a passage make
For you and me our leave to take,
We quit this Bluff at five to three
And soon across the stream will be
Where Penance Halls no spirits break.

But, Jack, I know my knees will quake
If Fortune's smile shall us forsake:
That student horde will laugh at me
If hordes be low.

School life has caused my heart to ache
Too often: so, this school I'll shake;
I'll go to work; I'll then be free;
A banker, Jack, I'm going to be;
I'll buy machines for you and Jake
If Fords be low.

M. NOON GLYNN, 20.

Duquesne in the War.

DURING the last two years the MONTHLY has published month after month interesting notes on the war activities of professors, alumni and students, under the caption of "Echoes from Camp and Battle Front". It will not be long before the last of *Alma Mater's* loyal sons returns from overseas. The present moment is therefore an opportune one to sum up the services that Duquesne University rendered to our country during the time of stress now happily ended. Data have been gathered with difficulty, and must remain incomplete. But such as we have them, we now set them down.

Our men in the service were distributed as follows:—

A ARMY

Infantry,	551	Ordnance,	34
Cavalry,	7	Quartermaster Corps,	27
Field Artillery,	29	Engineers,	32
Coast Artillery,	2	Motor Transport,	19
Aviation,	29	Medical Corps,	42
Signal Corps,	11	Tank Corps,	3
Total,	.	.	786

B NAVY

Navy Proper,	44	Naval Aviation,	3
Total,	.	.	47

C MARINES

Marine Corps,	22	Marine Aviation,	1
Total,	.	.	23
Grand Total,	.	.	856

DISTRIBUTION ACCORDING TO RANK:

Colonel,	1
Majors,	4
Captains,	16
Lieutenants,	115
Chaplains,	17
Non-Commissioned Officers,	107
Killed in Action,	7
Died of Disease or Accident,	8

DIED IN THE SERVICE:

Name, Class Year, Home Address, Military Unit, Time, Place and Manner of Death.

BRICKLEY, WILMER H.—Law, 1920. Ebensburg, Pa. Cadet in

- Marine Aviation. Burned to death at Curtis Field, Miami, Fla., November 1, 1918.
- FINN, JOSEPH P.—Academic, 1908. 28 Plymouth Street, Mount Washington, Pittsburgh, Pa. Killed in action, September, 1918.
- HOLOHAN, CHARLES R.—Commercial, 1910. Wall, Pa. Co. A, 39 Engineers. Died of influenza at Camp Upton, L. I., April 16, 1918.
- KELLY, DANIEL R.—Academic, 1915. Mt. Pleasant, Pa. Co. E, 110th Infantry. Killed in action, October, 1918.
- LEW, ELLSWORTH J.—Commercial, 1909. 14 Twenty-seventh Street, Carrick, Pa. Sergeant. Killed in action, October 6, 1918.
- LOULAN, JOHN J.—Commercial, 1916. Washington, D. C. Sergeant Co. H., 315th Machine Gun Battalion. Died of meningitis, March 29, 1918, just after arriving in France.
- LUTZ, HOWARD H.—Commercial, 1913. 14 Clay Street, Sharpsburg, Pa. Died of wounds.
- MCCARTHY, REV. JOHN F.—College, 1895. 5934 Center Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. Lieutenant-Chaplain. Died at Camp Meade, October 5, 1918, of pneumonia.
- McKENNA, HARRY—318 Forty-fifth Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Yeoman in Navy. Died of influenza at Great Lakes N. T. Station, Ill., October 20, 1918.
- MALONEY, JOHN F.—Preparatory, 1903. 2316 Wylie Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. Corporal, Battalion F, 107th Field Artillery. Killed in action, September 7, 1918.
- MORAN, TIMOTHY J., M. D.—College, 1890. 3948 Mifflin Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Lieutenant. Died at Camp Lee, winter of 1917-1918.
- MOUNTAIN, ALBERT A.—College, 1918. McMechen, W. Va. Second Lieutenant, 110th Infantry. Killed in action at Ourcq River, July 30, 1918.
- RITTER, JOSEPH S.—Academic, 1915. 716 Main Street, Sharpsburg, Pa. Private in Infantry. Died of influenza at Camp Forrest, Ga., October 22, 1918.
- SKORUPSKY, THEOPHILE—Commercial, 1918. Presto, Pa. Private in Infantry. Killed in action, October 22, 1918.
- TURNBLACER, FRANK C.—Commercial, 1907. 124 Wabash Avenue, W. E., Pittsburgh, Pa. Sergeant, 511th Infantry. Died of influenza at Camp Lee, February 16, 1918.

**MEMBERS OF FACULTY WHO RENDERED
WAR SERVICE.**

- Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, LL. D.—President of the University, active in Red Cross work and War Saving Stamp campaigns, member of Mayor's Reception Committee, instrumental in bringing S. A. T. C. and R. O. T. C. to the institution.
- Brickley, Wilmer H.—Instructor in Mathematics and Science, Cadet in Marine Aviation, Miami, Fla. Burned to death while flying at Curtis Field.
- Barth, Raymond E., C. P. A.—Instructor in Accounting in the School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce, 2nd Lieutenant.
- Burns, Joseph A., M. A., LL. B.—Professor of English and Mathematics, Cadet in Naval Aviation, Miami, Florida.
- Connolly, M. J., M. A.—Professor of Latin, English, History and Mathematics, Knights of Columbus Secretary at Paris, Toulouse and Coblenz.
- Corbett, J. O.—Professor of Military Science and Tactics, Captain, Engineers, A. E. F.
- Deviny, William M., Ph. D.—Professor of Accounting, Commerce, and English, Dean of the Faculty of the S. A. T. C.
- Dewe, Rev. J. A., M. A., D. Litt.—Dean of the School of Sociology, Professor of English, History, Economics and Sociology, Chaplain of Infantry, Camp Bowie, Texas.
- Eckl, Francis X.—Physical Director, Second Lieutenant and Physical Instructor, Camp Lee, Va.
- Egan, John P., M. A., LL. B.—Secretary of Law School, Second Lieutenant, 22nd Co., 6th Prov. Ordnance Depot 1 Reg., A. E. F.
- Laughlin, John E.—Vice-Dean of Law School, Four-Minute Man, active promoter of all Liberty Loans and Welfare Drives.
- Liehr, Robert A., B. A.—Professor of Latin and Mathematics, 320th Ambulance Co., 305th Sanitary Train, A. E. F.
- McFall, William B., Jr., LL. B.—Instructor in Commercial Law, School of Accounts, Captain.
- McGuigan, Rev. Eugene N., M. A.—Professor of Latin and Mathematics, active promoter of all Liberty Loans and Welfare Drives.
- McManus, Michael F., B. A.—Instructor in English, Private in Infantry, Camp Lee.
- Madden, John P., B. A.—Instructor in Mathematics and Science, Sergeant, Personnel Office, Hospital Group, Camp Greenleaf, Ga.

- Milholland, J. B., A. B., LL. B.—Instructor in Commercial Law, School of Accounts, Second Lieutenant.
- Richter, Otto G., B. S. in E., C. P. A.—Instructor in Accounting, Ensign in the Navy.
- Rowe, Rev. John—Professor of English, Chaplain on Transport "Reina d' Italia".
- Sullivan, Herbert H., B. Sc.—Professor of Chemistry and Biology, Captain, Battery B, 25th Battalion, Field Artillery, Replacement Depot, Camp Jackson.
- Walker, William H., LL. D.—Dean of the School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce, organized the Duquesne Infantry, October, 1916, Chairman of Liberty Loan Committees, Vice-Chairman of Salvation Army Drive, active in all the war work campaigns.
- Yunker, Albert F., M. A., LL. B.—Professor of English, Latin and History, Petty Officer in Navy, Great Lakes, Ill.

ALUMNI WHO RECEIVED AWARDS OF HONOR.

- DEKOWSKI, REV. JOHN J.—College, 1908. Captain, Chaplain, A. E. F. Croix de Guerre for attending wounded under fire.
- HOVELER, WILLIAM A.—Academic, 1909. First Lieutenant, Aviation Corps, A. E. F. Croix de Guerre, first Pittsburgh flyer to receive it, brought down a German plane under circumstances of peculiar difficulty.
- JAWORSKI, REV. JOSEPH A.—College, 1908. Captain, Chaplain, A. E. F. Croix de Guerre, August, 1918, first Pittsburgh Chaplain to receive it, conspicuous bravery under fire.
- KENNY, THOMAS W.—Academic, 1915. Sergeant, Co. 82, 6th Reg. of Marines, A. E. F. Distinguished Service Order and Croix de Guerre. During the action at Belleau Wood he led a scouting party to discover the whereabouts of a German machine-gun nest and brought back prisoners three times as numerous as his party.

MILITARY TRAINING AT THE SCHOOL.

The University has had military training during the past three school years. During the session of 1916-1917, the Duquesne Infantry was organized with Colonel Blackstone, Captains Corbett, Griffith, Milne and Meyer, and a number of Non-commissioned Officers in charge. Most of those that took the training have since received commissions.

Duquesne University was one of the first hundred schools to

accede to the War Department's request that the S. A. T. C. be established. Contracts for handling an initial unit of 200, to be increased later, were signed in August, 1918. Quarters were provided, and a faculty of twelve professors was engaged, and the induction took place on October 1st.

First Lieutenant Warren R. Canright became the Commanding Officer; he was assisted by Second Lieutenants Oscar B. Welch, Earl H. Winslow, and George A. Lutz. After two short but interesting months of military experience, the members of the S. A. T. C. were mustered out of the service on December 9, 1918.

On December 14, the War Department authorized the organization of the R. O. T. C. at Duquesne University; and a few days later Lieutenant Canright was appointed to take charge of it. Three companies were formed, and drilled three times a week until the end of the year. Some of the members spent the summer at the R. O. T. C. Camp at Camp Lee, Va. The R. O. T. C. was reorganized under Lieutenant Parsons at the opening of the present school year.

The faculty and the students' military organizations were very active in promoting the various war loans and drives for war welfare funds. For instance, in the Victory Loan Campaign, Duquesne stood seventh in the third district of twenty-eight schools, with sales of \$26,350.00, being exceeded only by schools much larger, and operating under more favorable conditions. Colonel F. W. Rowell, district inspector, in an address following inspection of the R. O. T. C. on May 16, congratulated them on their splendid showing in furthering the Victory Loan.



Children at Prayer.

SO many earth-bound thoughts in moments past,
So many sordid trifles in each day
Have held me to their level, that at last
I can not pray.

But kneeling here in answer to my need
Are my sweet intercessors! All my cares
And skeptic thoughts roll from me as I plead—
“Lord, hear *their* prayers.”

BUBGES JOHNSON.



SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

A Prosperous Year For Duquesne.

A YEAR ago a shadow of apprehension and a pall of sorrow hung over the world. Nowhere were people living their normal life. But of all classes we can say with truth that the student body was affected most. The war undoubtedly disturbed many young minds profoundly. Those that remained at their books found themselves incapable of their customary concentration; with plenty of time at their disposal, they felt their attention diverted hither and thither. They had no little share of worry regarding the welfare of friends that were fighting the good fight for Democracy. Many students hurriedly enlisted. Others wavered between duties that appeared equally imperative. They could not decide whether they would do a greater service to their country by enlisting in the fighting forces or by remaining in the medium which indirectly defeated the enemy, by teaching the soldier to be a man, and by producing men fit to command on the drill-field and under fire.

At the height of the struggle oversea, the influenza spread its deadly germs throughout the land. So rapid and so fatal was its progress that for a time it completely baffled the medical authorities, and plainly got beyond control. The civil powers employed every preventive deemed adequate to combat the spread of the plague, and among the means that they felt called upon to adopt, was the closing of the schools. Students were among the many unfortunate ones attacked. Those who survived have not as yet regained their former good health.

The foregoing reasons account for the fact that last year much time was lost to the student; his mind was divided, he could not accomplish things, he could not do conscientious work. But this year starts out as a dynamo running at its highest speed;

and before it will have run its course, it will prove to be the most successful year in the history of schools and colleges.

There is a great boom. Boys and young men are taking to higher education. The professional ranks have been thinned out, both by the war of cannon and shell, and by the war of disease. Students' minds are untroubled and clear; they feel they can accomplish good work; they are grasping the opportunity to enroll at schools and colleges with a determination to fill the depleted ranks of the professions.

Already at Duquesne University 492 students are registered for high school and college. At the present writing, though the Law School, the School of Accounts, and the School of Social Service have not begun their sessions, over 860 names are on their rolls. What do these telling figures show? They are neither meaningless nor ambiguous. It takes no philosopher to delve into the intricacies of the question. Anyone can see that it spells a successful year for the schools.

Numbers beget enthusiasm and healthy rivalry. Let each man make it his business to keep aglow the fire of zeal with which he has begun, to aim high, to keep the goal in sight, or whatever other figure one might use. Only in this sense the proverb will be true.

Well begun
Is nigh half done.

C. J. KRONZ, '20.



Exchanges.

THE following comments have been made by various Exchange editors in the course of the year just closed.

The winter number of *The Viatorian* noticed our December MONTHLY at some length:

The reading of the DUQUESNE MONTHLY for December is both a profitable and pleasureable task. After perusing the paper on "The Influence of Life Insurance on Systematic Thrift" we wondered if the author was not connected with some insurance company. At any rate his arguments in favor of life insurance are so persuasive that we do not see how they could be resisted. "The Smothered Spark" is a short story that would appeal to any patriotic American boy. The wide-awake hero, Ralph Hailey, certainly deserved the reward that was accorded him for his cleverness and devotion to his country. Mr. P. E. Curry has given us an exhaustive treatise on "Tobacco", a subject which cannot fail to interest men. The diligence of the author in compiling this work is to be commended. One would never think that the weed or pipeful of tobacco that he inhales so thoughtlessly

was the subject of so much care and attention on the part of others. The conclusion of this article we note is contained in the January issue. The plot of the short story, "A Refugee Angel" is simple but well developed. It is a very appropriate "war story." The editorials sagely discuss topics of the most vital interest at the present time. One must feel a thrill of pride upon reading items such as "America's Contribution", which makes him realize fully the brilliant victories our raw soldier boys have won from the trained warriors of Europe. And then in gratitude to these heroes we will certainly follow the advice of Mr. Kronz and "Send Cheerful Letters" to the boys with the colors. They surely have deserved this slight service at our hands. We are, alas, only too prone to forget this obligation and grow careless in its discharge. You are not over-generous with your poetry, Duquesne, and you, too, seem entirely to forget the humorous side of life.

The St. Francis of Brooklyn, N. Y., in its January issue seems to find fault with every department of our MONTHLY. Their criticism referred to our S. A. T. C. number.

The DUQUESNE MONTHLY is another visitor. Unlike the *Georgetown College Journal*, it does not contain even one literary article. From the beginning to the end it does nothing but talk of its war activities. Now that the war is over, we hope the next time it comes to see us, it will show some of its former literary ability. It also has an Exchange editor but no Exchange column. We can see no reason why so many of our contemporaries are doing away with this column. *Chorusque turpiter obicit sublato jure nocendi*, says Horace; but remember, brother, we still have the right to abuse.

In the next issue of *The St. Francis* we intend to pick out an all-star scholastic staff.

But in their next edition we find that they have chosen a Duquesne man for first place as Associate Editor on their All-Star Scholastic Editorial Staff. The following is their choice and their reasons for so choosing:

We have patiently reviewed the many Exchanges sent us, and spent much time picking out a staff which we consider the best. We hope our brother ex-men will take our suggestion seriously and will also make out their staff.

The following is the staff we have selected:

Editor-in-Chief: John G. Brunini, *Georgetown College Journal*.

Assistant: James J. Egan, *The Villanovan*.

Exchanges: Ex-man, *De Paul Minerval*.

ASSOCIATES.

(1) Justin J. Gallagher, *Duquesne Monthly*.

(2) William D. Hassett, *Canisius Monthly*.

The spring issue of the *Villa Sancta Scholastica* liked our January MONTHLY very much and invites us "Come Again."

The DUQUESNE MONTHLY opens with a clever little story, original in theme, plot, character and title, "The Ghost that Would a Sculptor Be". At first mysterious and serious, it goes on to the most absurd conclusion possible. We feel that the author has been making fun of us all along, but he has done it so infectiously that we cheerfully laugh with him. "Self-determination for Ireland" fairly staggered us with its eloquence until we

glanced at the signature, then our equilibrium was restored. The magic word was "O'Donnell". "For Ireland's Freedom" is equally good. The *Duquesne* is one of our oldest Exchanges and one of our best. Come again.

From the April issue of *The Laurel* comes the following:

The DUQUESNE MONTHLY—February—is still trobbing with sympathetic touch for the "Training Camp and the Battle Front". "Catherine The Great" is an opportune and interesting study in the sad light of the present condition of Russia. "Henryk Sienkiewicz" gives a succinct account and just appreciation of the work of that great novelist and philosopher of life. To be reminded of such men is truly gratifying in the present upheaval of Eastern Europe.

The Martian for April took notice to our March number and did not forget to make it known to us. This is how they have done so:

The March number of the DUQUESNE MONTHLY is replete with learned essays. We note the absence of fiction as well as of an Exchange column. With all the talent displayed in the numerous essays we almost expect some fine fiction as a part of the monthly.

The excellent lines of "St. Patrick's Day", breathing Ireland's hopes, win our admiration. "In Ye Olden School-days" would be condemned by the staid "school-marm" of to-day.

Our April number has been commented upon thusly by *St. Mary's Messenger*:

DUQUESNE MONTHLY aptly opens its April issue with a beautiful poem on Easter. Among the best articles in this excellent number are "Racial Characteristics of the Stage" and "Consider the Cat". The editorials, strong and timely, include discussions of the Irish problem and the Dechristianization of Schools.

The Saint Francis is not the only one which admires our past Editor-in-Chief. We find the *Marquette University Journal* of last June commenting on one of his articles in this manner:

One of the best, the best, we might say, of the essays in the Exchanges received this month, is in the DUQUESNE MONTHLY for May, and is entitled "Irish Poets". It seems to be somewhat of a fad to write about the Irish, in schools where the sons of Erin are well represented, yet this article has more than a national appeal to offer.

A terse, well rounded paragraph on the poetic character of the Irish introduces the subject. That elusive and transitory thing we call style, is evident in this first paragraph. His sentences might be arranged better for emphasis, yet they are well balanced and possessed of a certain rhythm that makes for smooth-reading, musical prose.

The author then proceeds logically to go back to the dark ages to recount the influence of the Irish poet at court and in the schools. This paragraph, like the first, contains some well written sentences, like the following:

"He exercised a most pronounced mastery over their minds. With pen and voice and harp he labored for their mental development. He persisted, until the Irish mind, advancing in age and wisdom, had reached a high degree of acuteness."

The influence of the writers of martial verse is next dwelt upon, the nature of their verse and its effect upon the beaten people. Following this the author descants upon the modern poets, and gives a very able discussion on the work of Katherine Tynan and Lionel Johnson.

A eulogy on the poets of Erin concludes this commendable essay. A climax, if rather too complimentary to the Irish, is produced by quoting an ode to the "Irish, the music makers, * * * the movers and shakers, of the world forever, it seems."

The writer, whose name betrays his nationality, has produced a bit of prose that deserves first place among the essays of the edition, yet he has been carried away too far in his desire to herald and glorify the Irish poet. But then, we presume, this is a point that might be open for debate.

We wish to acknowledge with thanks our indebtedness to the critics mentioned above. With discernment worthy of older heads they have pointed out blemishes as well as merits. Their criticism has been in the main constructive. We hope to profit by it.

JOSEPH A. O'DONNELL, '20.



College and High School.

September 4th and 5th were notable registration days. Hardly had the faculty gotten ready for work than the new students began to appear. Long lines of applicants, stretching from the front vestibule to the second parlor, stood waiting to enroll. Not until late afternoon did they cease to come. The second day proved to be a repetition of the first.

A large number had been enrolled before the appointed dates, and some of our young friends of last year brought whole tribes from their several neighborhoods. For the first time four divisions have been formed in the First Academic High School.

The new term was opened on September 8th with fitting services. A Solemn High Mass was offered up to beg the Author of all learning to guide and help both students and professors through the coming year. Rev. Bernard Carey, C. S. Sp., was Celebrant, while Rev. J. A. Rossenbauch, C. S. Sp., and Rev. John Rowe, C. S. Sp., assisted.

The boarders are back this year with a stronger force than

ever before. It would seem that they came in answer to a secret call from the new quarters that were prepared for them. The private rooms were all engaged before the opening day, and several applicants could not be accommodated.

Those of the faculty who remain from last year are retaining their old places with a few changes. The most important of these is the appointment of a new prefect of discipline. The Rev. E. N. McGuigan, C. S. Sp., has received this appointment, succeeding Rev. John F. Malloy, who held the post for the past seven years. Father McGuigan is known to all the older boys as an excellent disciplinarian, and we feel confident that he will have complete success.

This year again sees a change of the seminarian prefects. Mr. Schiffigens, C. S. Sp., still remains with us, and has for his companions and fellow-disciplinarians, Mr. J. P. Stanton, C. S. Sp., and Mr. T. A. Quinlan, C. S. Sp.

Several professors return to the faculty after war service.

Rev. John Rowe, C. S. Sp., who was a chaplain on a transport, is with us again. He is teaching the First Commercial book-keeping and rapid calculation. To divert his mind from the business world, he is guiding the members of the Second High C in the correct usage of our mother tongue. Father Rowe was a prefect at D. U. for several years.

Mr. R. A. Liehr, B. A., who was represented by a star on our service flag, has returned, and is demonstrating to the Second High B the correct use of Latin, and launching the youngsters of First High A and B into the sea of higher mathematics.

Mr. J. J. McCloskey, who received the B. A. degree last June, is professor of Latin in First High D, and of English in First Scientific, while he pursues the studies of the Law School downtown.

Mr. F. X. McMurrough, B. Sc., B. E., a former student of Washington & Jefferson College, and a graduate of the University of Pittsburgh and of California Normal, has had experience as a teacher in different schools of Fayette County. The boys of the First High C will find him an excellent instructor in Latin, English and History.

Mr. Leo J. Wright, M. A., is with us this year as professor of mathematics in Second High A and C. He is a graduate of St. Mary's University, Baltimore, and has taught several years at St. Edward's College, Huntington, W. Va.

Mr. T. Moritz, B. A., is a graduate of St. Mary's College, Dayton, Ohio, with a teaching experience of five years. He has under his charge both First and Second Commercial in mathematics and typewriting.

Mr. Charles Wolffer, C. S. Sp., takes charge of the Prep. Law class and teaches German. He studied abroad, and taught in the West Indies, and at Holy Ghost College, Cornwells, Pa.

Mr. Minahan, B. A. (St. Bonaventure's College, Allegany, N. Y.) has charge of Second High C Latin, and First High D mathematics.

Mr. W. Mathewson, B. A., (St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, Canada,) is teaching the First High A Latin and English. He also handles the latter subject to the Third High B.

Much work has been done on the main building during the summer. All the floors and window frames have been freshly painted. A new sign on the fence stands

Improvements out clear and bright as you come up Sixth Avenue, just as our school points to a clear, bright future for those who grace her classic halls.

The changing of the boarders' dormitories from the fourth floor to the former commercial hall, has not only procured them larger and more convenient dormitory space, but it has also brought four new class-rooms into use. These serviceable rooms are being used for the accommodation of the numerous First High classes. Fifty-six new pictures have been hung in the class-rooms, adding greatly to their attractiveness.

In the basement to the right of the main stairway one may find our new lavatory. It is equipped with the finest modern plumbing and furnishes plenty of space for both washing and toilet purposes. It is accessible to all at all times. The boarders find the six new showers an excellent improvement.

A new dining-room for the professors, connected by a passage to the adjacent corridor, has been partitioned off next to the boarders' refectory. The professors enjoy their meals in the new location, and the boarders have more room to expand (in several senses).

The absence of the President, Very Reverend M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp., has caused much comment on the part of the student body. Duty called him to Europe about the

Absence of the middle of August. He leaves the school
V. R. President under the control of the Vice-President, the Rev. Henry J. McDermott, C. S. Sp. The latter has taken up its management in a very business-like manner and will maintain its state of efficiency until the President's return.

ROBERT G. REILLY, '23.



THE students on the opening day saw a campus that resembled a jungle. Only a few days later this jungle had been denuded of grass and completely transformed into a gridiron by the enthusiastic devotees of football. Nearly two hundred candidates responded to the call to the colors, so the Red and Blue should have three good teams.

"Dutch" Ligday, a senior in the school of arts and sciences, has been selected to coach the UNIVERSITY HIGH. Besides being a 'Varsity letterman in basketball, Ligday was recognized as the best tackle on the Duke Freshman team three years ago. In 1917 he was selected by the local newspaper men as the all-scholastic tackle. The coach will build his team around the trio of veterans, Doyle, Rooney and Cingolani. Walter Doyle, who captained the team for the past two years, was the all-scholastic center and a letterman to boot; Rooney plays the backfield in a dashing manner. Cingolani, another letterman, has nearly reached his old-time form. Six gridders who played on the Duke Juniors last year should make good high school men under Ligday's directions. They are Ritter, a heady little quarter; Dempsey and Young, sure tackles, Good and Flynn, speedy half-backs; and Jimmy Doyle, who is determined to oust his all-scholastic brother from the center job. Balcerzak, Bielski and Schneider are reliable guards. Kramer, another backfield man, is sure to land a regular assignment. Of the remaining candidates, Higgins, Maloney, O'Brien, Vittulo, Liskosky and Hearn are doing well. Father Rossenbach and John Kettl, faculty and student managers respectively, have scheduled games abroad with the following high schools: New Kensington, Bellevue, Monessen, Union High of Turtle Creek, Greensburg and Connellsville. St. Mary's of the Mount and Kittanning will be seen in action on the Duke campus.

THE JUNIORS.

The Duke JUNIORS will be under the dual control of Father McGuigan and John Davies. There was such abundant material that Father "Mack" had to send out a hurried S. O. S. for an able assistant. Sweeney at quarter is the real live wire of the team. Krepley at end and Thornton and Mullen in the backfield, have thus far displayed the best form. Hall, Kerns, Snir, Donovan, Donahue, Martin, McCartney, Wissenbach, Reilly, Clapper and Farwick are rapidly learning the rudiments of the game.

THE MINIMS.

Our interest in the MINIM camp at present centers around the coach, Rev. John Rowe. This genial comrade and gridiron solon, fresh from France, has not forgotten his football lore. He made a record several years ago when he, in conjunction with Lieutenant John P. Egan, developed an eleven that was unbeaten for many seasons. "Billy" Carrick, the stout little guard from Carnegie, has been chosen captain. Blaney, Goff and Klasner are the other guards; L. Schiring, Friedrich, Barrett, O'Leary and Davies, tackles; Bullion, Rebhun and Kichta, ends; "Chief" Wilson, center; C. Schiring, Briggs, Fleck and Sayns, halfbacks; O'Connor and Schwab, fullbacks; McCaffrey, Kelley and Lennox, quarterbacks.

JOHN BRILEY WALSH, H. S., '20.

THE ALL-DUQUESNE HANDBALL TEAM.

Ever true to her slogan, "Athletics For All", Duquesne has encouraged all branches of sport. After football the most popular form of outdoor exercise is handball. The gong has scarcely sounded for the dismissal of classes at 12 and at 3, when there is a headlong rush for the seven concrete handball courts. An ardent handball enthusiast has selected the following students as the best players in school; they undoubtedly qualify for the All-Duquesne team: Sr., Diranna, Kronz, Murphy, Jr., Dilmore, Gujski, Rieland; Soph., Cusick, J. Davies, Marecki; Fresh., Boggs, Reilly, Ubinger; Pre-Med., W. Doyle, Hudock, Novicki; 4 H., Bielski, F. Downey, Foerster; 3 A, Grunder, E. Kelly, Murray; 3 B, Blieszner, Friedrich, Wilhelm; 2 A, G. Caye, Ciccone, Kaveny; 2 B, Horrell, Regan, Winkler; 2 C, O'Connell, Simpson, Skalski; 1 A, Bailey, Doyle, McGarry; 1 B, I. Davies, Farwick, Goergen; 1 C, Goff, Mulcahey, Sheran; 1 D, McGrath, Maughn, Wilson; 3 Sc., T. McGrath, Ritter; 2 Sc., Balcerzak, H. Myers,

Sweeney; 1 Sc., Emig, Timney, Vaia; 3 Com., Baier, Ibitz, Mock; 2 Com., Boyle, V. Hoffmann, Sieben; 1 Com., Julius, McKee, Pummer.

AN OBSERVER.



NOTE. The management of the MONTHLY must disappoint two zealous contributors and many expectant readers by holding over Alumni Notes and Duquesnicula until the next issue.

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Duquesne Monthly



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NOVEMBER, 1919



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Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXVII.

NOVEMBER, 1919.

Number 2

The Season's Signals.

THE hour eleven cometh
On Nineteen's good old clock;
The evening fast is waning,
And midnight soon will knock.

The birds have gone to slumber
And now lie snug in bed.
The trees have shed their glory;
Their giant forms seem dead.

The fowls no longer ramble
About the yard and lawn.
Chill and dark is the evening;
Chill is the break of dawn.

The owl-like wind goes roaming,
Awake through all the night,
To chant for the dead its dirges,
The living to cut and bite.

And so we have November
To tell its warning o'er :
The hour of sleep is coming;
Death opens to all his door.

M. NOON GLYNN, '20.



The Supreme Court—Our Constitutional Guardian.

THE Federal Constitution originated in the "grinding necessity" for a national government. The thirteen original states, when released from a common bondage to the British Crown, had fallen back upon their separate sovereignties, each a country of its own. During the Revolution, they had leagued themselves together in a loose Confederation, which proved to be feeble and inadequate. It lacked every necessary power. It had no relations whatever with the individual citizen; it could not command his obedience; it could not reach his person or his property. It could not support itself by taxation; it could not safeguard its foreign relations; it could not regulate trade with the world or between the states; it lacked a revenue system; it could not raise an army or equip a fleet.

The Continental Congress was not a Government; it was largely an advisory board—with eyes to see and ears to hear, but without hands to relieve common and ordinary misfortunes. Whatever it did, or attempted to do, was liable to the infractions of thirteen different legislatures. The faith, the reputation, the peace of the so-called Union, was at the mercy of the prejudices, the passions and the local selfish interests of every member of which it was composed. It was wisely decided by the statesmen of that day, sustained by the people, that America was unwilling to trust her honor, safety and happiness on so precarious a foundation. Hence the Constitution of the United States was framed and adopted. The dominant purpose was to create a NATION and thus promote the general welfare and establish justice. It was this Constitution that gave birth to our Supreme Court and endowed it with unimpeachable authority.

Under this Constitution, guarded by the Supreme Court, we have gone through six epochs of development.

The first epoch extended from 1790 to 1801 and was marked by the assertion of national authority in unmistakable terms. In their decisions the judges vindicated the national character of the Constitution; they asserted and maintained the supremacy of the

national authority; they made plain for the statesmen and jurists who should come after them the true path of Constitutional interpretation.

After having decided that the treaty obligations of the Nation were paramount to the laws of the individual states, there came a case of the utmost magnitude. A citizen of South Carolina had sued the state of Georgia in the Supreme Court of the United States. Here was the struggle in its sharpest form. Could a state be sued? Had the Federal Court jurisdiction? The case rested squarely upon the language of the Constitution that its jurisdiction shall extend to controversies between a state and a citizen of another state. The Supreme Court accordingly held that Georgia was suable by individual citizens, the same as any other state. As the result of this and similar decisions, Anti-Federal sentiment was so fanned into a flame that within a year the Eleventh Amendment to the Constitution was acted on by Congress. Although the decision was thus practically abrogated, yet its spiritual value remained. It was a trumpet note, clear, loud and strong, sounded by the highest tribunal in the country—the court of last resort—boldly announcing in the first ten years of its existence the doctrine of National Sovereignty.

The second epoch opened with the advent of John Marshall as Chief Justice in 1801, and lasted till his death in 1835. The judgments of Marshall and his assistants, notably Washington and Story, carried the Constitution through the experimental period and settled finally the question of its supremacy. It was decided in this epoch that a State law in conflict with the Federal Constitution is void; it was Marshall who reasoned the celebrated case of *McCullough vs. Maryland*, where the State tried to tax an agency of the National Government, and proved the logic of his reasoning by summing up his argument with the words that the "power to tax is the power to destroy." If a State could tax one instrument employed by the Federal Government, it could tax them all, the mails, the mint, judicial process, etc., to such excess that would defeat the ends of government. This was not intended by the American people. They did not design to make their government dependent upon the states. Another milestone in the career of Chief Justice Marshall was his decision in the *Dartmouth College* case, where it was affirmed once and for all time that a Charter granted to a corporation is a contract with the state and that the State cannot pass any law impairing the obligation of that charter. Another monumental decision was

that Congress had exclusive authority under the Constitution to regulate inter-state commerce. This period is indeed justly termed the "golden age of the Supreme Court."

The third epoch extends from 1835 to 1861. It is marked by reaction, or rather by a limitation of the doctrines of the Marshall school, and also by the careful nurture of State rights. Much of what was done in this period has proved of lasting value. It was well that the doctrine of the Dartmouth College case should not be carried too far, lest monopolies flourish and competition be stifled; it was well that the States be not too closely shorn in their efforts to protect themselves; it was well that they could police their territory by health regulation. In fine, it was well that the autonomy of the states should not be destroyed.

The fourth epoch covers the period between 1861 and 1870. It represents a recurrence of the doctrines of John Marshall and a notable extension of national powers, due to the Civil War. It was decided and reiterated that there should be no loss of separate and independent autonomy of the states through their union under the Constitution. Chief Justice Chase, speaking of the maintenance of the National Government, used the memorable words: "the Constitution, in all its provisions, looks to an indestructible Union composed of indestructible States."

The fifth epoch, from 1870 to 1897, is marked by a vast expansion of Federal authority, illustrated not only by the declaration of new powers, but also by the application of well-established principles to new conditions. United States notes as legal tender came into existence and were justified under the implied power Congress derived from the Constitution. The narrow construction placed upon the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments seemed to sanction the contention that they were meant for the black men and not for the whites. Then followed a steady expansion of principles, not to say an irrepressible growth of the doctrine of nationality. The rights of colored men as jurors were decided; then came the Civil Rights cases; the Chinese Exclusion cases; the Cherokee Indian cases. A death blow was struck at polygamy, and the period ended with a recognition of the power in the States to prevent extortion and favoritism through the regulation of inter-state railroad rates.

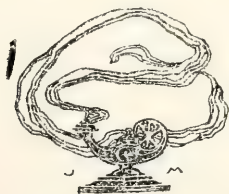
The sixth epoch opened with the year 1898 and closed about one year ago. It is marked by features due to our having become a world power, as the result of the Spanish-American War. New

territory, new dependencies, new conditions of life have complicated the character of our jurisprudence with unforeseen perplexities. Our vast material prosperity and the growth of our industries, the consolidation of capital and elimination of ruinous competition, the necessity for mighty efforts boldly planned and daringly executed, led in time to huge combinations, popularly known as "trusts". When these became a menace, both to the public and individuals engaged in Interstate Commerce, the National Government was compelled to regulate or destroy them, and did so by enacting the celebrated Sherman Anti-trust law, entitled "An Act to protect Trade and Commerce against Unlawful Restraints and Monopolies". The dissolution of the Standard Oil Company, the American Tobacco Company and the Harriman combination of railroads, resulted from a failure to withstand the test of not being monopolies in restraint of trade.

The seventh epoch, still in its infancy, opened amidst anguish and blood, has passed through the critical period of uncertainty, and leaves us now at the gateway to an unexplored region.

This is a mere outline sketch of the Supreme Court of the United States—the guardian of our Constitution—and but a resume of the very important part it plays in directing the destinies of our Nation. It does not make laws; its unique province is to interpret them. And let us not forget the extent of our debt to the United States Supreme Court for its faithful steadiness in the performance of its functions. Its past is secure; the future is indicated by the past. This Court has stood with a protecting hand and a jealous eye ever-guardful of American rights and liberties under the great American Constitution; and God grant that it may always stand firmly, uncorruptedly and unflinchingly as the one grand conservative element in our Government, alone worthy of interpreting what the stars and stripes stand for.

WILLIAM L. JACOB, LL. B., '19.





A Dollar's Worth of Sleuthing.

WALTER KEENE was hungry. A college graduate, honorably discharged from the Intelligence Department of the Army, he sat on his bed in a city rooming house, far from his native Ohio town, and thought of the time when he had three meals a day and plenty of jingling coins in his pocket; what if these coins were only clumsy sous and ten-centime pieces? He had never thought things would come to such a pass; yet here he was, like many another returned soldier, clean-limbed, clean-living, but at the end of his resources and of his wits.

With a great effort he shook off the despondent mood that for several days had been settling down on him. He gave his hair and his clothes a vigorous brushing, and went out into the dreary street. The big city was cheerless and unsympathetic that misty November morning. He consulted the list he had copied from the directory, and then, shoulders squared and chin thrust out, he made his way to the rooms of the Shockler Detective Agency.

An office-boy met him in the ante-room.

"Who do you want to see?" he asked, with the office-boy's usual independence—of grammar.

"I'd like to see the boss, sonny," said Keene. "On private business," he added, presenting his card—the last of his meagre store.

The boss seemed properly impressed by the card, for in a minute the boy came back with the assurance that "He'll see you in a few minutes, sir."

In response to a call, Keene went in and faced his destiny. One glance at the burly, grizzled giant at the desk was enough to decide him that he wasn't going to like Chief Shockler.

"Well?" came in rasping guttural tones from the man at the desk.

"Well—well, sir, you know, I need employment—Intelligence Department, you know—haven't eaten for two days—"

"Intelligent, are you? Don't look it. No free lunch counter here! Nothing doing; a man must be able to state his case a little clearer than that to get work here. Good day."

It was a great relief for Walter Keene to find himself out on the sidewalk again. With a courage born of desperation he looked again at his schedule, and covered briskly the two blocks

that intervened before he reached the Wolmes Detective Agency. "They can't all be like *him*," he assured himself, on general principles.

And he was right. Mr. Wolmes received him with some show of cordiality, listened to his story, meanwhile looking him over and taking stock of his various gifts. Finally he said, quietly but incisively, "Here's a dollar. Don't come back until you have found the name of the kid that lies for the last two days unconscious in Misericordia Hospital."

Walter went out elated, got some rolls and coffee, and took a car to the hospital. He saw the youth—well, he was in his twenties, probably, but fair and young enough to be still rated as a kid. The limp body had been discovered in the top-most branches of an apple tree in the suburbs more than twenty-four hours previously, and so far no clue to his identity and no explanation of his singular malady had been found. Walter felt an unaccountable fascination for the lad, quite apart from the professional interest that the case aroused, and from the anxiety that its outcome occasioned.

He went to the office, and was allowed to examine the boy's belongings. They consisted of a cheap suit of clothes, quite new, a heavy overcoat, some small change, and an Ingersoll watch. There was certainly no clue. It was getting late; somewhere across the city's din a clock was striking. Walter took out his watch, and as he did so, an inspiration flashed across his brain. He took off the back of the boy's watch. There was no name engraved there, but there was a kindly-faced, grey-haired woman's photo that Walter thought he had seen before; and the number of the works was 16,238,334.

Here at last was something to work on. He looked intently at the picture to impress it on his memory; the number he noted on his precious little "schedule".

He walked to the Post Office, and spent ten cents for a special delivery stamp, walked the three miles to his flat, made a supper of three apples, and went to bed with a good conscience and a net capital of sixty cents.

The next day was Sunday. He fasted, against all rules, civil and ecclesiastical. Monday's mail brought him a letter from a certain large eastern concern. He tucked it into his inside pocket, and paid two fares out of his dwindling fortune to a certain pharmacy in a dingy suburb. The proprietor, in answer to his eager questions, brought out a list inscribed in

various handwritings. Down the first page his hand and eye traveled rapidly; down the second and third pages he glanced, but stopped short in the middle of the third.

"May I use your typewriter?" he asked, his face aglow with triumph. The druggist was a decent fellow, and made no objections. So, for five minutes Keene rattled the keys.

"Some day I'll pay you well for your trouble, sir," he cried cheerily, as he stepped out of the back room.

"Have a sundae, won't you?" asked the medicine-man.

"Thanks, awfully, but I really haven't time," returned the thoroughly excited sleuth, forgetting his hunger.

It required another inroad on his depleted treasury to bring him back to the hospital, whither his rapidly matured plans now led him. The patient had come out of his coma, but his memory seemed to be a blank. He could not tell his name or anything of his personal history.

Walter Keene approached the bed, gave the youth a sound slap on the ear, and shouted at him like one distraught, "Paul Norton, where have you been since our last fight in Dalton's Alley?"

Like a Pittsburgh fog that disappears at 9:30 on a November morning, the blank look left the boy's face, and a grin of recognition spread from ear to ear.

"Well, would you ever?" he cried in ringing tones. "It's Walter Keene, as I live. Where've you been for the last 'steen years, pal of my boyhood days?"

He looked around him, and for the first time realized that he was a patient in a hospital. The sound of the voices had brought several nurses and convalescent patients to the room, and to their astonished ears Walter Keene now unfolded this amazing tale:

"Paul Norton, son of John P. Norton of Urbana, Ohio, fell from a transcontinental airplane (which has not been heard from since) into the apple-tree in Wilkinsvale from which he was rescued. On this occasion he was only a passenger, not the pilot, though he served as a pilot during the war. The number 16,238,334 on his Ingersoll watch revealed his identity, thanks to the fidelity with which the Ingersoll Company keeps its lists, and the equally scrupulous care exercised by Druggist Wottlebosher of McEase Locks, who sells watches as a side line. The heavy overcoat he wore, coupled with my personal knowledge of his war record and the peculiar and dangerous situation from which he was released, account fully for my explanation of his

accident. The sound rap on the ear, together with the mention of a vivid childhood experience, jogged the brain sufficiently to restore the memory, which had temporarily refused to function. Unless I am much mistaken, your patient is ready to be discharged."

Admiration for the young solver of mysteries was unbounded. As it was just noon, Paul Norton, who was ravenously hungry and perfectly sound—apart from a scratch or two,—insisted that Keene should enjoy one meal as the guest of Misericordia. Compliance was easy, as the reader can readily judge.

Not much time was spent by the reunited pals in swapping stories, as Keene was eager to show the head of the Wolmes Detective Agency how well he had spent the dollar advanced on his salary. Carfare ate up almost the last jitney of it.

He suppressed his excitement very well, however, when he stepped into the office and silently handed to the boss a type-written sheet. It was the account of his deductions typed in the course of the morning at the McEase Locks pharmacy, and since verified down to the last detail.

The great detective read in silence, called up Misericordia Hospital, and then, with a total change of demeanor, shouted at the youth before him, "Boy, you're a real find. You've got the stuff. You're hired from this moment. For a beginning you get \$40 a week, and a \$5 raise every three months. And here's my check for the job you have just done. It turns out to be two jobs in one. John P. Norton of Urbana, Ohio, has this morning asked this Agency to locate his son, strangely missing for five days."

Walter Keene's grit and perseverance had won out. He was about to start back to the hospital to take his boyhood friend for a jaunt, when he was called to the phone. It was Mr. Shockler.

"Hello," came over the wire in tones that their owner vainly tried to render pleasant, "is that you, Keene?"

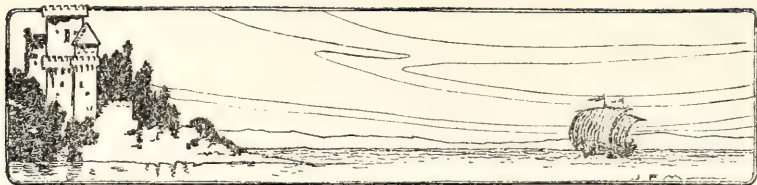
"Yes, sir," said Keene, more self-possessed than at his last interview.

"Congratulations! The afternoon paper has an account of your case. Will you come and work for me? I'll give you—er—hem—\$35 a week."

This was Keene's opportunity to be sarcastic. But he only said, "Sorry, but I'm perfectly satisfied where I am. Good-bye."

Was the missing aeroplane found? Yes, it was. But that is no part of this story.

FRANCIS A. RILEY, H. S., '21.



Pittsburgh Parcel Post Office.

STANDING on the corner of Ferry Street and Third Avenue, and looking southward in the direction of the Monongahela River, the visitor sees a stretch of buildings looming up on his right. At the end of the canyon that they form, the square mass of a large business block etches its outline against the hazy green and grey of Mount Washington, across the river. As we draw nearer this block, the details are more discernible, and we behold a buff brick structure about ten stories high. Glancing down Ferry Street, we see a number of trucks lined up along the curb. When we have reached the building, smaller trucks loaded with bags are being pushed out on the sidewalk, while others are making their way through the wide open entrance.

We have soon identified the building, for the trucks are designated "U. S. Mail", and this, coupled with the sight of so many bags informs us that this is a Parcel Post Station.

By this time our curiosity has been somewhat aroused, and we desire to enter the building and see how the parcels are handled. At first we are undecided about going in; but the order everywhere apparent reassures us, and in a few moments we have crossed the street and have arrived at the main entrance. As we are about to enter from the southeast corner, a young man approaches us and politely offers his services. We inform him that we would like to make a tour of the building. The young man tells us to wait a few minutes while he speaks a word to the superintendent.

Meanwhile, we have had a chance to observe the first and main floor from the position where we stand. The white ceiling, supported by white columns, attracts our attention first. Over to our right, lined up between the columns, are small trucks, some of which are already loaded, while others are being loaded. Almost directly in front of us is a long chute protruding from the ceiling. Into it many mail sacks are constantly being hurled from above, and in a few seconds they have reached their destination—a long stand from which they are put on trucks and

taken out of the building—evidently bound for the trains that will carry them, on a long or short journey, wherever they are to go. Close at hand are large scales, and a man is busy weighing truck-loads of mail. Glancing to the extreme southwest part of the room the eye lights on a group of men. Near them are trucks, and the men in charge of them are repeatedly shouting "elevator", so we evidently conclude that this is the elevator shaft. Nearer, to our left, extends a long counter piled up with parcels of every description. A few clerks are busy selling stamps and checking parcels while a score of customers wait anxiously in their turn to have their parcels stamped.

Close by us is a flight of iron stairs. Soon our friend has arrived at the foot of these stairs accompanied by a short, elderly gentleman. He is stout, greyhaired, and vigorous, his countenance displaying a considerable degree of earnestness and determination. His sharp eyes look in different directions and do not miss anything. In a few minutes we have become acquainted with the superintendent of this Post Office Station. "I have a little time to show you about the building," he says. "Follow me up these stairs."

We reach the second floor. Our host is telling us all about this floor, when he is unexpectedly called to the first floor on urgent business. He politely excuses himself, but very thoughtfully introduces us to one of the clerks, requesting him to show us farther on.

To our left and directly opposite the elevator shaft, is a long table covered with mail. A young man is seen accurately tossing parcels into square openings, which our guide informs us are mail bags fastened to uprights and known as racks. "This," he says "is Small Pennsylvania Rack. These parcels, you will understand, are bound for places in the State of Pennsylvania only." Farther on we observe several aisles of large bins. They are all filled with packages. Later, we are informed, these bins are unloaded into mail sacks, and then taken to the chute which we saw on the first floor. Having seen everything on the second floor, and admired the systematic methods by which such an accumulation of mail is rapidly disposed of, we are directed to the elevator, which will convey us to the next floor.

In another minute we have arrived at the third floor. As we step off the elevator, a melodious voice singing a Foster melody arrests our attention. It comes from the direction of a large pile of mail sacks lying in apparent disorder in the upper right-hand

corner of the spacious room. Two negroes are engaged in straightening out each sack, and repiling them in order. One of them is a young fellow who seems to be rather melancholy, but our guide insists that, appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, he has a cheerful disposition. Assisting him is an older man, who no doubt has spent his early days in the sunny South, judging by the songs that he sings. Yes, we understand that he sometimes sings for hours, and although he receives little or no encouragement from his fellow-workers, yet he continues to amuse himself by singing old southern plantation melodies and Baptist hymns. Our guide informs us that this darkey at times becomes so enraptured with his songs as to shout, and this outburst is the signal to all the workers to show that they have had enough of it. To put an end to the darkey's singing all join in a shout, but almost instantly the appearance of the old man puts an end to the uproar and to the fervid old "spirituals" that occasioned it.

Passing on, we next come to the Mixed States Rack. Here we learn that all parcels for every State in the Union are handled, with the exception of Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Ohio. Farther on is the West Virginia Rack, and the last rack on this floor is the Ohio Rack. We already saw a clerk sorting Pennsylvania mail on the floor below.

Our guide again directs us to the elevator, and a few minutes later we have arrived at the fourth floor.

The fourth floor, we understand, is the recreation and lunch room for all the employes. We observe several long tables in the center, on which each employe's clothes are neatly placed. Along the extreme right are smaller tables which are used at lunch hour. Unluckily, our visit occurs when this floor is unoccupied; we therefore ascend to the floor above.

The fifth floor, our guide informs us, is used for newspapers and magazines. Here everybody is just as busy as we found them on the other floors. The first rack we approach is known as the Pennsylvania Paper Rack. The clerks working at this rack are all negroes—hence the nickname "Coon Island", by which it is known to the other clerks. Next to this rack is the Ohio and West Virginia Paper Rack. We understand that more divisions of parcels are to be assigned to this floor in the near future.

Our guide informs us that the sixth floor is used for storage of supplies, and that the remaining stories are occupied by private concerns.

We have seen the whole building thoroughly, and now we retrace our steps to the elevator, which drops us to the first and main floor.

In response to inquiries, our guide gives us to understand that activity like that which we witnessed goes on without stopping, day and night; that three shifts handle the work, and that such is the volume of outgoing parcel post and second class matter that passes daily through Pittsburgh.

On our way out we chance to meet the superintendent, who expresses his regret at his inability to show us about, but he appreciates our visit, and invites us to call again.

We cannot refrain from voicing our admiration of the business-like thoroughness of Uncle Sam in this useful department, and our appreciation of the courtesy of his agents.

LEO J. MCINTYRE, '21.



When Dad Turned Professor.

JIM HARDING was a good natured, careless "sport", and, as might be expected, lessons were not in his line.

On a certain evening he came into the living-room, tossed his books onto the table and threw himself into a nearby chair, exclaiming, "Good night! I don't see when I'm going to get all that work done. I can't get it through my head why we have to write on such crazy subjects. Self culture! That's too much for me."

At this outburst his father, who was seated on the other side of the room, sat up and looked toward Jim, saying, "What are you grumbling about now, young man?"

"Oh! Its these blamed lessons again. I don't know how to write this composition."

"What do you have to write about?" questioned his father.

"Self culture's the title. I didn't take down the outline," he added, a little sheepishly, "or I'd know more about it."

At this Mr. Harding drew his chair around and began speaking to his son in a manner befitting a true parent.

"Do you know, Jim, that when you act in this way, you show a lack of self culture? Undoubtedly you stand in need of it, for

it consists in the cultivation and improvement of the mind by one's own efforts. The first and important means of self culture is study. And boy, you certainly fall far short of your opportunities in this regard. Here I am sending you to school day after day, buying your clothes, paying your tuition, and look at the way you repay me! You can't expect to learn anything without steady application, and yet you allow everything to come between you and your studies. Jim, the man who is most learned is most cultured; try then to study, concentrate your every effort to become a learned man."

"But dad, none of the other fellows get all this work done, except a few sissies," said Jim, a little querulously, "and you don't want me to be one of them, do you?"

"I was expecting something like that, but I tell you, Jim, stick to your studies, regardless of such talk, and later on you will be glad you did so.

"Another means you can use, Jim, for cultivating yourself is reading. When you read, you should do it slowly, and try to grasp the meaning of every sentence. Never read anything in a slipshod manner, for that is the reason why you don't do better in school. You glance over your lesson, toss the book aside, and then expect to know the contents in class. Why, Jim, good careful reading has a high intellectual value, and it is a habit every young man should acquire.

"Besides your way of reading, I want to criticise you on what you read. I don't believe that you have read anything worth while for weeks. All you put under your nose in your spare moments is the *Argosy* or the *Blue Book*. In these you can find nothing that will improve your mind, so why read them? From now on let me see you reading only those books that have a high literary value. Through these you will become acquainted with the best authors and their influence will show in your own work.

"There is still another way of cultivating oneself and that is by reasoning and reflection. The idea conveyed in these terms is that of revolving things in our mind and comparing one truth with another. This reasoning and reflection is used especially in geometry. You said the other day that geometry was of no use. Now, Jim, if it had no other use than this it would be worth studying. Exercise your reasoning powers more, then, and you will find that it will greatly improve your mind."

By this time Jim was deeply interested in his father's talk. "It rings true," he said to himself.

"Then, too," Mr. Harding continued, "talk about things more. Come to your old dad and talk to him about your work. If you have learned something that interested you, talk about it to those around you, and in this way it will become planted firmly in your mind. When you talk to others about different topics they will tell you what they know about them, and no doubt will show you new viewpoints, more interesting perspectives. Thus, Jim, you will pick up a great many things that will never be a burden to you. You will be able to talk on many subjects, indeed, to discuss any topic, for as Bacon says, 'Conference maketh a ready man.'"

"Oh, that's what the old fellow meant, is it?" exclaimed the boy. "I begin to see why Ted Finnegan is such an interesting talker, and why I just *must* listen to Prof. Reddy."

"Jim, the last thing I would mention to you on self culture is writing. Many men go through life that cannot compose a decent note to a friend, and who fail helplessly when it comes to writing a business letter. Now the point is that it not only shows culture when one can write, but it also displays the writer. And, Jim, no matter what your subject may be, if you try to do your best, you will gradually acquire a number of different ways of expressing your thoughts—both a facility and a felicity in the use of language. Thus by learning to handle your pen, you will be improving your mind and you will become, through writing, as the old friend I have quoted says, 'an exact man.'

"So now, son, you'll settle down and show me by writing a good composition that you've started on the road of self culture, won't you?"

"I sure will," said Jim, as he snatched up his pencil and began to jot down the ideas that his father's talk had inspired.

ROBERT G. REILLY, '23.



Thanksgiving.

VILLANELLE.

MY THANKS, O Lord, I give to you
That I am here this festive day;
'Tis small I know from one untrue.

My path is bright, my trials are few,
No difficulties cross my way;
My thanks, O Lord, I give to you.

When dearest friends have gone from view,
Like Autumn leaves they've gone for ay;
'Tis small I know from one untrue.

And then at times when I feel blue,
Of hope You send a cheerful ray;
My thanks, O Lord, I give to you.

Your help I ask in studies, too,
For what Thou gav'st I'd fain repay;
'Tis small I know from one untrue.

O grant, then, Lord, that I anew
May start life o'er without delay.
My thanks, O Lord, I give to you;
'Tis small I know from one untrue.

M. NOON GLYNN, '20.



How Don Captured the Spies.

DON was only a telegraph operator, but he considered this an honor. However, like Penrod, he would often say that he would rather be a detective. As he was thinking of this latter career, a message was sent over the wires, so his day dreams came to an end.

The message was: "Hold man with short black beard, calling for a telegram for J. R. Ross, as long as possible." "JAB". Don answered, "O. K. D. 31." D 31 was his call.

Don became very anxious, as there was no one in sight to help him, if his "short black-bearded man" should come.

Outside were heard the sounds of the chugging of a high-powered "Harley Davidson" motorcycle. It stopped on the opposite side of the street. Don looked out of the window just in time to see a man jump off it and run toward his office. Don tried to get a good look at the rider, but he ran too rapidly. When Don went to the window of his office he was astonished to hear the man call for the telegram for J. R. Ross. Then Don became busy prying everywhere, pretending that he could not find the requested telegram.

Outside he could see five men in the distance, but he could not make out their faces.

"J. P. Raer" asked Don?

"No, blame it! J. R. Ross, and hurry up about it," replied the motorcyclist.

The five men came closer yet, but not within hailing distance.

"Here's one for J. R. Rosser. Is that it?"

"No! No! No! J. R. Ross," exclaimed the man suspiciously.

The five men were so close now, that Don easily recognized one to be J. A. Burton, the great detective, better known as "JAB".

His heart gave a bound. In his excitement he gave out the telegram for J. R. Ross, and the recipient hurriedly tore it open. He then called for some "blanks". Meanwhile Burton had had his men surround the office, while he himself went up to Ross, who had just written out his message, and was about to pay Don. When Burton asked him to come peacefully, he refused. The detective coolly drew his Colt, and got the "drop" on him, so he had to surrender. He was taken outside and surrounded by Burton's colleagues, while he reported to the district attorney.

But capturing this spy was not the last of Don's detective works, for when Ross' colleague came to call for the telegram, he also was allowed to send a telegram to another, until an entire band of German spies were captured by Don's simple action.

Three days later Don received a letter from the district attorney stating that Uncle Sam had instructed him to keep the motorcycle, which was left in his care at the capture of the spy. This more than pleased Don, for he had been saving up for a long time to buy a motorcycle, but he did not expect to receive such a powerful one.

FRED H. THOMAS, H. S., '22.



SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

Cardinal Mercier.

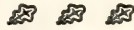
THERE are heroes everywhere, in the athletic world, at the helm of state, and in the field of war. But of all heroes, the hero of war is the one whose fame does not wither and die. In war the life and destiny of many people are at stake, and whoever plays a prominent part therein, as a preserver or as a destroyer of national life, will be remembered for centuries.

Among the preservers history will reckon the greatest hero of the world's greatest conflict, Cardinal Mercier. He alone stood forth as a light to his stricken countrymen in the darkness,—a light that increased in brilliancy as the conflict thickened. Dauntlessly he denounced the atrocities committed by German soldiers when they shot the ministers of Christ and set fire to the defenseless Belgian towns and villages. He was the true shepherd, ministering to the physical and spiritual wants of his flock. His heroism in risking his life and liberty by repeatedly lifting up his voice against the oppression of his flock has inseparably linked his name with the heroes of the past. His humane and Christian acts have made his name an honor to Christianity throughout the world.

To-day this greatest hero of the war, who carried neither gun nor sword, but was guided by the true and unfailing light, the faith of Christ crucified, is honoring the people of the United States with a visit, to thank us for the valuable and necessary aid which we sent to his starving and suffering people. We consider it a privilege to have had as our guest this high dignitary of both State and Church, this great scholar and hero, this exponent of the true Catholic spirit. And we should help him to finish the work so well begun by collecting funds for needy Belgium. Though our circumstances seem straightened, we are opulent

compared with her. Let us share our wealth with the industrious and Godfearing people, so that they may be able to stabilize themselves, and may again take their high position among the nations of the world.

C. J. KRONZ, '20.



Take Care, America!

RECENT statistics of the National Educational Association report that "the schools of the United States are short 38,000 teachers outright, while 65,000 are an emergency force with qualifications below established records. In normal times these 65,000 would be rated incompetent and not permitted to teach."

The above statistics are a source of shame and a cause of apprehension to Americans of this Golden Age of advancement. They will bring to naught the great things which we are achieving to-day. The neglect of primary education will be picked out as one of the greatest flaws of the age.

Throughout the blood-stained years our President and a host of celebrities urged the people to keep their children in the schools. The schools were christened the cradles of Democracy. Do we care so little for government "by the people, for the people and of the people," that we shall permit such a dangerous element to creep in, which will eventually bring about its ruin? The above figures do not show a flattering case of affection of the American people for their Democracy.

To-day wide-spread and deep-seated popular ignorance is the curse of Mexico. Everything is in turmoil, insurrections are constantly springing up, and too frequently our citizens are maltreated and even killed. The lack of education has been the source of most of her evils, and, instead of encouraging education, she has closed the few schools that she had. As long as Mexico employs such unsound and dangerous measures she will never rid herself of that ruthlessness which will eventually ruin her.

Bolshevism would not have obtained such a firm grasp on Russia if it was not for the ignorance of the masses. The people are mere tools in the hands of the Bolshevik leaders; the people are at a disadvantage and are being led like cattle. Education is the only hope for Russia.

What then is the cause of the dangerous situation in

America? The one and only reason why there are not sufficient teachers in our public schools is, that the teachers and instructors do not receive a living wage. Many faithful and worthy teachers were driven from the profession for which they were chosen by nature. They were simply forced to seek other means of livelihood. The emergency force of incompetents were called upon. The children in the schools will suffer: nothing is more dangerous than education ladled out by incompetents.

The Government should make inducements to supply the deficit, and to remedy the unpleasant situation. The educators deserve good wages. They played a prominent part in our advancement. Take heed, America! The fate of Russia and of Mexico may be yours. Safeguard your Government by paying the teachers a living wage.

C. J. KRONZ, '20.



Alumni.

THE beginning of the school year finds most of the Alumni once more engaged in civilian work. Although the war has been over for eleven months, there are still some few who have not as yet been discharged. We anxiously await the return of these who not only have done their share for the country's cause, but also have patiently endured a soldier's burdens since the close of hostilities. It is also pleasing to note that those at home are actively engaged in the work of reconstruction. We shall try to keep in touch with as many of the Alumni as possible, and shall welcome all information about the "Old Boys".

REV. FRANCIS M. RETKA is in charge of the Holy Family Orphan Asylum at Clifton, Pa. Since his appointment to the asylum, he has made many improvements, among which are a new third story and an extension of the wings of the building.

REV. EDWARD J. KNAEBEL, '04, the central director of the Holy Childhood Association, has gone to Europe in the interest of the society. He will visit Rome and many places in France. An idea of his hard work can be obtained from the fact that in three years he has increased the funds of the Association from \$30,000 to \$90,000 a year.

The following letter from Para, Brazil, to the Secretary of the School of Commerce is self-explanatory:

Dear Mr. Secretary :

I have the honor to advise you that I have been appointed American Consul for Para, Brazil, and have entered upon my duties here.

I wish to take this opportunity to thank you and the faculty of your school for the valuable assistance they gave me while I was a special night student in your Spanish and Economic classes, and to lay stress upon the fact that it was through my attendance of those classes that I was able to pass the requirements of the service, and obtain my appointment here.

I am indeed very sorry that I was compelled to leave your school before finishing the work I began, but on account of my going into the Air Service of the Army, I was forced to give up my work with you.

I have been called upon since coming here to recommend schools in the States, and I have already spoken of Duquesne, and ask that you mail me catalogue, etc., so that I may be in a position to talk more intelligently of your school and the numerous advantages it offers.

Again thanking you for your valuable assistance to me, I have the honor to be

Very respectfully,

JOHN D. LONG, *American Consul.*

DUQUESNE has the honor of claiming as an alumnus the first and only American president of a European state. He is GREGORY I. ZSATKOVICH, of the class of '07. According to the papers of September 11th, President Zsatkovich, of Rusinia, was busy calling on Government officials to secure possession of the Mid-European liberty bell, which is to the new democracies of Central Europe, what the original liberty bell is to the United States. He will shortly depart for Prague, the Capital of Czecho-Slovakia. The new Rusinian constitution, he says, is to be patterned after that of the United States; American business methods will be used, and one of his first unofficial acts will be to encourage the formation of a baseball league, and to introduce baseball as the new national game. We wish the new president unlimited success in his undertaking, and hope that his state will prosper, as has that nation whose laws and customs it will imitate.

A RECENT visitor at the University was HENRY N. GASPARD, '08. Mr. Gaspard is connected with the National Life Insurance

Co., of Detroit, and was on his way to Atlantic City to enjoy himself at his company's expense. His yearly sales amount to over \$200,000; hence the generosity of the firm. Mr. Gaspard is a live wire in many other enterprises, notably as treasurer of the alumni of our sister institution, Detroit University, which he attended after leaving Pittsburgh.

FRANCIS B. COHAN, Attorney-at-Law, announces the removal of his law offices to 604-608 Bakewell Building, corner of Grant and Diamond Streets.

The U. S. Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Mr. Roper, prefers accountants trained at Duquesne to those coming from any other school.

SOMETIME ago we received a letter from Lincoln, England, from MAJOR JAMES I. BRENNAN, Shop Construction, Detached Service. Enclosed therein was a picture of the crypt at Canterbury Cathedral. The major says that he is having a pleasant time in England and Ireland, but is about to return to his station in France. He also states that he expects to sail for home soon as his work is almost completed.

CHRIS M. LIMPert, of Gaither & Limpert, dealers in general insurance and surety bonds, announces the opening of an office in the Commonwealth Building. He respectfully solicits the patronage of his friends.

JOSEPH H. REIMAN is very busy these days with his position of Supreme President of the G. R. C., Knights of St. George.

JAMES P. KELLY is treasurer of the American Steel Company. They have issued a prospectus on Tin Plate for the benefit of French dealers. The prospectus is printed in French, and on the cover there is a picture of the Goddess of Liberty. This will surely appeal to the dealers in France. Another prospectus on nails also has been issued. It likewise is printed in French, and has a picture of the American Eagle on the cover. With such attractive booklets, the American Steel Company should receive a great deal of the French trade.

SEVERAL copies of *Qu'Est-Ce Que C'Est*, a weekly paper published by the American students of the University of Toulouse, reached us early in the summer. It is quite different from the other papers issued by the A. E. F., as, besides news items, it contains literary articles, fiction and poetry. We note with interest the following item:

"M. J. CONNOLLY, of Pittsburgh, a welfare worker for the K. of C., arrived in Toulouse last week to assist the other welfare officers in the work of this vicinity. He will remain here to assist the local secretaries, Larry F. Enneking and J. McGourty, in conducting the affairs of the local organization. MR. CONNOLLY is from Duquesne University, where he was instructor in Preparatory Law. He relieves Mr. Cassidy whose recent illness compels him to seek a rest."

The paper describes the manifold activities of the K. of C. At their canteen in Toulouse they served hot coffee and chocolate and provided free baths; they afforded material assistance to University students in the way of athletics, providing coaches and equipment; they ran free automobile excursions from Biarritz to the Spanish border, with guides who were able to explain to visitors the historic interest of each place along the route. At their library they had placed several thousand valuable works for the use and pleasure of the members of the A. E. F. On Memorial Day they staged a relay race from Chateau-Thierry to Paris, presenting gold, silver and bronze medals to the members of the winning teams.

We have recently learned that MR. CONNOLLY has transferred his activities to Coblenz on the Rhine, where the Knights are ministering to the comfort of the Army of Occupation.

WE have been informed lately of a few more of the boys who were in the service. JOHN KENNA was with the Marines at Paris Island; ALEC MCMURDO was also with the Marines, as was WM. ROSSWOG; JAMES KERR was in the Infantry; FRANCIS MCMANUS, of Homestead, was with the 29th Engineers. He served eight months in France, being near the firing line when the armistice was signed. Others who have returned from France are ED. LAUNGER (Signal Corps), HARRY NIEHOFF, Esq., (Infantry) and HARRY BRATCHIE, Esq., (Infantry).

EDWIN J. MURPHY paid us a visit recently. He is a midshipman at Annapolis, although he looks like an admiral. Eddie said he often heard what discipline was, but never realized it until he entered the Naval Academy. He also said that he had been on a cruise along the Atlantic Coast, stopping at some of the West Indies and the Panama Canal. He certainly does look different now with his white cap and gold braid than when he sat in class eating sandwiches.

Too late we learn that "TOM" ASHLEY was head cashier in

Childs' Restaurant, at Atlantic City, during the past summer. Instead of eating ham and eggs in Pittsburgh, we might have been enjoying swell meals at the seashore.

SOMETIME ago a letter was received from JOHN ROLF CLARKE '14. Through it we found out that he had just been discharged from the service, being away almost two years, fifteen months of which were spent on foreign soil, where he commanded the 222nd Aero Squadron. He returned to his home in Greensburg, Pa., where he has resumed the practice of law.

LAWRENCE KELLY, of Sheraden, having returned from France received a position in the U. S. Treasury with a magnificent salary. He has already gone to Washington to commence working.

DAVID M. FORD was a non-commissioned officer in Co. L 320th Regiment. Having trained at Camp Lee, he went to France in June, 1918. He fought at St. Mihiel, Arras, and was gassed in the Argonne. He returned as a casual in February, 1919. His intention is to enter the Philadelphia School of Pharmacy.

TOM SKARRY, whose father met with an untimely death at the Panhandle Bridge, was stationed with an Aero Squadron at Le Bourget. He has returned home, his mind scintillating with luminous ideas of inventions to relieve labor and enrich the poor.

SOME time ago we saw in the papers that LT. STANISLAUS KALINOWSKI was about to set sail on the sea of matrimony. His shipmate is Miss Anna Dlugonski. We hope he has a long and peaceful voyage.

JAMES FAGAN, '19, formerly a sorter of mail in the Pittsburgh P. O. is now a stenographer in the executive office.

WM. KOHLE, '18, is studying at St. Mary's, Dayton.

JACOB MOSTI, '17, is a clerk in the U. S. Revenue office.

LEO H. SWETERLIS, '17, is an agent of the P. & L. E. Railroad and is chief in charge at Groveton, Pa.

EDWARD F. O'CONNELL, '17, is drawing fashions, and also a high salary for doing so. He works with his left hand, but uses his right when drawing his pay.

REGIS E. MALONE, '16, and Miss Corcoran, of Sewickley, were united in marriage recently. We send the treasurer of the Commercial Club and his bride the best of wishes.

SIMON (CY.) J. CODORI, '16, has gone to the oil fields in the south to take up the management of an oil plant.

CHARLES G. HAENDLER, JR., '17, IS the Progressive Electric Company of Carrick. Nuf ced.

CARL R. WIRL, '18, and JAMES HARVEY, '19, are with the Crucible Steel Company.

FRANCIS E. BRAUN, '19, is a stenographer and accountant for the Gulf Refining Company in the Frick Annex. He is with EDWARD YELLIG, '03.

EDWIN SWEENEY, a Commercial Graduate of '19, has re-entered school. He is now taking up the Academic Course.

L. J. MACIEJEWSKI, '12, is chief clerk in the engineering department of the Eliza plant of Jones & Laughlin, having fifteen clerks under him. He is a frequent visitor to the Bluff.

PAUL J. KAYLOR, '16, is in the automobile business with his brother. Their garage is on California Avenue, where they do all kinds of repair work and vulcanizing.

RALPH J. CRISTE has returned home after a year and a half spent in service. He was a master engineer, senior grade, and was with the 20th Engineers of the Forestry Division. There were 20,000 men in his regiment, who produced 272,500,000 ft. of lumber, including 2,750,000 railroad ties, 3,000,000 poles and 900,000 steres ($\frac{3}{4}$ chord) of fuel wood. When the armistice was signed there were 81 sawmills operating. Ralph was stationed at Tours. He assisted at midnight Mass in the Cathedral, and visited many of the castles on the Loire.

WE were sorry to read during the summer an account of the death of SEBASTIAN J. KREPLEY, JR., of the School of Finance and Accounts. After ailing for several months, he died Saturday, August 23rd. "Bus" was one of the most popular athletes that entered Duquesne. Last year, after playing a few games of football, he joined the Marines with whom he remained until March, when he was discharged. He returned to school and soon won a place on the 'Varsity baseball team. As a student, "Bus" was refined, polite, kind and scholarly. He was buried from St. James' Church, Sewickley, on Tuesday, August 26th, with a Solemn High Mass, at which Rev. Wm. P. Curtin was celebrant, and Rev. E. McGuigan, C. S. Sp., and Rev. Leo Zindler, C. S. Sp., were deacon and subdeacon respectively. Father McGuigan also preached the sermon. *R. I. P.*

M. NOON GLYNN, '20.

CHRONICLE

College and High School.

When it was announced that his Excellency, Eamon De Valera, President of the Irish Republic, was to visit Pittsburgh, an invitation was extended to him to lunch at

the University. The invitation was cordially accepted. At once preparations were made to receive him with due honor. Invitations were sent to the Mayor of the city, members of the National and State Legislatures, prominent Judges of the Courts, members of the Bar, local pastors, and the Committee of Arrangements. On October the third, at noon, a telegram was received, stating that the distinguished visitor found his programme too crowded, and that, in consequence, he would be unable to keep his engagement. After consultation with the Rev. F. McCabe, LL. D., chairman of the local committee, it was decided to cancel all arrangements, and to notify the guests to that effect. When, on his way to Pittsburgh, President De Valera was notified of the preparations made to do him honor, his first impulse was to come directly from the Union Station, and suggest that the arrangements be carried out as originally planned. Under the circumstances, this was impossible. During the course of the afternoon, he visited the University, and expressed profusely and profoundly his sincere regrets for the disappointment he had unwittingly caused. For an hour the Fathers enjoyed the visit of this distinguished graduate and former professor of the sister college, Blackrock, Ireland. Before his departure it was decided that the degree of Doctor of Laws which was to be conferred upon him, would be bestowed when he had completed his business and educational tour of the American cities.

Our unit of the R. O. T. C. for the coming year was organized in the auditorium by First Lieutenant Parsons in the middle of September. He is taking charge

R. O. T. C. of the work until our own officer shall be appointed by Colonel Rowell.
Activities

Instead of the regular drill on October 13th, the military students were taken into the auditorium where they were addressed by Colonel Mitchel of the University

of Pittsburgh. He gave an interesting talk on military courtesy and the necessity of R. O. T. C. work.

The customary weekly entertainments given by the different classes were officially begun on the first Sunday in October.

The higher classes in the college department opened with genuine fireworks, and with
Sunday
Entertainments Fourth High and the peppery Freshmen on the list, much is to be expected in the line of fine entertainment. All are welcome at any of these gatherings.

The State scholarship examinations given by the Department of State Instruction were held on October 11th, from 8:15 to 1:15 P. M. The contestants proved to be

Scholarship very few in number, but owing to the late
Exams. arrival of information concerning them, this was to be expected. Plans are being made so that in the future our school shall be well represented.

We desire to express our sympathy to Rev. Joseph Keating, '07, on the death of his father, whose obsequies took place from St. Joseph's Church, New Kensington, Pa., on

Sympathy October 3rd; and to James Keating Allen, First High C, on the death of his grandfather.

We offer our sympathy to Regis Guthrie, Third High A, who lost his father during the month of October.

The wedding bells have rung for Albert Francis Yunker, graduate of the College of Arts and Sciences and of the School of Law, and efficient professor of Latin and

Wedding Bells English. Regina Marie Schaub is the fortunate young lady. The faculty and his friends wish him many years of domestic felicity.

The Essay Committee of the Duquesne University Club announces that the winner of the contest recently held by that Club is the student calling himself De Valera,

Duquesne whose suggestion was "The Advantages
University Club and Disadvantages of Organized Labor to our Nation."

This contest was won by Donald J. Schmadel of the Freshman Class.

At a meeting, held in the University Building, the officers of the Duquesne University Commercial Club decided to hold their

Home-Coming Welcome Banquet on Tuesday,
Commercial Club October 28th, at the Fort Pitt Hotel.

The following were appointed for the
Banquet and Booster Committee:—

Martin A. Gloekler, '07; Paul Darby, '08; Norman Huckestein, '09; John D. McConegly, '10; Chas. J. Duffy, '10; Walter E. Bauer, '11; J. A. Matusjewski, '11; Albert Brown, '12; Walter Maciejewski, '12; Francis J. Hohman, '13; Chas. F. Flaherty, '13; Paul Fidel, '14; Owen McManus, '14; Gilbert O'Brien, '15; E. Mooney, '15; Regis Malone, '16; Ralph Strobel, '16; Robert Merkel, '17; Harry J. Teese, '17; Ray Huckestein, '18; Edward Wachter, '18; Francis Braun, '19; James Fagan, '19.

ROBERT G. REILLY, '23.

School of Law.

Our Law School opened on the evening of September 22 with the largest enrollment in its existence. The signing of the armistice, with its subsequent results of demobilization of Uncle Sam's fighting forces, has sent many men back to the school-room, there to grasp the rudiments and general principles of an education. There are no fewer than thirty-three future lawyers in this one class alone. This is also true of the other classes. Students who left the class-room two years ago to do their bit under the Stars and Stripes are again at the old stand assimilating the principles that will make them noted jurists of the future.

The programme that has been arranged for the first year men by the members is both interesting and instructive and leaves no doubt in the minds of the observers that Duquesne University will attempt to keep that high rank which she has won among the law schools of this State during the short period of her existence.

The week is divided into ten periods, two for each of five evenings. Monday evening is passed in acquiring the elements of early English law, an hour being spent in the company of Blackstone. This subject is repeated on Tuesday evening and is lectured upon by Mr. Egan. The second period on Monday evening is upon Contracts. This subject is continued on Wednesday evening. Mr. Loeffler enunciates all doctrines based on the meeting of the minds. Other subjects on the curriculum are Criminal Law (Tuesday and Friday, Mr. Lacey); Torts (Wednesday, Mr. McCloskey); Bills and Notes, Real Property (Thursday, Mr. Laughlin); Corporations (Friday, Mr. Lacey).

School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce

This department has entered upon the most promising year of its existence. Last month 956 students were registered. They still continue to come even at this late date.

The courses in Accounting and Spanish are particularly well patronized. Several accounting classes are being conducted during the evenings to take care of the students who wish to pursue this course. Spanish, however, is leading all the other courses in regard to interest and number.

The Certified Public Accountant class also has a very large enrollment, and we may look forward to wonderful results after the examinations, as Duquesne is noted for the number of students who pass this rigid state examination successfully. The three new instructors in Accounting are Arthur J. Mannix, A. B., M. A., C. P. A., L. L. Hartley, LL. B., and P. E. Curry.

Mr. Wertz, Cashier of Peoples Saving & Trust Company, is giving a thorough course in Money and Banking.

Harry L. Darner, B. S. in E., has succeeded Doctor Wm. M. Deviny as Vice-Dean.

The Gamma Phi Fraternity are making extensive plans for the year. We will hear more definitely from this society as the year progresses.

MARTIN J. CARL, '20.

Our School of Social Service.

The School of Social Work began its first term on Monday afternoon, September 29th, in the Vandergrift Building.

Dr. Lapp, in his opening address, spoke enthusiastically of the almost limitless opportunities at this time for work along Catholic Social Service lines, and predicted a splendid future for the new school, which he believes has come into existence at a time when humanity is peculiarly ripe for the guidance of trained workers. It was his prophecy, based upon a very careful analysis of conditions and possibilities, that the present era would make place for all the trained social workers who could be produced by the Duquesne School of Social Work, and a dozen others of the same kind. The School of Social Work will do its part towards meeting the need, but it requires the co-operation of all serious-minded Catholics to carry on the work in which Catholics should, by right of faith, be leaders.

A reception was given by the School of Social Work at Hotel Chatham, Thursday, October 9th, for the members of the

National Catholic War Council, who are in Pittsburgh making a study of social and charitable agencies of the Diocese.

The Group includes Rev. Dr. John O'Grady, Professor of Economics in the Catholic University of America, and Secretary of the National Conference of Catholic Charities; Dr. John A. Lapp, Educational Director of the Council and editor of *Modern Medicine*, former director of the Legislative Reference Bureau of Indiana; Miss C. Jessica J. Donnelly, formerly of the Department of Labor and of the National War Board; Miss Mary Kennedy, Institutional Inspector of the Department of Public Charities of New York; Miss Margaret Wise, State Supervisor of Public Health Nursing in Delaware; Miss Mary Hernan, of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, and Miss Anna Sepple, of the Juvenile Court of Chicago.

Among the speakers at the reception were the Right Rev. Bishop Regis Canevin, Rev. Thomas F. Coakley, Assistant Director of Catholic Charities; Rev. John O'Grady, Dr. John A. Lapp, and Judge Ambrose B. Reid. Mr. John O'Connor, Jr., Director of the School of Social Work, Duquesne University, presided at the meeting.

The members of the Seminar on Social Progress, which is being conducted by the School of Social Work under the direction of Joseph A. Beck, Esq., were addressed at their last regular meeting, Tuesday, October 21st, by Rev. Edward F. Garesche, S. J., editor of *The Queen's Work*, and well-known as a speaker and writer.

Father Garesche is in Pittsburgh to make a study of community conditions under the auspices of the "Pittsburgh Catholic Social Study" of the National Catholic War Council. A number of clergymen and laymen prominent in community work in the city attended this meeting of the Seminar.

Training For Social Service

by

JOHN O'CONNOR, JR.,

Director, Duquesne University School of Social Work.

If the Church did not believe in charitable and social work at all, it would be compelled to do it to meet competition on the part of other religious bodies. But the Church *does* believe in it; the Church always has and always will. Is not the whole law contained in the love of God and in the love of one's neighbor; and is not the whole story of Our Lord's life on earth told when we say that he taught, preached and "went about doing good"?

The Church not only believes in charitable and social work as part and parcel of its very life, but it also believes in having this work done in the way that will do the greatest good to the greatest number. The Church, with nineteen hundred years of experience, knows that great changes have taken place in this old world and will continue to take place. The problems of the world may be the same, but each age has a new approach, a new method of solving them. The Church knows, too, that this is particularly true in regard to charitable and social work. It is for this reason that the hierarchy, which is meeting this week in Washington, will consider at the suggestion of His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, these three things:

First: The presentation, definite, clear and forceful, of Catholic social principles.

Second: More knowledge as to the best methods of Catholic social and charitable work.

Third: A more general impulse to put our social principles and methods into operation.

The hierarchy will undoubtedly recommend that these suggestions may best be carried out through the establishment of schools of social work where workers may be trained to apply the best methods of relieving and preventing all forms of distress, where new and better methods may be developed, and from which workers may go out to put the social and charitable principles and methods into practice.

The Diocese of Pittsburgh, displaying the leadership on which it has always had good reason to pride itself, has anticipated the action of the hierarchy by establishing, under the direction of the Bishop, a school of social work as an integral part of Duquesne University. It will be the purpose of this school, realizing full well the sacred character of its work, and grateful to the splendid men and women who have kept alive the spirit of charity in the diocese, to provide training through instruction in the fundamental principles which underlie social work, and through the practical application of these principles to the problems of social welfare.

The school does not brag about being a democratic institution;—it hopes to prove itself one. No one will be deprived of an opportunity to take training in the school because of lack of money for tuition. The school is for all the people of the Diocese of Pittsburgh, and accordingly will attempt to reach and to serve all in some way. In return it asks the support and co-operation of all.



THE UNIVERSITY HIGH.

In our last issue we confidently predicted that the University High squad, under the capable tutelage of Coach Ligday, would gloriously uphold the Red and Blue of Old Duquesne. Our prognostication was correct. The team has made a wonderful start and barring accidents will maintain its speed. Two gridders of well-known ability will be out of the game for the rest of the season due to injuries. We miss "Chuck" Cherdini at end. "Chuck" is such an unassuming individual that the ordinary observer would not at first realize his ability. Quarterback Ritter, the lightest man on the squad, was laid low in the first game. He is a heady player endowed with plenty of nerve and speed. Unfortunately his injury will keep him out of basketball also, but we hope to see him scintillating on the diamond again. However things are never so bad that they can't be worse. While the injury to Ritter is deplorable, it brought out real college spirit on the part of his successor, Kettl. The latter although overcrowded with scholastic work, and somewhat indisposed, jumped into the breach and undoubtedly "made good" as a quarter. Vebelunas, the genial elongated boy from Homestead, displaying a similar brand of loyalty came to the fore when Halfback Flynn was no longer available. This dashing young player has moved to Youngstown. In Flynn we lose an excellent gridder, a reliable pitcher and a consistent student.

The Duke High opened its season at New Kensington and suffered a 2 to 0 setback at the hands of the high school gridders of that place. The home team far outweighed the Dukes, but the latter played a superior game. A "break", occurring in the third period, put the game on ice when Captain Doyle received a punt and was thrown back of his own goal-line for a touchback. Good broke into the game in the final period and played remarkably well. Ledkowski and Mulholland were in every play.

In our first contest at home our boys had no difficulty in defeating the St. Mary's High of Mt. Washington, 46 to 0. In the last period the visitors started a running attack which nearly culminated in a touchdown, but the fleet-footed Hearn overtook and downed the runner. Kramer, Flynn, Cingulani and Rooney scored our points. Dempsey, Bielski and Wilinski played their usual good game.

We annexed another victory by defeating the Kittanning High School aggregation, 33 to 0. The teams were equally matched as to weight, and the

game was replete with trick plays of all descriptions. The red and blue-clad Dukes, however, won on account of their speed.

Long end runs by Flynn, Cingolani and Kramer culminated in the Bluffites first touchdown by Kettl. Kittanning advanced the pigskin on downs. Kettl launched another attack and Rooney pierced the line for the second count. Aroused out of their lethargy, the Kittanning crew brusquely took the offensive, but Kramer put a crimp in their hopes by intercepting an aerial toss on the 35-yard line. The visitors' defense braced and the half ended with a point advantage for the home eleven.

In the second half, Captain Doyle started an air-line attack, but the visitors' back were too vigilant and repeatedly broke up the passes. A quarterback run sent Doyle over for the third score. At this junction, Coach Ligday shot Higgins into the fray, and the Beechview boy circled right end for a considerable gain. Kramer now became restless, intercepted a forward, and on the next play, tore through tackle for the fourth count.

The last period was one continual forward pass, the ball being intercepted quite frequently. In this aerial duel, the Kittanning eleven had a slight edge. Cingolani intercepted a forward and Doyle received a pretty 35-yard toss of Rooney and Flynn plunged through for a 10-yard gain and the final touchdown. "Jimmy" Doyle, who relieved his brother at center, played a bang-up game. The defensive work of Dempsey, Snyder and Balcerzak was of a brilliant order.

Touchdowns—Doyle 2, Kettl, Kramer, Rooney. Goals—Rooney 3.

In one of the most spectacular games ever seen on Point Field, Johnstown, the Dukes defeated the Johnstown High School, 12 to 7. The first quarter was a drawn battle and resulted in a scoreless tie. In the second period Johnstown received the ball on its 42-yd. line, and by constantly working Fritz and Leigh, the Flood City boys scored. In the third quarter the Dukes had the ball on the one-yard line, but were unable to push it over. Johnstown was held for downs on its 20-yard line and a forward pass, Flynn to Mullooley, gave our boys their first touchdown.

In the final period the Flood City boys failed to negotiate a difficult goal from placement from the 12-yard line. The climax was reached when Cingolani grasped an aerial toss thrown by Rooney and raced 65 yards for the touchdown, which registered a victory for the Dukes. Bielski and Snyder played well on the defense.

THE JUNIORS.

The caliber of the Juniors is still somewhat of an unknown quantity. This is due to the fact that they cannot get games with teams their own size. The team is composed of speedy players whose ability, if put to the test, would not be found wanting. Young, the star end, was elected captain. This augurs well for the Juniors as Young is a cool and experienced griddier. Father "Mack's" proteges opened their season by defeating the Sacred Heart High, 37 to 6. The aerial attack of Sweeney sent Farwick over for two touchdowns. End runs by Davis, Donovan, and Dolan, advanced the pigskin within scoring distance and McGarry pierced the line on two occasions. Snyder and Sweeney scored the final touchdowns. Thornton

and Krepley made several pretty tackles. Nee, O'Shea and Vitulo played an excellent defensive game.

THE DUKUMS.

For years the record of the famous Minims has been chronicled in these pages. We dislike to drop the name of Duke Minims because in the past it has been emblazoned on the Duquesne shield of victory. Since the Prep Department has been eliminated from the school the athletic authorities decided that the Minim name should also be discarded. It became imperative to select an appropriate name, and a Greek professor suggested a contraction of Duke Minims to the Dukums. Perhaps this change in nomenclature affected the youngest players in the school for they met their Waterloo in the very first game of the season. The St. Peter's School of the North Side caught the Dukums napping and defeated them, 26 to 0. When we consider that Sweeney, the agile quarterback of the Duke Juniors, captained the visiting team, we are not surprised at this defeat. If we said Sweeney, 26; Dukums, 0; we would perhaps be more truthful. Another factor which caused defeat was the injury sustained by the brainy and versatile quarter, McCaffrey, whose wrist was broken in the first period of the contest. In the following games the Dukums came back strong with the true "Rowean" spirit without any vestiges of "stage fright". St. Rosalia's team was defeated 12 to 0. Captain Carrick, Goff, C. Schiring and Wilson starred in this contest. The St. James' gridders were walloped, 23 to 0. Rebhum, Fleck and Sayres scored the touchdowns. Barrett and Simons were veritable heroes.

The heavier Olympics of Homestead were also swamped, 42 to 0. Simons, Lennox, L. Schiring and Schwab were the principal ground-gainers. The fourth victim was the well-balanced Swisshelm team of North Homestead which succumbed to a 34 to 0 defeat. This battle was bitterly fought, neither side scoring in the first half. In the third period by a series of trick plays the Dukums succeeded in reaching the much-coveted goal. In the final quarter Klaser, Moll and McCarthy plugged holes in the opponents' lines as big as a tunnel, and Schaub, Hoffman and Briggs plunged through at will. Kelly, Kichta and Friederich were particularly good on the forward pass. Doran sprang into the limelight when he broke through for a splendid 60-yard run and a touchdown.

J. BRILEY WALSH, H. S., '20.

HANDBALL.

The selection of the All-Duquesne Handball team in the October issue has aroused considerable interest in the game. The selection is neither final nor infallible for we have not yet attained the cool and collected judgment of a "Walter Camp".

A tournament will be started soon to decide the championship. Those who win this much-coveted title in the Senior division should challenge the Alumni or clubs in the city.

AN OBSERVER.

Duquesnicula.

The professor told his class to write a few catchy ads.

Savage:—"Feather your nest with trouble—buy your girl a ring at Woolworth's."

Kaveney:—"Use Fleishman's yeast, and raise yourself to a higher position."

Sweeney:—"Use McJunkin's fresh milk, and you will be as stout and jovial as Carrick."

Myers:—"If Carrick, who is fourteen, weighs 175 pounds, what will he weigh at twenty-one?"

Witt:—Fish.

Kohler:—"What are you doing in the Commercial Course?"

Powers:—"Learning the Touch System."

Kohler to Maxwell:—"Look out, Joe, he'll touch you up for a dime."

New Boarder:—"How long are you here for?"

Old Timer:—(disgustedly). For life.

Maughn:—"What makes you stir your coffee so much?"

Sugarless Kaveney:—"Imagination is a great help."

"Fatty" Carrick (registering):—"How shall I enter the school building to-morrow?"

Coach:—"You will have to come in the gate sideways." And he does.

Janitor:—"Bernard's room in St. John's Hall is just like an union-suit."

Prefect:—"What do you mean?"

Janitor:—"His room is so crowded with everything that I can scarcely enter it. I can only slip in and slip out in a sort of union-suit fashion."

Prof.:—"Downey, what is the main principle of the financial world?"

Kane (prompting):—"Never put off till to-morrow a man you can 'do' to-day."

Carrick wished to go to town during the car-strike so he got on a wagon.

Driver (when "Fatty" was getting off):—"For heaven's sake! walk back a square."

Carrick:—"Why?"

Driver:—"If the horse sees what he has been pulling for ten cents he will take a fit."

Ford:—"I hear that the Viaticum (Vatican) Choir is coming to town."

Hynes:—"Where does it come from?"

Ford:—"From Rome, you boob."

O'Shea:—"Are you going to Schenley to see King Albert?"

Snyder (a real smoker):—"No, I will stay home with Prince Albert."

Pat:—"Do you go up that ladder carrying the hod all day long?"

Mike:—"I guess not! I come down half the time."

O'Toole was passing by a jewelry store and cast a longing glance at the

beautiful diamonds and precious stones. Turning to O'Donnell he inquired, "would you like to have your pick?"

O'Donnell (musing over his work):—"Oh, no! me shovel."

Little Willie:—"Mother! I lost my knife."

Mother:—"Well son! Say three Hail Marys and you will find it."

Willie:—"But mother! I only know one."

Prof.:—"McManus, what is the chief occupation of the Mexicans?"

Shaughnessy (prompting):—"Revoluting."

"Red" Sullivan:—"Are there two i's in the genitive singular of imperium?"

Prof.:—"I prefer two."

Grunder whispering to Murray:—"So do I, as I can see better with two."

Prof.:—"Quote the Shakesperian lines: "He who steals," etc.

Moran:—"He who steals my purse steals cash."

Latin Prof.:—"For example, here is a good sentence, Foley is an excellent student."

(To class):—"What is that?"

Snyder:—"A lie."

Prof.:—"Ciccone, how do you translate *res frumentaria deficere coepit*?"

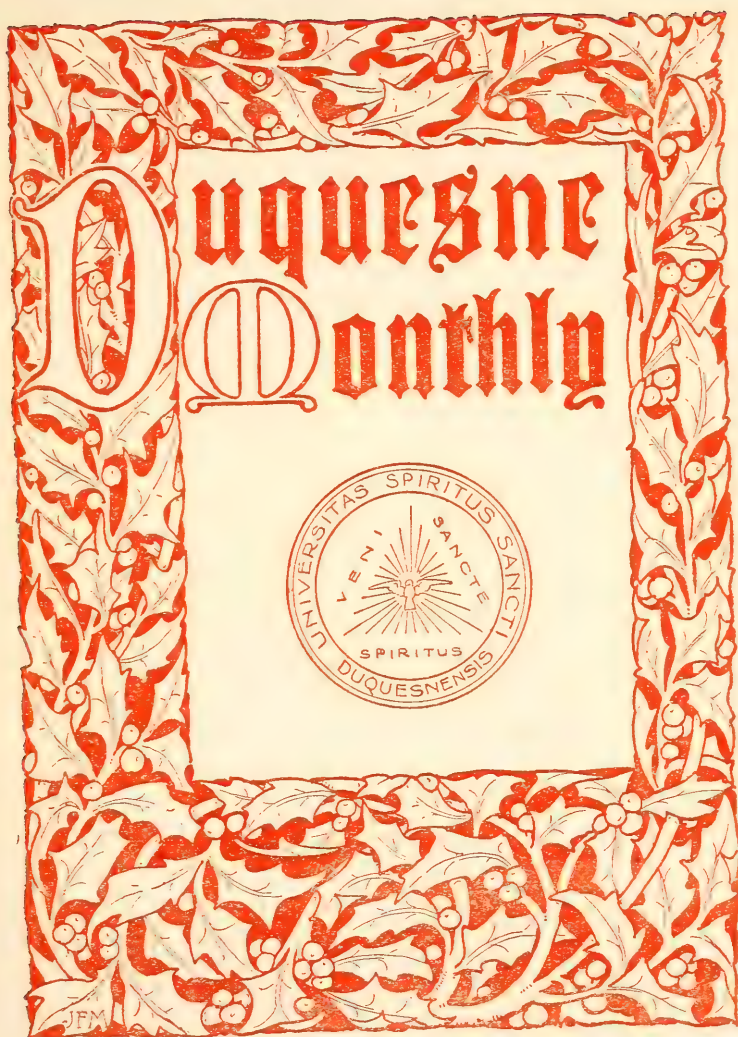
Boarder (prompting):—"The mush began to give out."

SCHROTH-FRIDAY.



Where God Leads.

Just to follow every day
 Where God leads;
 Just to scatter all the way
 Sunny deeds.
 Just to go, nor question why
 Shadows fall,
 Ever looking to the sky
 Through them all.
 Just to live through every day
 Pure and right,
 Keeping from the heart always
 Cares that blight.
 Just to stand with purpose strong
 When I'm tried—
 Learning thus my every all
 To confide.—ANON.



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No. 3.

Duquesne Monthly

DECEMBER, 1919



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A Literary Magazine

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No. 3

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Duquesne Monthly

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DECEMBER, 1919.

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Response To A Mother.

YES, I shall come, e'en though it now must be
While bleak December's gusts are swirling here,
When roses whisper in no garden near
And blossoms red and pinkish deck no tree.

Yes, I shall come, and we shall link our hands,
As long ago our hearts, and with joy-cries,
Lips pressed to lips and eyes adream on eyes,
We two shall think it's June in tropic lands.

And we shall sit and toy with flames of fire :
You, with your airy castles built for me,
You, with your girlish laughter and your glee,
And I brimful of love and mad desire.

Then we shall play and sing in simple strains;
Talk homely things in whispers silvery sweet;
Then Life will be a fairy horse too fleet,
And Love, its rider, cannot check the reins.

Yes, I shall come, and pray that it be so
Yet many years, with you to greet at home;
For I shall miss you, mother, when you roam
Out the pathway where all mothers go.

MICHAEL DOYLE MINAHAN, Law, '22.

882 East Eighty-Second Street.

HENRY J. PATTERSON, senior member of Patterson Brokerage Co., sat at his desk in the private office of his company. He had dismissed Miss Dilworth, the secretary, for the rest of the day, his parting instruction being that she report early the next morning. The cigar he had been smoking now lay on an ash tray, a thin veil of blue smoke curling lazily from it toward the ceiling.

With a groan of anguish he bowed his head in his cupped hands and leaned heavily on the desk. The broad shoulders quivered, and another groan burst forth involuntarily from the conscience-stricken man.

Slow! slow, gentle reader. Do not rashly infer that Henry J. Patterson, of the Patterson Brokerage Co., had committed some desperate crime. The red blood of some innocent victim did not besmirch the strong white hands of him who controlled millions. But if you consider the fact that our hero, although a man of great experience, could not tell that a perfectly innocent looking cocktail contained more than a 2.75 "kick"; I say if you consider this as a crime, then most certainly he was guilty. But that was not all. "Oh no! it wasn't that," as the Hon. Henry J. Patterson soliloquized, "it wasn't that." In fact if it hadn't been for the fact that the keyhole was so elusive, and that he barely missed being arrested for house-breaking in a vain attempt to open the door, all might yet have been well. And then, too, why was he to blame for mistaking the chandelier for the hat-rack? And when the chandelier, following the laws of gravitation sought its lowest possible level, he just couldn't help mistaking the noise of breaking globes for the clinking of the "brimming beaker", and subconsciously cried out, "Goo' shport, Joe, have anosher."

And then the better half of the Hon. Hen J. Patterson descended the stairs, and beheld her erstwhile dignified husband calmly surveying the havoc he had wrought. Oh! the memory of it! Again a groan escaped the tightly pressed lips of the broker.

"What can I do?" he wailed. "I've made a mess of it this time."

As if in answer he opened a drawer, carefully selected the strongest brand of his elaborate stock of cigars, clamped it tightly between his teeth, and set to work to solve the problem.

"No, I can't buy her a present," he mused. "That's worn out strategy. Besides, it's too near Christmas. And there is no

use working the innocence gag; she's wise to that too. "Oh" he exclaimed angrily, "I might as well go home and face the music."

So saying, he rose wearily, picked up his hat and cane, and after locking the door, descended to the street. While he wrestled with his problem in the subway car, he did not notice that it had taken him a couple of miles beyond his stop. When at last he awoke to this fact, he decided to walk back. He had not covered two blocks of this unfamiliar territory when he came upon a small gypsy encampment. Before he realized it, a tawny, black-eyed woman had seized his hand and threatened to wrench it from his body, unless he consented to have his future revealed, for which he was to cover her palm with silver.

To escape an undesirable predicament, he complied, and was immediately led into a very mystic chamber.

"Your palm," she demanded.

He complied hesitatingly.

"You are worried," came the voice of the woman, "and you are married." This by way of explanation of her previous statement.

"And you want to know a way out of your difficulty?"

"Yes," came the reply.

"Cover my palm with silver," came the challenge.

He immediately complied with her request.

"Now listen well," and leaning over slightly she whispered into the broker's ear.

"What!" he gasped. "Impossible!"

"It's your only hope," came back the laconic answer.

"But where?" the agitated man asked.

"882 East Eighty-Second Street."

"Now listen," the broker demanded, but his question was cut short, for the mystery dispenser had vanished, and Patterson was addressing space.

"What a fool I've been!" he muttered, as again he beheld the daylight.

And in order to facilitate his journey homeward, he boarded a trolley car, and soon was riding rapidly toward the object of his misery and distress.

As he entered his palatial home he noticed the new chandelier. After disposing of his hat and cane, he put on a bold front and bravely strode into the drawing-room.

But no torrent of reproving words were showered on his

guilty head. No sarcastic smiles; no suggestive phrases were uttered, not one word was said.

Ye gods! why didn't she say something?

Dinner was announced, and immediately the lawful head of the house made for the dining-room.

He ate heartily. Indeed, why shouldn't he, when his breakfast had consisted of two pitchers of ice water, and his lunch of only a sandwich? On the other hand his disdainful spouse only went through the mechanical movements of eating, barely tasting a morsel.

The meal finished, the broker retired to the library, and took up the evening paper. But he couldn't read. Something was bothering him. Something vague, and yet persistent. Oh, yes, it was "882 East Eighty-Second Street." Oh, yes, he remembered it all now. Well, should he do it? he wondered. It was certainly worth a chance. But what if it were only a "plant"? Well he would risk it anyway; it was worth a try. So the evening passed, and the household retired early that night.

The next morning dawned clear and bright. The broker was at his desk at 9 A. M. sharp, and with a grunt of determination, ploughed through the mail piled mountain high on his desk. He worked steadily the whole day, but shortly after 2 P. M. he suddenly lost all interest in the business on hand. Try as he might, he could not rid his mind of the mysterious "882 East Eighty-Second Street." Finally he came to a decision. The proposition was risky, but since the end would be such a magnificent one, surely the means were worthy of a trial.

He first summoned his secretary.

"Miss Dilworth, ah—ahem, do you happen to, ah—er, know 882 East Second-Eighty Street, that is, I mean rather, East Eighty-Second? Ah—do you happen to know anyone there or could you possibly direct me how to find it? The fact of the matter is, Miss Dilworth I—er—know a man, a friend of mine who must go to that address, and I assured him I knew the way and could direct him, but unfortunately, I seem to have forgotten it, don't you know?"

"Yes, yes," faltered the secretary, "I think I could direct you." And she gave him a series of directions that only a denizen of the metropolis could remember, including subway stations with green and black lines to follow, shuttle trains, surface cars, green busses and other conveyances. He jotted it all down.

"All right, Miss Dilworth, that is all."

He was soon out of the building, headed for the nearest subway station.

"I'm a fool to do this," he muttered, "but there's just one chance in a hundred, and besides in this case, the end certainly justifies the means."

He followed the labyrinthine course outlined, and in a little more than half an hour found himself at the corner of one of the Avenues and East Eighty-Second Street. Looking east, he saw that he was only about four blocks from the river.

Crossing, he walked briskly in that direction, peering at every member that met his searching gaze. And the farther down he walked, the more evident became poverty of the district.

After he left 500 he was virtually in the heart of a great slum district. Soon 600 was passed. Then 652-658, and next 662; he was nearing the great objective. 674 broadened into 680-690-700. He was coming nearer. 710-716-724. Here the Hon. Hen J. Patterson had to stop and rest. He was shaking preceptibly. Finally, however, he pulled himself together and staggered on. 754-802-826-848-880-882—"What? was that 882? That, little unsuspecting looking shack?" Yes, that was it, sure enough, and he read the number aloud.

Then turning up his coat collar, he entered the mysterious house.

Once inside he looked around carefully, but saw no one. Then he approached a wooden counter and rapped three times. At the end of each rap he called softly, with a rising inflection, "Joel!" A short, dark-featured man approached, somewhat terrified, and peered into the other's face.

"Wher' you findda dat out, hey?"

The broker told him.

"Oh, sheeza tella you, eh? Vairee wel." And with this he disappeared, and then came back with a small well-rapped package.

"Sheeza wife to me," he confided. "There meester, cover my palm with silver!"

Patterson, a trifle pale, hurriedly left the mysterious place.

"Yes, he had the right thing," he replied, "now to get it home."

After a very careful detour, he arrived home, at the same hour as he was accustomed to.

When dinner was announced, and he was preparing to go to

the dining-room, he slipped the small package into his pocket.

He ate nervously, and eventually attracted his wife's attention.

"Why Henry!" she exclaimed, "what's the matter?"

He could not keep back any longer. "Oh, Julia, I have a great surprise for you, a priceless gift." And reaching into his pocket, brought out the package.

"Why, what is that?" she asked wonderingly.

"Open it my dear and see for yourself!" He handed her the package.

"What! is it possible? Oh, Henry, where did you get this? Why it's just simply grand."

At this particular moment Mr. H. J. Patterson was conscious of two soft arms around his neck. Well, gentle reader, we cannot tell you everything.

After a suitable time had elapsed, the lawful head of the house, thinking the time propitious, said:

"Julia, I would like to go to the club to-night. The boys are having a little affair on me, and so I ought to go, don't you think?"

"Why certainly, Henry, how absurd! Why shouldn't you go?"

When Henry heard this he gulped twice, slipped his collar back in place, and after promising his wife to return early, set out for his favorite club.

Once there, he was met by a host of inquiring friends.

"Just a minute, boys, and I'll tell you all about it."

When he had finished, they were all gasping in astonishment.

"Impossible! Can't be did! You gotta show me," were some of the remarks that greeted him.

"It might barely be possible," said P. Morganbilt. "Still I don't see nor do I believe that you really got diamond dust."

"Well, if you want the proof, just stop in some day. You know 'to see is to believe.'"

"882 East Eighty-Second did you say? I'll just make a note of that," Joe Jackson said, as he hurriedly took down the address.

As Patterson was leaving, he heard someone say: "No more alibis for me, Joe, and out every night of the week."

Some days later Mrs. De Puyster Van Dyke took tea with Mrs. Henry J. Patterson. During the course of the afternoon she saw something that gave her a great shock.

"Why, Mrs. Patterson!" she gasped, "really that isn't—that isn't—oh my smelling salts! I feel weak, and—I—I—oh!"

Mrs. Patterson called the maid. Together they applied stimulants to Mrs. Van Dyke, and soon she was thoroughly revived. When she came to her senses she had to make quite an effort to regain her composure and not betray herself.

"Thank you, Mrs. Patterson. I'm sure I'm all right, and I think I had better go. I am sorry for the trouble I've caused you. Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon," replied her hostess.

That night Mrs. De Puyster Van Dyke held a very serious consultation with her husband.

"But are you quite sure, my dear?"

"Oh, yes, positively."

"Um—uh. Well there's only one way to find out definitely."

"Why, what do you propose to do, Harold?"

"Why just this: If you are sure of what you have seen, I simply must find where it came from. And to do that, I—er—"

"Yes, yes, do what?"

"Why," and Van Dyke's fist hit the table. "I shall employ a detective to shadow Mr. Patterson."

"Oh! not that, Harold. Think, think if Mr.—"

"I don't care a hang for thinking—I'm going to find out."

This closed the conversation, and Mrs. Van Dyke withdrew for the night.

The next day Joe Jackson took the subway, the surface cars and the busses to a certain corner, and then walked out Eighty Second Street. Soon after he returned, a package clutched tightly in his hands.

Soon after, Charles Vanastor made the same experiment, and found it so pleasing, that he confided his secret to P. J. Morganbilt.

When P. J. Morganbilt grasped the stupendous knowledge, he staggered and nearly collapsed. But when he realized that he also could turn his knowledge to good account, he resolved to visit Mr. Patterson, and learn every detail by heart.

Accordingly, he called on the broker at 5:30 sharp that afternoon.

About the same time, or perhaps a trifle later, the private detective, hired by Van Dyke, took up his position on the opposite side of the street, prepared, as he thought, to shadow the broker.

Soon P. J. Morganbilt reappeared, and as he walked down the avenue, was followed by the keen-eyed detective.

He tracked the unsuspecting man past the Grand Central, then down the famous Eighty-Second Street.

Now, Pierpont, who was a well-known politician, fearing discovery by some of his political enemies, had decided to wear a mask. He did not feel the least apprehensive about the legionaries of the law, for his "pull" was wide and powerful.

The detective saw him adjust the mask.

"Phwat! a bolskiveek?" And he hurried his pace perceptibly.

At last he got a good look at his victim as the rays of an arc light fell full on his face.

"Yis, 'tis him, and that's a mask he's wearin', the dirty scoundrel. Right here's a chanced fer ye, Tim O'Brien. Shure fate's knockin' at your door."

At last the other man hesitated, glanced around to the right and left, and then entered. O'Brien closed in rapidly, and soon stood at the doorway, eyes and ears alert.

Three raps, and after each, with an upward slide of the voice, "Joel, Joel, Joel."

"Phwat gibberish is that? And phwat is that, a bomb? Shure it must be. An' so this a nest o' them Bolskiveekes. Oh, phwat a chance!" muttered O'Brien as he slunk away.

"I'll just foller him again and see phwat divilmint he's up to. Oh, no, Misther Van Dyke. I don't report to yez, this is a case fer headquarters."

Thus he soliloquised, as again he watched his man. Finally he followed him clear to the starting point; but in his all too evident haste, forgot to notice that the house this man entered was a block away from Patterson's. But that made no difference to O'Brien. All he saw was roses. He already visioned himself in a lieutenant's uniform.

"Glory to Saint Patrick," he whispered to himself, "won't Rosie O'Leary be proud of me now?"

When headquarters was notified a squad of specials was directed under O'Brien's guidance to raid the place at the earliest possible moment.

To carry out his orders, O'Brien on the following night, took his squad to the scene of the evening's discovery.

As soon as twilight had deepened to night, a stranger was seen approaching, a mask over his face. "Begorra, the same wan," O'Brien whispered hoarsely. "Now, whin I blow the whistle, Clancy, take three men an' go around to the rear, and enther through the windows. The rist of yez come wid me."

A grunt of assent followed these instructions.

Soon the stranger came abreast of No. 882 and entered.

O'Brien blew the whistle.

For a second all was confusion, but soon order was restored, and the men, with mace and knucklers, took up their respective positions.

When O'Brien entered the building not a thing was visible.

"Surrender, ye thraitors!" he bawled out.

Silence.

"Switch on the lights, Donovan," said the chief.

The light revealed a small ill-kept grocery store. At one side there hung a heavy curtain.

"Clear that cortin' McKay! Find out phwat's back there!"

McKay struggled with the curtain. With a cry of pain he fell back and collapsed.

"Here you, Donovan, and you, Hogan," the chief roared, "clear that curtain!"

The two men struggled with the curtain.

"Take that, ye swine," a voice cried out. There was a dull thud, and Donovan fell back exhausted, while Hogan, struck on the head, reeled as if drunk.

Then the curtain fell with a crash, and—Clancy, with mace in hand, appeared.

"Where are they, the swine? Let me at thim!"

"Clancy, say man! you fool," bellowed O'Brien, "don't ye see phwat yez done?"

"Phwat have I done? Kilt two bolshiwhiskies? Eh? Well—"

"Shut up," snapped the chief, "you've hit our own men."

Now for the traitors who—"

"Here they are chief, here they are."

Looking np, O'Brien saw two of his men bringing the stranger and the grocer with them, from another room.

"Get that bomb, you, Clancy," pointing to the package carried by the stranger.

Clancy somewhat fearfully, complied. But in his hurry, the package slipped, and with a dull thud hit the floor. Immediately, a coarse, white substance tumbled out.

"Phwat is it, Clancy? Powder?"

"Oi don't jist know yet, chief. But it looks like—like, ah—oh chief! come here!"

The chief left two men to guard his prisoners, and summoning the rest, he took them over where Clancy was kneeling.

Together they talked and sputtered. Finally—" 'Tis."

" 'Taint, oi tell ye."

" 'Tis, I say. Don't you see how fine it is."

In the meantime Morganbilt chaffed at his bonds. He dared not reveal himself before all these men. He knew he would have no trouble clearing himself, but how about the storekeeper? Well, he would wait his chance, and then speak to the chief alone. His "pull" would do the rest. And—

"Yis, chief, you're right," cried Clancy, in wild frenzy. "You'd better—"

"Shut up, ye simp! Who's givin' orders, yew or me? Now come here, men, and and form in a circle, that's it. Now draw your irons, and sthand guard over this, while I call up headquarters. And all of yez look well at this powder for—it's—it's genuine granulated sugar."

CLEMENT M. STROBEL, '23.



The Right to Happiness.

IN every man upon this earth
There is implanted at his birth
A great desire his life to bless
With that content called happiness.

Some seek it in great heaps of Gold,
And strive to gather wealth untold,
Count not the sin, count not the stain
On honor, in their lust for gain.

Others there are who only aim
To reach the pinnacle of Fame,
Though rank injustice, deeds, foul, base,
Their characters must needs deface.

Many pursue the phantom free
Of Pleasure, false-named diety,
Do what they will, count not the cost,
Nor see the truth, till all is lost.

Ah! poor, deluded sons of Eve!
Their blinded eyes can not perceive
What mockeries their passion craves,
To what false gods it made them slaves.

For only he whose God Is Love
Can hope for blessing from above;
He ever keeps in view this end,
To make of every man a friend.

For fame, for gold, he has no thirst,
Himself comes second, others first.
'Tis he alone who can possess
The one, true Right to Happiness.

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, H. S., '21.

This poem won second prize in the Pittsburgh "Press" Poetry Contest,
closing October 29. See Chronicle.



Did the War Teach Us Thrift?

THE world war has caused a considerable change in the mode of living in the United States. Other factors no doubt contributed to this real change, but it remains that the world war was its chief cause. I call it a real change because some people of to-day are inclined to say that the change is only apparent.

Living conditions before the war were normal, that is to say, a man could buy more for less money than he can at the present time. Who would dare stand up before an intelligent audience and attempt to refute this statement? Judge for yourselves: you know; you are living in the same atmosphere as I, an atmosphere charged with unrest, caused by the depreciation of the value of the dollar, and the abnormal rise in the prices of everyday necessities.

Before the war you could buy wearing apparel for two hundred per cent. less than you can to-day. As a concrete illustration let me cite an experience of my own. Back in 1916 I graduated from High School. For that solemn occasion I in-

dulged in the luxury of a tailor-made suit. The cost of it was small, comparatively speaking—fifteen dollars. Two weeks ago I stepped into the very shop where I procured my graduating suit, and for curiosity's sake asked the tailor to show me the material from which he had made it. He did so. "How much would you ask to-day for a suit made of this material?" I inquired. The man of the shears looked at me and replied, without even cracking a smile, "forty-five dollars". I could go on mentioning instances of the abnormal increase in prices in whatever line I cared to quote; still the logical proof would follow.

Before the United States had entered the war things were not quite so bad. Profiteers had to be careful to satisfy the wants at home; this they very cleverly did by enormously increasing the wages of men. Of course the men receiving the high wages naturally became easy spenders. When a price was asked, they paid it unquestioningly, because they had the funds in abundance. But after the United States had entered the war they could go on, recklessly increasing the prices of food-stuffs, etc., and hiding their profiteering scheme under the mask of patriotism. "Well," they would say to you, "you very well know that our country is now engaged in a war to make the world safe for democracy, to vindicate for small nations their right to self-determination; our boys are over there fighting for these things; they need food, clothing and equipment; they come first, you come after them." Well and good, if they had practiced the doctrine that they preached. I have seen with my own eyes the game as it was played, so you cannot convince me otherwise. In 1917 I had a summer job on the Pennsylvania Railroad. Just thirty-one miles up the river, at a place called Kiskiminetas Junction, there is a dump; by this I mean to say that at that point a large tract of lowland is slowly being filled in with refuse. This particular point happens to be the intersection of two railroad divisions, hence a place where you are apt to find an extensive freight yard and side-tracks filled with cars. The United States was in the war about two months, and we were told everywhere to conserve food. People in their homes were trying to make food go farther and last longer, and at the same time these scoundrels time and again would let food-stuffs rot in the cars, and then dump them at Kiskiminetas Junction, when they thought the contents were so far gone as to be inedible. They made a mistake about three times, for when they emptied the cars, sound vegetables were found. Railroaders noticed this; soon the people

from neighboring towns came with sacks and baskets, and carried the food home. This malicious act was repeatedly committed, evidently to increase food prices. Failing to increase the prices, they would rather lose all than sell for a cent less.

The people of the United States have acquired unthrifty habits during the progress of the war. Of course these undesirable habits were not noticed while the war lasted; they only became evident at its termination. It was shortly after the armistice was signed that people were brought to a realization of the trend their ways had taken. You will remember the time when there was such great rejoicing over the cessation of hostilities. Well, just about two or three weeks thereafter, when practically all the munition plants had been closed down, the people began to notice that there was "something rotten in Denmark." It was then that they first saw how little they were getting for that almighty dollar,—because their income had been cut. While things were booming about the munition plants, fathers had grown reckless with their money, wives had become extravagant, and, logically following them, their children likewise spent very freely. Many customers cared not what they paid for goods; the retailers showed still less scruple about the prices that they fixed; you know it's very easy to quote a price when agreement is reached almost without parley.

These bad habits that the people formed during the war are the main causes of the present unrest in the country; they are the germ, the very seed of the disturbances in labor circles, and they are the final explanation of the strikes occurring everywhere around us. This great spirit of discontent was caused by that demon habit. I made money easily, I spent it freely. My earnings have been cut; I can no longer spend, and must deprive myself of things that for several years have seemed to me necessities; hence I am discontented, I want to be free from restraint, free from dictation; I do not want to work, yet I want to have money and plenty of it.

The abnormal living conditions during the war led unthinking people to believe that the same conditions in production, distribution and consumption would exist during the period of reconstruction. Now, if any man be reasonable, if he make ever so little use of his intelligence, he will immediately perceive that this is impossible. The lessened demand for production means a correspondingly lessened demand for labor. The closing of the munition factories created a surplus of labor; and a drop in

wages is the natural sequel. An increase in labor always means a decrease in wages, and a scarcity of men to do the work likewise means a higher scale of wages.

This is an unfailing law of economics. Now since, as a result of the war's termination, there is a tendency to return to normal conditions of production, and since there is a surplus of laboring men, the economic law just quoted makes it inevitable that the people cannot get as high a wage as they had been receiving during the war. Although as a matter of fact, in nearly all industries higher wages are now paid than were paid in pre-war days, still to all intents and purposes these wages are really lower than they were before, for this reason, that there was and is unlawful speculation among the dealers of commodities, and at the same time unlawful hoarding. There are some things that you simply cannot buy for good American money. Your nickels—and your dimes, quarters and halves, for that matter—might just as well be wood, without value, for you cannot buy sugar if you liked at the present time.

I have therefore clearly shown that the world war, far from cutting down our indulgence, has been the occasion of our adopting new luxuries; that the people of the United States, instead of becoming thriftier in a time of stress, have acquired habits of prodigal spending; that the abnormal living conditions during the war had deceived the minds of many into the belief that the same condition in production, distribution and consumption should exist during the period of reconstruction. In spite, then, of our bond-buying and stamp-saving—done, both of them, not as a result of the sober judgment that begets lasting habits, but as a result of the sudden inspiration of whirlwind campaigns—we are brought to the conclusion that the war did not teach our people thrift—that the people as a whole are to-day less inclined than they ever were toward that wholesome foresight and equally wholesome self-denial that are the basis of this virtue, so desirable, but so difficult of attainment.

FRANCIS J. LIGDAY, '20.

December.

OF al the monthes and dayes I know,
There are noon lik to these, I trow :
And for to finden wy and more
I rede a booke of olden lore.

The air is hallowd and fu of
A jolitee and joyfu love,
And earth shews forth swich cherefuness,
Becaus a Babe was bairn, I gesse.

MICHAEL DOYLE MINAHAN, Law, '22.



Tony's Christmas.

W'AT 's dat I'm gonna do, you say,
To have da fun for Chrees'mas day ?
W'y say, my frand, I tell you w'at,
Da time I'll have ees calla "hot".

Peanutta stan', he's pay me good;
I got nice house wit' coal an' wood;
I gotta leetla money too
For Chrees'mas, so I don' feel blue.

But still I tall you, meester cop,
I got no keeds, w'at call me pop;
My wife an' keeds are dead long while :
So Chrees'mas day it bring no smile.

Da keeds in house next door to mine
Ain't got no pop; dat suit me fine.
Dey t'ink dat "Chrees-a-King" won't stop
Wit' toys; so I'll be gooda wop.

I'm gonna sand dem Chrees'mas tree
And all da games w'at I can see.
I'll give dem trains an' bikes an' blocks;
Wit' cakes an' t'ings I'll fill da socks.

An' so I t'ink da besta joys
Will come for me from leetla boys,
Baycause da help of poor, I hear,
It bring you joy and besta cheer.

M. NOON GLYNN, '20.

Yuletide Warmth in Far Alaska.

BOB FISHER was in no receptive mood as he gazed gloomily out of the window of a luxurious Pullman car upon the rugged beauty of the Canadian rockies. Nature's charms had never held any interest for him. Robert Harriman Fisher—the name his delicately engraved card bore—was the son of Michael Fisher, great railroad and lumber magnate. He was known in all New York as a heavy backer of the ponies, an inveterate gambler, and in general a spendthrift. He had not followed in the footsteps of his illustrious father, who had begun life as a common laborer on the railroad, and through his great business acumen and native shrewdness had acquired an enormous fortune, which, to all appearance, the younger Fisher was trying to run through as quickly as possible.

Yet Bob Fisher's selfishness was not altogether his own fault. The generous impulses of boyhood had had scant opportunity for development while his father made every effort to spare the boy the sacrifices that he himself had been obliged to undergo, and to keep far from his sight every view of human misery, and while friends, not always animated by the highest motives, surrounded him with adulation and flattery. Who will deny that environment is a potent factor in the molding of character?

The gloomy look on the young traveler's face may then be easily explained. A stormy interview with his father had ended in the latter's settling his gambling debts and sending him to Alaska to inspect and estimate some of his lately acquired timber holdings. This would necessitate his being in Alaska all winter—a prospect which filled him with disgust.

In four days he had arrived at the trading post of the Cook's Inlet Camp on the Susitna River. A motley crowd of people was on hand when the mail boat arrived, and Fisher was conscious of the stir his coming made, especially when it was learned he hailed from New York and was to stay all winter. If he interested them, they interested him still more. After a first revulsion of feeling, the reflection that he was to come into daily contact with these rough, uncouth fellows suggested the further thought that it would be to his advantage to get acquainted, and that perhaps the new associations would in time prove as interesting as the old.

"Can I help you with your bags, sir?" a voice broke in on his reflections.

"Thank you very much," returned Bob. "I'd like to be shown to the office of the trading post, if you don't mind."

"The pleasure is all mine," was the man's cheery reply. "Come along." And carrying three-fourths of the young man's luggage, he led the way down the one long street of the town.

At the office door Bob offered his guide a half dollar, but the man drew back as if insulted. And it was brought home to the traveler that he was indeed far away from New York and its obsequious, tip-hungry flunkeys.

Upon entering the post Bob saw a tall, broad-shouldered young man in conversation with a benevolent old gentleman. There was no one to introduce him, so he introduced himself.

"Robert Fisher, did you say? You're welcome indeed to Susitna," came from the elderly man. "Meet Joe Cannell—that's myself, the factor—and Harry Devoe—that's this young man here."

It was arranged that Harry Devoe should serve as Bob Fisher's guide and host during the winter. With his assistance Bob purchased an outfit at the post, and the two took passage on a catboat that was about to start upstream. During the journey homeward Bob learned that Devoe had lived with an uncle in California and had attended the State University, but at his uncle's death had been obliged to return home without completing his medical course. He usually trapped on what was known as the Hill Trail, belonging to Cook's Inlet Camp, but this being a closed year he had just been down to the Inlet to consult Mr. Cannell as to what work he could get during the winter.

"A college man up in these wilds!" Bob thought within himself. But aloud he said, "How lucky we met in his office!"

A brisk wind brought them in a couple of hours to the little wharf near the Devoe home. The family had just said grace and were sitting down to their evening meal as they arrived. Bob was introduced to Harry's father, mother and a crippled sister—a child of ten, who, two years before, had fallen and sustained injuries that robbed her of the ability to walk. Bob felt several emotions that were new to him, chief of which was pity.

"Sit right down to supper, and make yourself at home," said Mrs. Devoe. "There's always room for one more."

He thought he had never tasted a better meal; the keen air had given him an appetite, but apart from that, the homely cooking was indeed very savory.

Bob was soon after conducted to his room, a large airy

chamber with windows looking out over the river. The events of the day had tired him, and the droning sound of the family Rosary in the "sitting-room" below only sent him off the sooner to the land of Nod.

He was awakened by the sound of the axe. The clock showed that the hour was seven. At home he usually rose at ten or later, but curiosity conquered the desire for longer slumbers, and he was soon downstairs enjoying a hearty breakfast. The sound of the axe at the rear of the house still continued, and Bob stepped out to see Harry and his father busily cutting and storing wood for the winter. Little Harriet was seated in a wheel-chair watching the proceedings. Her tiny hands were busy with chips of wood, and her little brain formulated questions faster than the three men could answer them. The newcomer, unused to the sight of suffering, felt again the great pity that her inability to walk or play had last night aroused.

"Would you like to try your hand at sawing?" asked Harry, half bantering.

Bob thought that Mr. Devoe was tired, and also remembered that he wanted to get used to his surroundings. So he readily assented. They worked all day. Harry never seemed to tire, and his father was scarcely less energetic; while the poor city lad had to pause for breath every few minutes and to give up altogether long before they were ready to "call it a day's work."

That night all was arranged for a start for the woods which was to be made the next morning.

"It would be good policy to inspect the farthest district first," was Mr. Devoe's suggestion, "and gradually work toward the post. This district will keep you going two weeks."

"What you say goes," gaily replied the young man. He was beginning to feel he had much to learn.

Bob's alarm went off at 6 A. M. He was so stiff after his first day's real work that he could scarcely dress. But he felt a strange pride in getting into his woodsman's outfit. Breakfast over, they, or rather Harry, packed the canoe and set out. Bob had never done much paddling, but he watched Harry and followed his suggestions with fair success. They intended to camp that night on the upper reaches of the Susitna river. Except for a short stop at noon for lunch they made steady progress, and Bob, who had never paid much attention to the woods, began to find pleasure in the varying beauty of the autumn scenery. From time to time, where the woods fell away

a little from the banks of the stream, he caught sight of a snow-capped peak away to the north. Whether he saw the same one several times, or different ones, he could not be sure; but the serene grandeur of the solitary mass against the sky impressed him deeply. At length his companion read the question in his eyes, and exclaimed,

"So you want to know the name of yonder mountain? I don't wonder you admire it, for it is the highest peak on the Western Continent, Mt. McKinley!"

Bob Fisher's silence showed how deeply he was moved. Vaguely he thought of some Scripture phrase about the "greatness of the works of the Lord."

Around the camp-fire that evening Bob pictured his luxurious New York home, and mentally decided that he preferred the camp-fire.

The next morning he was still very stiff, but when he had moved around camp and helped to prepare breakfast he felt considerably limbered up. That day they began work, and when the two weeks had passed they had finished their first section. They then returned to the post. They made many trips before the first snow came, when they began to use the dog team. This was a new mode of travel for Bob Fisher, and it was only after patient labor and many spills that he at last acquired the knack of it.

During these strenuous months Bob began to love the trail and the woods. He could feel the growth of a new man within him. He had become very much attached to the members of the Devoe family. The little cripple and he were great playmates. At every week-end he brought her some trinket from the trading post, and had some new story to tell her—for which he must needs jog his jaded memory. He often wished he had a catechism handy; he needed it. He had also learned much concerning the people of the post; he found them kind-hearted and hospitable. One of the things which he could scarcely believe was the fact that many of them were deeply in debt to the Cook's Inlet Company. Their debts were sometimes passed from father to son, and remained unpaid for years, especially when accident or ill-luck incapacitated them for work or rendered their labors fruitless.

It was about three weeks before Christmas that the great idea came to him. When he arrived at the cabin he immediately dispatched a letter to his father and one to Dr. McCutcheon, the

great surgeon at the Bellevue Hospital; they would go out on the mail boat that night. They cut work on the section the first week in order that Bob might get the answer to his letters. The first, from his father, he read with a satisfied smile. When he had finished the Doctor's, he let out a boyish "Whoopee!" and walked on air for the rest of the day.

Not much more than a week later Bob was waiting eagerly on the wharf for the coming of the mail boat. When it had docked, the only passenger, a professional-looking gentleman in the prime of life, came down the gang-plank. Bob ran forward and clutched his hand, but was not at first recognized—his outdoor life had changed him so.

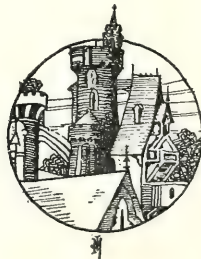
"You were right to suggest a vocation to me, Bob," said Dr. McCutcheon, "and I believe I shall enjoy the novelty of a Christmas in Alaska. It will be 'white' enough to suit the most exacting devotee of the fitness of things."

For an hour the next day an anxious father and mother and a no less anxious friend waited and prayed outside a sunlit room where a great surgeon was operating. His assistant, a brother of the patient, at length emerged to tell them that "the operation was a complete success, thank God! Harriet will be able to walk again."

Four days later was Christmas. Dr. McCutcheon had brought a packet of money from old Michael Fisher, out of which Bob paid all the debts that the people of the post owed to the company, and furnished turkey dinners to all his acquaintances.

What the ultimate results of Bob's transformation were we leave to the reader to surmise. Let us only say here that he never forgets the first real Christmas of his life, when, in the far northland, he learned the true meaning of the loveliest of Christian feasts,—the joy of making someone else happy.

FRANCIS FOLEY, H. S., '22.





SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

The Yuletide Spirit.

'TIS Yuletide, the season of love and good cheer. Many centuries ago the angelic choir appeared to the shepherd among the Judean hills and chanted in a tone sublime, "Peace on earth to men of good will." To-day the echoes of this hymn are sounding in our ears throughout the land—the spirit of the Christ Child is once again permeating the souls alike of young and old.

Who is there that does not feel the influence of the season? No matter where you are, you will see the spirit of cheerfulness and happiness; the presence of evergreens in the homes and churches is an emblem of peace and gladness. The countenances of the people radiate a happiness which rivals the aurora. The heavens themselves show their sympathy by dropping their fairest treasures—the beautiful snow-flakes, which contribute their part to the generous flow of joy, and greatly enhance the festive day.

Everyone is filled to the brim and bubbling over with the spirit of good cheer. Presents and tokens of affection pass and are repassed. Help is given to the poor and destitute. The magic spirit of good will—whose promised guerdon is peace—throws open every door and unlocks every heart.

It is in this spirit, gentle reader, that the staff of 1919-20 wishes you a Merry Christmas.

C. J. KRONZ, '20.



Come On, Students!

COLLEGE spirit may be defined as that which makes college life what it is. Taking the college spirit of our present students as a criterion, the college life at D. U. is a pretty poor one. Let us examine our consciences. Must we

not admit it—we are a passive and indifferent lot. Some of you do not even know how many teams we have. This is an unhappy and a dangerous state—unhappy for the players and students, and dangerous for the institution.

Can the teams win games without your support? Many of our renowned coaches to-day have repeatedly said that they would accomplish more if you gave them a team composed of a medium class of players together with a loyal and spirited student body, than if you were to give them a team of stars without the assistance of the student body. It is no disgrace to admit that our teams are composed for the most part of the former class of players; rather we should glory in the fact, for it means that the school gives every man a chance. But is it not true that the loyalty of the student body is conspicuous by its absence? An unsupported team may fortuitously emerge from the struggle as the conquerors of old; but they will fight like demons, and will well nigh make a perfect average, if you get out there and cheer as loyal students should cheer. It does not matter if you do act as a maniac. You may and should forget your dignity—you will do it all for the team.

Football has successfully run its course, and is again stored up in the warehouse of sportdom for a term of one year, and basketball has stepped in and has demanded the attention of the athletic world.

The support of the student body is needed more in college basketball than in any of the other branches of sport. The very nature of the game proves this. The contest is restricted to a comparatively small area; everyone is on the jump, and it demands a great effort to play a fast game. In a worth while contest many players pant heavily and are fatigued to exhaustion; but hearing your encouraging cheers they forget all else, and put forth a superhuman effort to carry off the laurels.

Individually you have shown that you are made out of first-class material by the hitherto unparalleled record you made in the examinations. Why not combine these individual efforts and make the results still more pleasing? Organization won the war and organization will save the day for any feasible undertaking. Come on, fellow-students! Let's get started and make up the deficit. Let's generate that first spark of college spirit for 1919-20, and once the motor is started, it will gradually gain momentum, and as it gains momentum our teams will be going "Over the Top" for you and for Duquesne.

Arise from your trance, and let us hear and see all of you at the next game, and all others that follow.

C. J. KRONZ, '20.

Exchanges.

THE *Georgetown College Journal* for October is far from justifying its editor's complaint about the customary autumnal dearth of material. Very good advice to a student is doled out by "Dad" in an article that purports to have been "Found in a Waste Basket". Certainly neither Polonius nor Lord Chesterfield could give any better. There is choice poetry, too, the best being a touching little lyric telling of the miracles of beneficence wrought by "A Smile". The *College Notes* are interesting even to an outsider, and a worthy tribute is paid to the venerable Cardinal Mercier by one who had the pleasure of clasping his hand and looking into his strong but gentle face.

The Commercialite, from Detroit, is the only Alumni paper we know of. The contributors show commendable loyalty to their old school by maintaining a publication of their own. The news items are plentiful and crisply handled. We do not quite approve of the lengthy editorial entitled "Work Will Win". Instead of devoting so much space to lauding the good work that the paper has done, would it not be better policy, if commendation is due—as it certainly is—to quote the praises of outsiders?

An anniversary number of *The Gonzaga* celebrates very worthily the completion of its tenth volume. The poetry and editorials are timely and well written. It was a happy thought of the management to invite contributions from former editors-in-chief. Out of the eight essays so obtained we were most attracted by the one entitled "Journalism". It is something away from the beaten track. The author picturesquely describes the duties and qualifications of a successful newspaper reporter. They are, he avers, very different from those of a detective, a housebreaker, or a politician. Experiences like those narrated intrigue the interest of the aspiring journalist.

The October issue of *The Gonzaga* treats every subject that a college magazine ought to be interested in, but the space allotted to local matters is out of proportion to that allotted to strictly literary work. The only short story in this issue is rather below *The Gonzaga's* usual standard. It seems to lack an essential of the short story—unity of impression. The author of "The Voices of Joan of Arc" states in his introductory paragraph, that when one begins to write about Joan of Arc "he is in danger of covering ground already covered;" but he himself steers clear of the difficulty. He confines himself to three points

confirming the genuineness of her voices, namely, her actual achievements, her prophecies fulfilled and her own testimony.

The best of the editorials was the one on "World Rest a Panacea". The author gives us, in two pages, an idea of how the world has broken away from the moorings of religion, and is now tossed about on the high seas of uncertainty and unrest. He illustrates the avaricious, unlawful and unjust methods used in the drawing up of the Peace Treaty and the forcing of a signature to a League of Nations. Logically he proves that the people of to-day are crying out "Give us Barrabas! away with Christ!" and that the world must turn to religion for relief. If we could only find an article like this in the daily papers once in a while! The sole fault we find with this article is that it is on the wrong page. It is too long for an editorial, one of whose salient characteristics should be brevity.

From Portland, Oregon, comes the October number of *The Columbiad*. It is brimming over with good literature in the form of essays, editorials and poems. In the article on "Ireland and the Committee on Foreign Relations," the author clearly shows Ireland's right to Self-Determination, both from the results of the election held last December under the supervision of the English army of occupation, and from the words of President Wilson before Congress, when he said, "National aspirations must be respected; peoples may now be dominated and governed only by their own consent. Self-Determination is not a mere phrase. It is an imperative principle of action, which statesmen will henceforth ignore at their peril." As the author wisely queries, "Now that the war is over and the smoke cleared away, we ask ourselves, 'Did we win?'" we are tempted to add to his question, "or was it England?" The essay "On Ears" is very witty. Really we never knew there were so many kinds of ears nor that they had such queer names. All varieties are catalogued from those who have ears and hear not to the cauliflower ear of the pugilists. The editorials are timely and interesting. The best of which we consider "The President of Ireland" which welcomes Eamon De Valera to Columbia. Besides giving us an outline of the life and work of Ireland's President, the editor relates some of the outrages existing in Ireland to-day. "The British admit that it requires 70,000 troops, (Sinn Fein puts it at 200,000) and 12,000 men in R. I. C., equipped with bombing planes, tanks, and all the other engines of modern warfare, to sustain their government only a few short hours from London."

Surely Ireland is not governed by the consent of the governed! It is a strong statement, but one well substantiated, that "Close observers of European politics maintain that De Valera has repeatedly out-manuevered Lloyd George on the diplomatic chess-board." Those who heard the President of Ireland speak in Pittsburgh, put him down as a master of the science of government, an adept in all the phases of statecraft. The humorous verse appearing under the heading of "'Varsity Verse" is melodious, sufficiently metrical, and, best of all really humorous. The poem "Enshrined" contains an elevating thought—a mother witnessing the returning ships, and looking in vain for her lost son, is consoled by the thought that the memory of her boy is enshrined in the heart of the nation.

JOSEPH A. O'DONNELL, '20.

With the delightful little verse, "In the Autumn's Tide," resplendent in rhetorical figures, the October *Solanian* greets its readers. And not only here, but throughout the number, verses of considerable merit touch off the heavier essays. The work on "America and Her Discoverer" is praiseworthy from every standpoint. It lauds the Pan-American spirit rather than that of Nationalism. And no less meritorious is the article, "Concerning Strikes". This is a rather argumentative essay, but certainly is fairminded and logical. The solution of labor difficulties is very reasonable and could not fail in its functions if once accepted. If—there's the rub! The editorial on Labor is timely and to the point. It is a frank discussion of existing conditions. One fault we have discovered, and that is a lack of short stories, the real reflection of literary progress.

The opening number of the *S. M. C. Exponent* is very appropriate with a few lines of verse to their majestic patron, the Queen. "Dabbling in Law" is a well handled short story, meeting to every requirement, both of literary criticism and of public opinion. Then follows a rather lengthy, scientific essay on "Helium and Aerial Navigation". "An Experiment in Modern Banking Methods", while good in a certain sense, lacks the vital element of a short story, action and conversation. Such a sensational plot as a bank robbery deserves more vivid recital than that given by the author. The last big number on the list is the "Alumni Notes". These notes certainly reflect great credit on the staff. They are snappy and to the point, at the same time conveying all the information necessary.

CLEMENT M. STROBEL, '23.

CHRONICLE

College and High School.

Rarely has it been Duquesne's good fortune to be so singularly honored, as it was on October 28, when the world-famous Prelate, Cardinal Mercier, was its Cardinal Mercier's guest.

Visit

Cardinal Mercier's first visit after paying his respects to the civil authorities was to Duquesne University. He and his party reached the University at 11 o'clock, and were immediately escorted to the University Hall, where were assembled over a thousand students of the various schools. He took his place on the stage amongst the faculty, who wore their proper academic regalia, whilst nine "Raes", led by the college cheer leader, Noon Glynn, went up from a thousand throats. The students' orchestra played "La Brabançonne", the Belgian national anthem, and Rev. H. J. McDermott, Acting President, addressed the distinguished visitor as follows:

"Your Eminence,

"Duquesne University, with its 84 professors and over 1,000 students, is highly honored by your eminence's visit to its halls to-day. We welcome you as a Prince of the Church ever glorious, ever enduring, ever triumphant. We welcome you as a devoted pastor always ready to lay down his life for his flock. We welcome you as an intrepid champion of the weak against the strong, as an ardent patriot whose love for his native land is surpassed only by his love of God. We welcome you as a profound philosopher and theologian, whose works are translated into many tongues and studied in many lands. We welcome you as an exalted patron of our colleges in Louvain, Lierre, and Gentinnes, where Fathers of the Holy Ghost Society consecrate themselves to preparing the youth of Belgium for civil life and the Belgian missions in benighted Africa.

"We pray God to grant you length of days, so that, in your native land, you may see religion flourish, its cities and churches rebuilt, its schools and colleges reorganized, and its people prosperous and consoled for the losses they have sustained. In return, we ask your Eminence to favor our students with a brief

message which they may treasure during their lives, and to bless our President, our faculty, our students and their homes.

"Finally, in recognition of your many services to Church and State, and of your noble qualities of heart and mind, universally acknowledged and a universal inspiration, I ask our Right Reverend Chancellor, Bishop Canevin, to confer upon you the degree of Doctor of Laws."

Bishop Canevin, D. D., who for the occasion had assumed a doctor's robes, conferred the degree in the following terms:

"Duquesne University, by virtue of its charter, and in conformity with the decision of the faculty council, confers upon you, through me, its chancellor, the degree of Doctor of Laws, the highest degree in its gift. In doing so it realizes that it is more honored in giving than you in accepting this expression of its appreciation of your dignity, your moral worth, your scholarship, and your services, not only to your own people, but to humanity at large."

Cardinal Mercier then addressed the assembly as follows:

"When I left my country one of my chief aims was to bring to this land of yours a tribute of supreme gratitude and admiration. I may say that I have spent the greater part of my life in universities. When the war swept away the great University of Louvain I felt as if my home had been destroyed. Happily, American generosity will help to replace it. I therefore feel a great satisfaction in viewing the strides made by education in America, and in visiting institutions such as yours. I am grateful for the honor Duquesne University confers on me, and look upon it as a sign of the strong and true and lasting quality of your sympathy for my country and her devastated schools.

"The war has not been without its lessons for us all. If one lesson stands out more prominently than others, it is the lesson of sacrifice for the ideals of liberty and justice, for which American manhood sacrificed itself on the fields of France; for these same ideals Belgium resisted invasion almost to the point of annihilation. Wherever a cause is worth upholding it is worth making sacrifices for; let you students remember that."

In concluding, his Eminence imparted his episcopal blessing to all present. As the party left the hall, the orchestra struck up "The Stars and Stripes Forever," in whose strains the whole student body joined.

The Essay Committee of the Duquesne University Club has

published the rules and regulations governing the Essay contest.

The subject is, "The Advantages and Disadvantages of Organized Labor to Our Nation".

It is advisable that the students take notice of this as an award of fifteen dollars is to be given the winner.

On Wednesday morning, October 29, Rev. Edward Heinrich, representative of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, addressed the students in the chapel. He

Confraternity of outlined the past and coming work of the Christian Doctrine confraternity and spoke of the great need of young Catholic people to teach catechism in districts where their help is needed. The response to his call has been rather poor and it is hoped that more students will volunteer for the work.

The first term examinations were held in the first week of November in the main building on the Bluff, and the results were proclaimed on November the twelfth. Following

Examinations are the names of the students who obtained first place in their respective classes: M. N. Glynn, R. E. Wehrheim, J. S. Pawlowski, E. J. Caye, R. G. Reilly, G. B. Hudock, F. Novicki, J. M. O'Connell, R. C. Ibitz, T. J. Burch, J. Schreiber, J. B. Walsh, P. G. Sullivan, W. Jacko, T. J. Kaveny, F. R. Harrison, J. J. Los, P. R. Bailey, H. R. Werts, T. J. McGrath, A. M. Heim, E. J. Emig, A. Leroy, A. Cendrowski, Thomas J. Quigley distinguished himself by attaining the highest average in the school, ninety-seven per cent. Three hundred and two honor certificates were awarded, fifty per cent. more than on any previous occasion. This is largely due to the considerably increased enrollment. New students are still coming in, and soon the problem will arise as to how to accommodate them.

The Very Reverend President, just arrived from Europe, where he had assisted at the General Chapter of the Order and visited his natal place in Ireland, was in time

The President to preside at the function. A cordial address Returns of welcome, heartily applauded, was pronounced by the honor man of the college

department, M. N. Glynn. It elicited an equally cordial response in which the Reverend speaker expressed his appreciation of the welcome accorded him, and spoke of his visit to Lourdes, the devastated districts of northern France, and the much harassed, struggling little republic of Ireland.

The annual memorial Mass for deceased teachers, benefactors, and alumni, was celebrated in the college chapel, Wednesday morning, November 19, at ten o'clock.

Memorial Mass Rev. George J. Bullion accepted the invitation to speak on the occasion, and delivered an address full of piety and learning.

Memorial Window

The University is deeply grateful to Mrs. J. C. Reilly, who has recently donated a beautiful stained-glass window for the chapel. It is the Resurrection window, and was given in memory of her son, Philip Brennan Reilly, Esq.

The Students' Senate has been rather inactive in recent years, but this year it is proving itself a real live wire. Several stirring meetings have been held, and the Students' Senate first evidence of its work was brought before the eyes of the students on November 14th, when a rousing cheer leader contest was held. A large number tried out, but these four were chosen for their promising qualities: Schroth, T. R. Sullivan, T. J. Quigley and Ruffing. This move will certainly bring forth more cheering at the different games since it is practically because of the absence of leaders that spirit has been lacking.

On page 84 the reader will find a poem which won second prize in a contest instituted by the Pittsburgh *Press*, October 20-27. Thousands of poems were submitted, and it is no small credit to have been considered second best by the judges. Our cordial congratulations, therefore, to Paul G. Sullivan.

The Red Masquers met on November 25, and elected the following officers: President, William J. Turley; Vice-President,

Dramatic M. Noon Glynn; Secretary, Patrick A. Diranna; Treasurer, Joseph A. O'Donnell; Publicity Manager, Leo J. McIntyre; Stage

Manager, James F. Murphy; Property Man, Edward J. Caye; Assistant Property Man, Leo S. Watterson. Thus far, in connection with the weekly concerts, playlets have been given as follows: October 12, "A Sudden Discovery"; October 19, "Reuben and Rachel"; October 26, "Who's a Coward?"; November 16, "The Great Libel Case", a Mock Trial; November 23, "Trials and Consolations of Rastus". Preparations are now under way for a big Christmas Entertainment, December 17, at which will be featured the beautiful mystery play, "The Miracle of the Chimes", and the rollicking farce, "On Guard". Father Malloy, as heretofore, conducts the rehearsals.

ROBERT G. REILLY, '23.



FOOTBALL.

THE UNIVERSITY HIGH.

Since the last issue of the MONTHLY, the University High has won two of the three games played.

The Duquesne Apprentice was met at Duquesne, Pa. The home team out-weighed the Dukes twenty pounds to a man. In the presence of one of the largest crowds that ever witnessed a gridiron contest in Duquesne, the University High was defeated, 19-0. The Dukes, although handicapped, out-played their opponents. Through the entire contest, the teams battled stubbornly. Several times our boys were within scoring distance of their opponents' goal, but they met with a stubborn resistance and finally resorted to attempts at goals from the field, all of which failed. Rooney, Kramer and Cingolani resorted to end runs. Good broke in at tackle and played his usual excellent game.

The gloom of defeat, however, was lightened when Duff's College was walloped, 28-0, by our University High. The Dukes went into the contest uncertain how long some of the players would last under the gruelling fire of the Duff College huskies. In physique, the Duff's boys had a slight advantage. Joe Ritter, the energetic and peppery quarterback, watched the game from the bench, gesticulating with his uninjured arm. At times he could hardly contain himself, as he saw the Dukes' goal threatened. Rooney, in the first half, ran the length of the field for a touchdown. Kettl, Dempsey and Wilinski figured in all big gains of the first half. The Dukes held the advantage in the first half, but the game was not over. Duff's men came back strong, and tore into their opponents with a dash and an aggressiveness which at times made it appear that they would land the ball over the Dukes' goal. Coach Ligday's warriors promptly pulled themselves together, and, aided by the spectacular defensive work of Captain Doyle, Higgins, "Jimmy" Doyle, Vebelunas and Balcerzak, the visitors were denied the scores they sought. Our

boys used shift plays and criss-cross passes behind the line, as well as forward passes, which completely baffled Duff's. Whenever the visitors did threaten to score, Bielski, the individual star of the game, twice secured the pigskin on fumbles and ran for two touchdowns. When the final whistle blew, the score stood 28-0 in favor of the Dukes.

Our next victory was over Union High, at Turtle Creek, 2-0. Ligday's men put every ounce of strength and energy they possessed in their play. It was a case of "they shall not pass" when the goal line was in danger, and they did not.

The contest was a real football battle in every respect.

THE JUNIORS.

Father "Mack's" gridders added another victory by downing Ben Avon High School, 39 to 6. Although, this is only the second game played by the Juniors this season, in both contests they displayed their aggressiveness and ability beyond question. The management has found it somewhat difficult to secure games on account of the scarcity of teams in this class.

Throughout the Ben Avon game, the Duke Juniors battled like tigers. In the first half, the Juniors' play was productive of larger gains than their rivals'. Captain Young, Sweeney, Farwick and Davis figured in most of the trick plays of the Juniors. The Ben Avon lads fought hard, and on one occasion they rushed the ball down the field, and things began to look pretty cloudy for the little Dukes, but the old defense was there in the crisis, and warded off the impending score. Both sides played hard football all the way, and a number of times men were stretched on the gridiron after being clipped. Donovan, Dolan, McGarry, Snyder and O'Shea were successful in line-plunging. Thornton and Vitullo were effective in stopping the aerial attack. Krepley and Mullen played a brilliant defensive game.

THE DUKUMS.

The Dukums are still continuing their winning streak. The warriors of Father Rowe have won their last eight games and have suffered but one defeat this season. They added another scalp to their string of victories by trimming St. Joseph's, of Bloomfield, 26-0. The game was evenly fought in the first half, neither side scoring a point, but the Dukums ran up 26 points on St. Joseph's in the second half. Hoffmann played a star game at full, carrying the ball over the line for two touchdowns. Kelly

and Kichta on ends for the Dukums broke up many forwards. Barrett, Klaser and L. Schiring starred throughout the battle.

St. Philip's School, of Crafton, wss walloped, 22-7. The St. Philip boys fought hard, and the Dukums were hard pressed during the first half to keep the Craftonites from running up a big score. Touchdowns by Davies, Freidrich and Sayres put the game "on ice." Doran, Briggs and Ford intercepted several passes.

St. Mary's School, of Lawrenceville, was defeated, 41-0. The Lawrencevillians started in the aerial attack, but Fleck, the star ace of the Dukums, pulled down two of their passes and ran for touchdowns. Lennox, the lightweight, was back in the game. Mall, McCarthy and Kelly, as well as Captain Carrick scored the touchdowns. Simmons and Rebhun also played well.

The Parnassus High Midgets were downed by the Dukums, 27-12. In the first half the Dukums piled up thirteen points, but the Midgets soon stiffened and slowed down their advance. The Midgets came back strong in the second half and scored twelve points on the napping Dukums. C. Schiring, Simmons, Halihan and Schwab played an exceptional defensive game. L. Schiring scored three touchdowns. Vogel intercepted several passes. Vogel is some "bird." He "flew" into a practice scrimmage one day against the Dukums, and the vigilant coach signed him up immediately.

This is a first of a series of games for the championship of Pennsylvania.

The champions of Ohio, the Holy Name Eleven, of Steubenville are going to line up against the Dukums for the championship of Pennsylvania and Ohio.

J. BRILEY WALSH, H. S., '20.

BASKETBALL.

Now that the pigskin has been stored away, the basketball season is about to open. Duquesne will be represented in the floor game by at least four teams: the 'Varsity, University High, Juniors and Dukums.

Graduate-Manager James J. McCloskey is putting the finishing touches to his 'Varsity schedule. With his usual energy and efficiency, he promises a good basketball season. Twenty candidates have applied for berths on the 'Varsity.

Father Rossenbach will take up the basketball reins of the

University High team. With his usual characteristic thoughtfulness, he has arranged a splendid schedule. Cyril Kronz, a letter-man of the School of Arts and Sciences, is slated to coach the quintet. If his proteges follow the foot-steps of their leader, the Dukelets will be in the race for championship honors.

Thirty ardent basketeurs have applied for an assignment on the Junior team. Last year the Duke Juniors lost two games. The champion Lawrenceville "Y" Juniors defeated our boys twice by a narrow-margined but "honest-to-goodness" score. The entire undefeated Minim team of last year has come out in a body to make the Juniors. There are also some new aspirants for a job. We predict that the coach is going to have a man's-sized job on hand, as the candidates are equally matched.

Sixty-two high school freshmen are anxious to secure positions on the Dukums, formerly the Minims. Father Rowe, who achieved such splendid success in football, will handle this "mob" for the floor season. Shall we offer congratulations or condolence? What means this stir among the Dukums?

JOSEPH RITTER, H. S., '21.



Alumni.

STUDENTS and Faculty alike regret the transfer of REV. LEO J. ZINDLER, C. S. Sp., '07, from the University to St. Mary's Church, Sharpsburg, Pa. Father Zindler has taught uninterruptedly in the Commercial High School since 1912, has had charge of the College Book-Store almost as long, and has held the position of assistant treasurer for the past two years. His interest in Athletics and in Commercial Alumni affairs, and in general his genial, accommodating disposition, will make him long remembered. In his new and onerous duties, which include the supervision of the parish school, he has the best wishes of all at Duquesne.

HON. JAMES B. DREW, '90, won the nomination for Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Allegheny County, at the primary election on September 16th, and was elected on November 4th. He was the only new man on the list of five. The term of office

is ten years. The Judge is eminently qualified for the duties of his new position. We extend him hearty congratulations.

IN the same elections, JAMES J. HOULAHEN, '96, of Millvale, secured the nomination and election to the office of County Commissioner. Being a Democrat, he was the minority candidate. This election is viewed with special satisfaction, as Mr. Houlahen was unfairly excluded from the office, when his running mate, John Martin, died after being elected.

A FEW months ago, when St. Martha's parish, on North Hill, Akron, Ohio, was founded, the work of organizing it was entrusted to the REV. JOHN MCKEEVER, '04. He has already secured a large and beautifully situated property, erected temporary buildings, and had plans drawn for a school and church, upon which work will probably be begun in the coming spring.

REV. FRANK DILLON, (Ex-'09), was ordained for a western diocese, and said his first holy Mass in Butler, Pa., a short time ago. We wish him a fruitful ministry in the field of his choice.

MANY old students remember the genial FATHER FLECK. He has had a varied experience since he left D. U. in 1907. Most of the time he has been in East Africa doing the work of a missionary. During the war he was chaplain in an American aviation camp at Fontainebleau, near Paris. Since the conclusion of hostilities he has gone to St. Pierre and Miquelon, islands near Newfoundland, as assistant to our former provincial, Rt. Rev. James Oster, C. S. Sp., prefect apostolic.

DR. CYRIL F. LAUER announces that he has resumed the practice of medicine and surgery at 205 and 206 Highland Building, Pittsburgh, Pa., following his honorable discharge from the army. While taking care of all matters included in the general practice of his profession, he makes a specialty of orthopedics, that is, the prevention and correction of defects in children and grown people.

ANOTHER medical man among our alumni to return to general practice is DR. JOSEPH LAFFERTY. He spent the war period at Camp Greenleaf, Ga., and was selected to take a special course at Princeton a short time before the armistice was signed.

JOHN P. EGAN has doffed his lieutenant's uniform and resumed his law practice and the duties of secretary of D. U. Law School.

Incidentally we may mention that John is one of the best men in this section in the exemplification of the K. of C. second degree.

SINCE July EDWARD B. COLL has worn the honors of president of the Farmers' National Bank. It speaks well for him that he began life as messenger in the same institution.

A LETTER from Evansville, Ind., informs us that JOSEPH A. GRENDISKI, M. D., is now an intern at St. Mary's Hospital in that city.

SEVERAL of the younger alumni are making good in the real estate business. JOSEPH A. BURNS and RAYMOND POPPE are among them.

JOHN and LEONARD KANE, on being placed on Uncle Sam's "inactive service" list, bought out their late father's real estate business. Leonard recently returned from a cruise to the West Indies, Venezuela, and the Panama Canal. As an ensign, he gave instructions to the midshipmen; the latter worked in shifts, spending some time below decks at firing the engines, then a period at scrubbing decks, and finally assisting up at the bridge, where the officer of the deck directed the course of the vessel. At Cuba he met EDWIN MURPHY. "His ship—the Kentucky—and ours—the Maine—ran close together for honors in target practice," said Kane, "but the Maine won out. I was in the forward turret. An electric hoist raised the ammunition for our twelve-inch guns from the fifth deck below." "Towie" is still in the Naval Reserve, and intends to take a cruise every summer.

We still receive information regarding alumni that "did their bit" in the war. JAMES H. FURLONG (Co. D, 23rd Engineers), saw twenty-three months' service, seventeen of them in France. In spite of his experience at the front, he returned home strong and robust.

GERALD J. MCGLADIGAN had twelve months' training at Camp Lee, and twelve months' experience in France. He saw service at St. Mihiel, the Argonne, and the Meuse, and left Evacuation Hospital 15 as a first-class private.

SERGEANT MAJOR EDWARD YOUNG, Privates GEORGE FOX and FRANCIS HOHMAN, have returned to their homes in Sharpsburg

JOSEPH CREIGHTON (2nd Reg. F. A., Co. A), had the unusual experience of being courtmartialed on the third day out at sea, but the decision was reversed when the true nature of his action

was made known to the commanding officer. His trip to the front was also an unusually rapid one, for he was in action just two months after leaving Pittsburgh. After the armistice he went into the entertainment business. At the head of the "Saxonia Troupe", composed of eight Keith circuit men, he gave three performances a day for soldiers at Brest, all through winter, spring and early summer. He is now "on the road" in a different sense—selling for the Pittsburgh Provision and Packing Company.

THE Red Masquers have developed a movie actor. KENNETH A. LEOPOLD's performance in "Seven Keys to Baldpate", last June, gained him a place with the producing company, "Film-graphs, Inc.", having its Pittsburgh headquarters at 981-A Union Arcade.

A PAST student who has attained to stardom is TOM MEIGHAN, playing an important rôle in "The Miracle Man", one of the most popular pictures shown at the present moment.

EDWARD J. QUINN and STANISLAUS M. ZABOROWSKI, both of the Class of '19, write from the Novitiate of the Holy Ghost Fathers at Ferndale, Conn., that they find the place a paradise, and are perfectly happy. Their Master of Novices, by the way, is REV. JAMES A. RILEY, '01.

THE remainder of the graduates of the College of Arts have all elected to continue their studies preparatory for the priesthood or a profession. JOHN LYONS has taken up theology at St. Mary's, Baltimore; THOMAS C. BROWN, MARK P. FLANAGAN, JUSTIN J. GALLAGHER, FRANCIS X. KUZNIEWSKI and FRANCIS H. TOPPING have entered St. Vincent Seminary at Beatty, Pa.; JAMES J. MCCLOSKEY and MICHAEL A. WOLAK have enrolled at Duquesne University Law School; WILLIAM G. McMENEMY has resumed his studies at St. Mary's, Ferndale, Conn.; and MICHAEL J. BRANNIGAN and JOSEPH J. SABANIEC have been sent to the Holy Ghost Seminary in Rome to prepare for theological degrees.

THE following graduates of the School of Law have successfully passed the State Board examinations, and are consequently entitled to practice at the bar: WILLIAM A. BLAIR, JOSEPH L. CAMPBELL, ALEXANDER A. GARROWAY, LEO J. MCGLINCHY, HERBERT E. PILGRAM, BLYTHE S. WEDDELL.

M. NOON GLYNN, '20.

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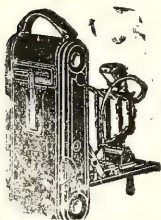
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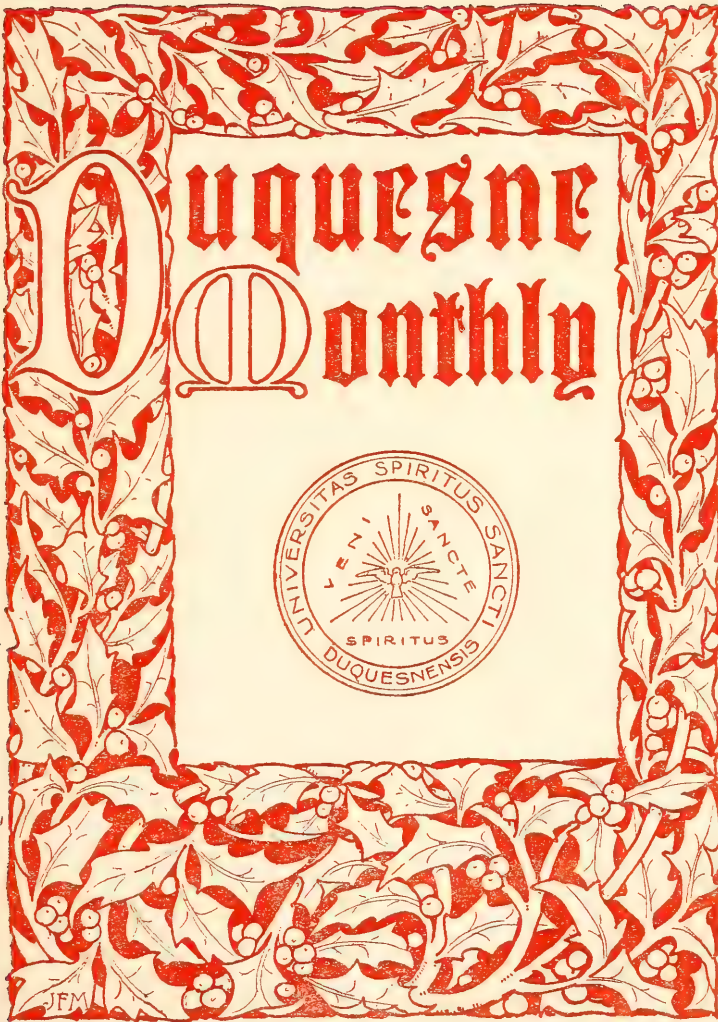
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Vol. 27

JANUARY, 1920

No. 4.

Duquesne Monthly

JANUARY, 1920



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Come On Out!

WE'VE reached the chilly winter-time
When all outdoors is cold;
The mercury takes a downward climb;
We feel we're getting old.
The slush and wind keep us inside
Where radiators sizzle :
But forth the children fare, to slide
Down hillsides, over ice to glide,
Despite the sleet and drizzle.

We talk in whispers, lest the air
Our touchy "pipes" should injure,
Thick socks and chest-protectors wear
And dose ourselves with ginger;
We gather round the blazing hearth
Or where the steam-pipes rattle—
While red-faced youngsters in their mirth
Roll on the white, snow-mantled earth
In many a merry battle.

We snivel, snort, and wonder how
Without John Barleycorn
We'll stand the influenza now
When on the wind it's borne.
But Jack and Jill and Mary Jane,
Enjoying all the breezes,
Could teach us how to stand the strain :
Outdoors is always safe and sane
Whether it thaws or freezes.

LUKE O'BYRNE.



My Double Rival.

THE first day at high school looks rosy for all of us, and the graduation day looks rosier; but what about those days between the first and the last? These intermediate days are just what we make them; and when at high school, even though it was trying at times, I tried to make the best of them.

My first day at high school was surely one of manifold interest. New surroundings, new professors, new class-mates, new recreation grounds, new ideas and new ideals greeted me as they greeted every newcomer. The most interesting of all was the meeting of the boys in my class. As I might have expected, they were different from any I had ever known, and I made up my mind that one of the things I would have to learn first was how to get along with each one of them.

Our class was made up of thirty-five students, and after about a month or two we were all well at home with the professors and with one another. Two months after school opened we had our first examination. I was always accustomed to study with ordinary diligence, and when the test was over I felt I had done well. But I was surprised beyond the telling when the notes were called out and my name led the list. Joy was surely mine, and I noticed that not one in the class seemed to feel as if he deserved the place. They, in fact, seemed to rejoice with me on my good fortune. I could not help admiring the spirit of the class. In due time the mid-year exams were completed and I led the class again.

The Christmas vacation came to an end, and we started on the third quarter. Now there were thirty-six in the class. The newcomer was my elder by about six months, and of rather striking appearance. He was several inches taller than I, had an abundance of black hair, and very piercing eyes. He seemed to be naturally quiet, but in due time he became acquainted with the members of the class; and when the third term exams came around he was perfectly at home with all the fellows and ready to join them in the test. When the results were published this time I again led, but who was my close second? None other

than the newcomer. Many of the class seemed not to be particularly delighted at his showing, but I had no ill-feeling against him and thought only that he was a studious boy and deserved whatever place he could obtain.

The season of spring was now at hand, and I was not studying as much as during the winter. No, the spring fever didn't have a hold on me, but the game of lawn-tennis did. Tennis, which it has improperly come to be called, was my hobby, beyond a doubt. The one task most difficult for me to learn, was to get to my books when I could play tennis. The final exams came and went. The notes were published, but mine were not first. My total number of points was within three of my last term's amount, but my rival of the last exam had worked hard and led by some twenty points. He obtained the first position in the class, a place which he justly deserved.

During the second year no one came out on top more than once, but I was one of the four who led, as was also my tall, dark friend. It so happened that I had free access to a tennis court at home, and by continually playing during the playing season I was gradually improving in my ability to handle the racket.

When the third school year began there was a new attraction on the campus for me. When I stepped on the campus the first day of the third year, what did I see but seven up-to-the-minute tennis courts? I was all interested, of course, and soon learned how to get the permit to use them. As the weather was still agreeable for playing tennis, the courts soon became very popular. One boy I noticed seemed to be a very clever player, and he was in our class, by the way. It was the tall fellow who entered school four months later than the rest of those in the class. Winter soon stopped all tennis playing, however, and we all settled down to the books. I led the class twice this year and my dark-haired friend led only once. Neither came out first during the tennis season.

Tennis soon got to be a very popular game among the students and was rapidly gaining favor. On account of the all-round exercise it affords, it was much encouraged by the faculty. There soon came to be many lovers of tennis: the fellows began to choose teams and competition began to loom up. Even at that the sport was new at the school, and June came and went without any championship games of any kind.

My fourth year was soon upon me and I was a big senior. All the students of the third year naturally returned to finish

their course and graduate from high school. I had played much tennis during the summer, and was able, with the aid of another fellow, to win the championship in a game of doubles at our own home town. Many students in the class had seen the little item about my success in the paper, and congratulated me on the unimportant affair when we met at the beginning of the final year. Some tennis was played before the winter, but the snow fell early that year and soon put an end to all playing on the courts. The first and second term exams were already over, the dark-haired boy leading in the first and I in the second. The big fellow seemed not to be able to win the favor of his class-mates, and the only reason apparently was just that he hadn't begun that first year with the rest of the class and the fact that he was endangering the leadership of one who had.

Although the last of the March snows had not yet melted, the students, with the permission of the faculty, were picking teams for the spring. For a game that was not played between teams of different schools, tennis surely had a great hold on them, and summer was welcomed with pleasure. This year the faculty offered a little silver loving-cup to the person winning the championship in the game of singles. Could I win that little cup, I thought to myself. There were several good players at the school now, but I made up my mind that the authorities were going to fill in with my name the vacant space on the cup which followed the words "Presented to." My name was immediately handed in to those in charge, as one to compete for the cup. I was not the first, however, for my class rival was also to be my tennis rival.

In the third exams I obtained first place, leading my nearest competitor by some twenty points. I had led twice to his once so far, during the final year. All hands were daily playing tennis, and the time was approaching for the championship games. I was just bent on getting that little trophy and I could scarcely wait for the time to come. Many of the class wanted me to give all my time to the books and lead the class for graduation, if I could possibly do so by letting up on the tennis. I determined to do both. I argued that I needed the exercise, that tennis wouldn't interfere with my studies and what not. The whole story was simply that I couldn't restrain myself from playing the game.

Finally the contest games started. Sixteen had qualified, the dark-haired boy, myself, and fourteen others. The method used

to choose the winner was as follows: out of the sixteen, eight pairs were picked at random; each pair had to play a set of five games, the losers dropping out; pairs were to be picked from the winners of each set, until only two were left, these two playing a set of seven games for the cup.

With not a great deal of trouble I managed to defeat my opponent in the first and also in the second set. There were only four left in the race now, and the tall fellow was among them. He did not pick out of the hat the number which corresponded with mine, so we were not pitted against each other in the semi-finals. Of course only two could win out of the four of us, and somehow or other I just felt that it would be my dark-haired friend and myself. And sure enough we both won and had to play the seven-game set the following day for the championship.

Could I manage him, I thought to myself, for I knew he was a quick thinker, and could serve the ball at such a speed that you would be inclined to think it was coming out of a shot-gun. I had played very little against him during the year and felt that I would have to work my hardest to get the honors in tennis. The time came for the match to start. The court was perfect, and the whole place swarmed with the students, some rooting for the one, some for the other. It seemed unfortunate that he should be matched against me, for we were always racing in regard to studies, and now we had to compete openly for the championship of the school in tennis. Something which I unwillingly noticed was that so many of the seniors were not in his favor and seemed to have a grudge against him. I had no ill-feeling against him, but it might appear that I had, on account of our always being in the race to lead the class. I did my best in the class-room work, and what else could I do? This was no time to let any sympathy work on my playing, so I determined to forget who my opponent was, go in that court and play my best to see if I could not graduate with the honor of being the champion tennis player of the school. Then what joy would be mine!

Well indeed I remember those first two games, for he won the first and I barely won the second. But now I was acquainted with his manner of playing and felt a little easier since I won the second. The third game came my way, and also the fourth. It was then three to one in my favor. I had only to win once more to settle matters; and well he knew it. He played that fifth game like a professional, and won it in short order. If he won the next

it was "three all" and then he would have as good a chance again as I. His eyes were more piercing than ever now, and he was ready for the next game—but so was I.

As he had won the previous game, he was slated to serve,—and serve he could! His first serve landed fair, but never bounced an inch, just naturally speeding along the ground. I was helpless. The next serve I managed to return, and after some unordinary shots I succeeded in getting the next point. The following point was his, but I got the next two. The score was now thirty to forty in my favor. If I could get the next point the set was ended, but if he should get it then we would have to play a game of deuce, something which I had no desire to do. Sure enough he got the next point on one of his clever serves, and the game of deuce began—that is, one had to score two successive points while the other had only forty, or deuce as it is then called. If he should score the first point, for instance, then I would have to score three straight points to win; the object being to tie the score again and then get the two successive points.

I succeeded in getting the first point but he immediately tied it again. Then he got a point, and I in return tied it. Then I scored the next one and determined to get the game by scoring the next point. He sent a speedy serve right for the line and I judged it would land out and sure enough it did. If he served out again the game was mine; he could take no such chance; accordingly he served a slow ball. I sent that ball back so hard and directly for his feet that I thought he never would see it, but he pushed the racket pointedly at the ball and got it on the pick-up. I saw that it was a slow one, and would clear the net by about three feet. Rushing up, I hit it before it touched the ground. He was of course not able to come up to the net as fast as the ball he hit, so I struck the ball two-handed and in the opposite direction from where he was. The ball hit fair and bounded high and far off into the air, with him after it. The bounce was too far for him, so he had to be satisfied with barely touching it with his racket. The point was mine. The game was mine! The set, the championship was mine! The students were not permitted to rush into the courts, so the first to shake my hand was the fellow I had defeated.

The next thing on the programme was the final exam. I tried hard to achieve first place, but lost it by twelve points; and I made it my business to be the first to return the handshake of

my rival. He surely knew the matter when it came to studies, and he deserved the honor he received. But I had no regrets, for I did honorably in all the subjects and was second by twelve points only; and on the top of it all, I was the champion tennis player of the school. Shall I ever forget my high school years and those championship games? No, never, as long as those seven tennis courts stand on the campus of old Saint Ives.

PAUL A. MCCRORY, '23.



Two Epiphanies.

THE Star of the Child was o'er Bethlehem lowly,
And the Sages went in and knelt down and adored.
They saw but the Babe, yet they knew 'twas the Holy,
For the Star told the Sages that Babe was their Lord.

And thus is it e'er since the Star led the Sages
From rich-perfumed east and from Indes afar;
The scene has but neared in the long flight of ages,
And we still have the Wise Men, the Babe and the Star.

The Babe is the Bethlehemite Child on our altar,
Where angels keep guard near His prison of love,
And the chants of the Seraphim tremulous falter
As they sing round the God whom they worship above.

The Star is the altar-lamp brightly revealing
That God who is dwelling so lovingly nigh;
How softly its flame pales and throbs, as if feeling
Unworthy to live, yet unwilling to die.

And there round the rails are the Sages adoring
In each temple on earth where a lamp shows the Child;
The heart's fondest love in devotion outpouring,
To the Son of the Virgin, the Maid undefiled.

How pure is the gold of their heartfelt devotion,
How precious the myrrh of their penitent tear,
How fragrant and sweet, in the soul's deep emotion,
Is the incense of prayer that encircle Him near!

Oh! There, on to-night, when the bells shall be pealing
The birth of a King for the Gentile and Jew,
With my gifts shall I kneel, through the mystic night stealing,
Whose wonders through ages our altars renew.

—ANON.



Pantheism.

PANTHEISM is that system of philosophy which maintains that all worldly things constitute one reality with God; that there is but one Universal Existence whose outward manifestations take the form of the entire universe.

The doctrine of Pantheism goes back to the early Indian philosophy, but the word "Pantheism" was not introduced until the sixteenth century, when it was coined by John Toland. The Brahman religion holds as a fundamental tenet that whatever is, is Brahma, and whatever is not Brahma, is nothing. Later, the Greek pantheistic school taught that there was one material fundamental, that was present and alive in all mundane things. This led to the teaching of the middle ages which, in short, proclaimed that God was active in all his effects, "*Omnia creans in omnibus creatum et omnium factor in omnibus factum.*"

Although various forms of Pantheism can be mentioned, they all agree in the fundamental doctrine, that beneath the apparent diversity and multiplicity of things in the universe, there is only one being absolutely necessary, eternal and infinite. This gives rise to two questions; what is the nature of this being? How are the manifold appearances to be explained? Pantheists maintain that since reality is a unitary being, individual things have no absolute independence, but have existence in the All-One, the *ens realissimum et perfectissimum* of which they are the more or less dependent members. Thus they say that the All-One manifests itself to us, so far as it has any manifestations, in two sides of realities,—nature and history.

The Catholic Church has repeatedly condemned the errors of Pantheism. The most obvious contradiction is the teaching that there is no supreme, all-wise and all provident Divine Being distinct from the universe. According to that belief, we must consider God, one with nature and therefore subject to change; God becomes God in man and the world; all things are God and have his substance; God is identical with the world, spirit with matter, necessity with freedom, truth with falsity; good with evil; justice with injustice.

But to our perception the world presents a multitude of beings, each of which has qualities, activities, and existence of its

own; each is an individual thing. Radical differences mark off living things from those that are lifeless; the conscious from the unconscious; human thought and volition from the activities of lower animals. Any adequate account of the world other than downright Pantheism or Materialism includes the concept of some original Being, which, whether it be called First Cause or Absolute or God, is in its nature and existence really distinct from the world. If Pantheism not only merges the separate existences of the world in one existence, but also identifies this one with the Divine Being, some cogent reason or motive must be alleged in justification of such a procedure. Pantheists try to bring forward various arguments in support of their several positions and in reply to criticisms aimed at the details of their system; but what lies back of their reasoning, and what has constructed or prompted the construction of all pantheistic theories, old and new, is the craving for unity. They insist that the mind cannot accept dualism or pluralism, but they cannot even see the unity with which the entire world has its relation to God.

It has often been claimed that Pantheism, by teaching us to see God in everything, gives us an exalted idea of His wisdom, goodness and power, while it imparts to the visible world a deeper meaning. In point of fact it makes void the attributes which belong essentially to the divine nature. For the Pantheist, God is not a personal Being; He is not an intelligent Cause of the world, designing, creating, and governing it with the free determination of His wisdom. The Pantheist Hegel says that God attains to self-consciousness only through a process of evolution. But this very process implies that God is not from eternity, perfect: He is forever changing, advancing from one degree of perfection to another, and helpless to determine in what direction the advance shall take place.

Again, in forming its conception of God, Pantheism eliminates every characteristic that religion presupposes. An impersonal being, whatever attributes it may have, cannot be an object of worship, unless we can be so stupid as the pagans, and worship false idols. Thus Pantheism leads to paganism or the destruction of Christianity.

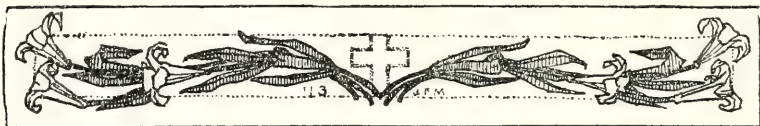
If Pantheism should prevail, this world would be a poor habitation for man; for if, as Pantheism teaches, immortality is absorption into the being of God, it can matter little what sort of life one leads here. There is no ground for

discriminating between the lot of the righteous and that of the wicked, when all are merged in the Absolute.

Contrary to the Pantheist belief of unity, there is a fundamental unity which Christian philosophy has always recognized, and which has God for its centre, not as the formal constituent principle of things, but as their efficient cause, operating in and through each.

Any person with the least bit of reason can see that Pantheism must be rejected. It is contrary to reason, to the principle of causality, and is adverse to internal and external experience. It is incapable of giving an explanation for the evil in the universe, and is also incapable of producing a sound argument, for it rejects the idea of a creator. It is closely allied to Materialism and together with it is called Monism. If taken in a strict sense, namely, as identifying God and the world, Pantheism is simply Atheism, for "The pantheistic god is certainly not God, but a cumulation of contradictions." As Pantheism is contrary to the dictates of conscience, of the senses and of reason, it leads to utter Scepticism; and as it teaches that the multiplicity and diversity of all things results from a necessary evolution of one substance, it leads to Fatalism, and makes it impossible to distinguish good from evil. Thus it is the ruin of all moral and social order.

REGIS E. WEHRHEIM, '21.



A Process of Elimination.

PRIDE goeth before a fall. If, gentle reader, this truth has not been demonstrated by your personal experience, list to my tale of woe.

My next door neighbor has a rooster which set up to be a rival of mine. It is a strange thing that creatures living side by side, instead of cultivating friendship and good feeling, should become envious and quarrelsome. Yet such is the rule, rather than the exception, in mundane affairs.

At first the rival roosters were satisfied with trying to see

which could crow the louder, and it seemed as if they would split their throats in the effort.

Then they went a step further; it became a matter of emulation to see which should wake up and crow first in the morning. In this contest they would often begin to crow at two A. M. and sometimes would continue singing their matin songs until sunrise.

So long as things were confined to crowing, no serious evils befell, but from crows the rivals at last came to blows. One day as they chanced to be near, they began crowing at each other. By and by my rooster—certainly the handsomer of the two—got angry, mounted the fence which divides our yard from the neighbors', and let out a tremendous "cock-a-doodle-doo". At this the other gave him a regular challenge to flight. There was no police to stop them, and they went at it. It was no boys' play; wings, spurs, and beaks, all were put into action. They fought like the maddened creatures they were, and when neither could stand, they held onto each other's combs, and lay panting on the ground. At last they got up, one marched one way and the other another.

My rooster was so nearly groggy, that he could not find the way to the hen-house. The best thing he could do was to get under a small cedar tree, and there he took lodgings for the night. But that night was bitter cold, and in the morning the poor thing was found as stiff as an icicle, his feathers torn, his comb destroyed, and the air of pride and triumph which once distinguished him departed forever. My neighbor's rooster saw the poor fellow lying in the snow, and he flew over the fence and began a most furious assault on the lifeless body. After beating his late rival for five minutes, he gave it a most contemptuous look, drew himself up to his full height, and crowed. Then he proudly marched off to his flock of waiting hens, who received him with three cheers, as the master of all outdoors.

G. W. McMANUS, H. S., '22.



Vehicles.

CONVEYANCES from place to place
Improve just like the human race.
As time progressed, the world moved fast
And dropped the customs of the past.

The way we traveled first, you know,
Was with the help of heel and toe.
With pack on back, we walked or ran,
And thus the Weary Wills began.

Then horses came to us in need
And said, "We'll pull you for our feed;
Just jump right up, give us a whack;
We'll take you there and bring you back."

The coach and four, the omnibus,
The stage, that bumped and juggled us,
Now lumbered all along the roads
And carried back and forth their loads.

At length some cute inventor's brain
Evolved the great steam-railway train:
There was a line that crawled so slow
It's crawling still—the B. and O.

Horse-cars to trolley-cars gave way.
Ah me! that was the saddest day.
(And, lest you think I'm one who knocks
Just board that car for Mickey's Rocks.)

One day the folks came out to stare
At horseless wagons—drawn by air
Apparently. Soon autos poured
Upon the streets; so did the Ford.

At last there came the aeroplane.
The worst speed-maniac can't complain:
If he keeps still and holds his seat,
Of speed he gets a perfect treat.

For most the 'plane is fast enough;
A speedier boat would be too rough.
Still, genius may invent a cart
That brings you back before you start!

M. NOON GLYNN, '20.

Scouting for Bolsheviks.

JIMMIE BRADLEY is a typical American boy of twelve, healthy, adventurous, ambitious, a lover of nature, and a sturdy Boy Scout. When America declared war on Germany to champion and defend her noble ideals, she found Jimmie, young as he was, "prepared." Although he took great pleasure in assisting in the various loans, Red-Cross, and other drives, yet the source of keenest delight was opened to him in the Junior Patriotic League, whose aim was to report all suspicious acts or utterances which would lead to the detection of disloyalty.

Jimmie's interest in this work was immensely heightened by a successful frustration by his commander of a plot to blow up the American Powder Co., in which he had a necessary but very inconspicuous part.

The war ended, without his having done anything notable all by himself, and he determined to accomplish something for America, for he very wisely reflected that all her enemies were not exterminated by the signing of the armistice. Whilst, therefore, most of his fellow-junior detectives relaxed their vigilance to a shameful degree, Jimmie kept his eyes open to discover, in his own mid-western home town, evidences of the Bolshevism that was disturbing some of the larger cities. The occasion was not long in presenting itself.

Coming home from school one snowy afternoon, he was attracted by a noise that seemed to issue from behind a large bill-post. It seemed to him that someone was digging, and the place, the time and the obscurity did away, in Jimmy's mind, with all possibility of a lawful pursuit. He stopped, assured himself that it was not a freak of his imagination, and, convinced by his ears, he next applied the test of his keen little eyes. He approached the sign-board, and, holding his breath, he carefully applied his visual organ (as we said before) to a small hole. Yes; his suspicions were confirmed. The pale winter sun, penetrating a thin place in the gray mass of clouds overhead, showed a vacant lot, in which the irregular masses of snow revealed the forms of tin cans, bottles, and other refuse, strewn over the ground. The lot was surrounded on three sides with tall buildings. In the corner formed by the Federal Building and the office of the *Daily Star*, whose policy of one hundred per cent. Americanism had excited the wrath of the disloyal elements, a man, apparently a foreigner, was feverishly excavating a hole. To the side there lay a small package—or was it two? Jimmie could not be quite sure. Fear seized the boy's heart. Perhaps it

would be but a matter of a few hours when a terrific explosion would shatter the high-looming walls, and spread death and destruction around.

No! He must stop it! Without waiting any longer, he rushed off to headquarters. Luckily the commander was there. Tingling with excitement—triumph at his single-handed discovery, fear lest the danger might not be averted—he gave a quick salute and then burst out,

"Commander, I have discovered a Bolshevik plot against the government and against our most patriotic paper."

Somewhat confusedly, yet completely, he gave the details of his recent spying adventures.

The older boy was a little inclined to "pooh-pooh" his subordinate's story, but as Jimmie insisted, he got into communication with the city detectives. They happened to have information concerning the two buildings that were apparently in danger, and so, within five minutes a large auto pulled up in front of the Boy Scouts' quarters. Jimmie and the Troop-leaders jumped in, and the party was driven at a breakneck speed to the place of action.

When the automobile reached the spot, and the detectives alighted, the mysterious foreigner had already gone. Although the sun had gone down, there was still light enough to trace his tracks in the snow to the place where he had made the suspicious-looking interment. Cautiously the men, led by Jimmie, approached the fatal corner, and, surely enough, the ground was freshly stirred. A brief conference followed in the further end of the lot; two men broke off the group, and, getting shovels, they began very carefully to remove the soft earth. Once the two shovels struck each other with a metallic clink. The workers scurried away from the spot.

"Look out!" cried Willie Sears, "I saw a spark."

"Gosh!" chimed in Harry Gibson, "we're all going to kingdom come in a minute."

As seconds passed and the expected explosion failed to materialize, the crew braced up, and giving one another all the encouragement necessary, they took up the work again.

Soon a paper package appeared, and the remaining ground was removed by hand.

Lieutenant McNeil bent to take out the infernal machine from the hole.

"Better make an act o' contrition!" half-whispered Jimmie.

"D'ye think I'd have got as near the thing without doin' so alriddy?" returned the Lieutenant, in awed tones.

Gingerly he raised the package, and carried it to the auto. Jimmie stood looking into the hole left by their excavating, and was almost left behind.

"Come on," called Willie Sears, "are you 'fraid to ride with the rest of us?"

The implication of cowardice was enough to drive away whatever disturbing thoughts held Jimmie Bradley back, and he took his place in the auto.

Arriving safely at Detective Headquarters, the officers transferred the package to the chemist for analysis, and all dropped into the comfortable chairs, to await his report on the "find."

Ten minutes later, the door leading to the laboratory opened, and the chemist entered with a broad smile on his face. Approaching the Boy Scout leader, he said,

"Here's your deadly bomb."

He opened the paper, exhibiting the corpse of a dead monkey pet.

There was a roar of laughter at Jimmie's expense. The whole crowd turned toward the door where he sat. But he was not there.

While they wondered and surmised about what had become of him, a deafening roar, like that of twenty cannon let loose at once, shook the place. Then silence. Out into the street they ran, and followed the crowd that was running toward the Federal Building.

Half a block away they saw what had happened. Where the bill-board had been there was a crater about forty feet wide. The windows of the buildings surrounding the lot were shattered, but the walls stood intact. They rushed over to the corner from which they had lately removed the monkey's corpse. There sat Jimmie Bradley, dazed and breathless, but without a single bone broken.

"I knew there was something else," he gasped. "That man was no dago organ-grinder—he was too anxious that no one should see him—why should he bury a monkey in this corner?—thought I saw something in the dirt under the monkey—didn't have time to tell you—just had time to throw the thing—"

And away the hero fainted.



SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

Recreation Places.

THE great world struggle, in which our boys performed so glorious a part, has taught them to realize more than ever before the value of true comradeship. It has taught them to appreciate the great benefits derived from associating with the proper kind of companions.

Now that these boys are returning to normal conditions and readjusting themselves to peace, they are going to form new acquaintances and pursue new social activities. We see the great efforts being made by the Y. M. C. A. and kindred organizations to induce the returned soldiers to become members of their institution. They are endeavoring in every possible way to increase their influence among the returned service men by offering them many social and educational inducements.

But what are we doing along these lines? What are we doing to foster the spirit of comradeship among our boys? Why is it that not one-third of the parishes in the whole diocese of Pittsburgh have suitable places for the men and older boys to congregate and pass their leisure moments, where their faith and morals will not be endangered? The answer lies not in the fact that we are unable to provide such places, or that we are unwilling to have them, but that we are too indifferent to care where the young men and boys spend their periods of recreation. The efforts and appeals of our priests find no response in the hearts of too many among us, and their good projects fail of realization.

The desire for recreation is natural and legitimate. The young men of to-day are bound to have it; and if they cannot find it in their parish lyceum, they will seek it either in pool rooms, theaters, or on street corners, all three of which are very often the occasion of sin.

Each parish therefore, should have a place of recreation for the young people, especially the young men, a place where they could enjoy themselves, and at the same time be removed from all occasion of sin. In other words each parish should possess a lyceum or some similar institution.

When the lyceum is started, and the young men are interested in it, the next and most important task is to keep them interested. In more than one locality fine, large lyceums have been built and equipped. The men of the parish, young and old, have at the outset displayed great interest, but after a longer or shorter time have returned to their former places of recreation, declaring that the place was dead. A lively young American wants something lively for his recreation, and he won't be satisfied until he gets it. Therefore let us hope that our Catholic lyceums will soon realize the important position they hold in influencing our young men, and that they will succeed in keeping them interested.

VINCENT J. RIELAND, '21.



Deportation—The Remedy.

STUDENTS of Greek history have often considered the penalty of ostracism unreasonably severe. Certainly in a few notable instances it was used by selfish politicians as a convenient means of getting rid of their opponents. But we are all rather glad that our government has at last actually deported some who are undeniably enemies of order and peace in our midst; and here's hoping that the work will be done thoroughly!

Is this not, indeed, the proper time for Americans to rise up and demand the exclusion of those radicals, who, posing as "labor agents", are seeking to overthrow the government? Their only thought of labor is to make use, for their own sinister ends, of the great labor organizations founded for praiseworthy purposes, and till now animated by noble and thoroughly American principles.

There is no place in America for agitators like Foster and his associates; no room here for lawyers of the stamp of Jacob Margolis. This latter, a Pittsburgh man (more's the pity!) and counsel for the Industrial Workers of the World, confessed to the Senate Committee investigating the steel strike that he was an anarchist and did not believe in government, and in the next breath protested that he would fight disbarment from the courts

on the ground that it would violate his constitutional right of free speech.

The government would be wrong in guaranteeing protection to a man or set of men who refuse to support it, who "favor all strikes, and welcome the feeling of unrest." Any policy short of ostracism must, in the case of such men, be considered suicidal.

CHARLES E. DILMORE, '21.



Shall Schools Survive?

MONEY sunk in educational institutions brings no financial return to owners or investors. Were it not for the good they achieve in promoting the moral, intellectual and physical development of the youth of the land, our colleges, unless maintained by subsidies from other sources than tuition fees, would all be obliged to close their doors. At a meeting of University and College Presidents in Harrisburg over a month ago, it was stated as a fact well known to educators that the contributions from students do not cover more than forty or at most sixty per cent. of the expenses incurred in their training. This fact should be widely known. Buildings have to be erected and maintained. Various departments have to be furnished and equipped with the machinery and supplies necessary for proper functioning. Professors' salaries have to be paid. Prices have soared to a plane hitherto unknown; the cost of labor and materials has advanced by leaps and bounds, and the very necessities of life average seventy-five per cent. more than they did some six years ago.

The attempted solution of their financial problem has been a source of extreme worry and a heavy handicap to our Presidents. No wonder that some have sunk into premature graves, and that others have become mentally unbalanced. Education had to be maintained, debts had to be met, money had to be raised, and the community had to shoulder the ever increasing burden. Without large estates or incomes from property rights or diocesan aid or the sacrifices made by religious communities in putting into the common fund the resources derived from voluntary ministry and even from the very honoraria of Masses, educational institutions would have gone into bankruptcy, and the cause of education would have sustained a fatal blow.

In Wisconsin a happy plan was devised to meet the necessi-

ties of the situation. A drive was planned to raise \$5,000,000 on semi-annual installments for five years, to be proportioned amongst nine Christian Colleges according to the student attendance. On this basis, Marquette University, for instance, was to receive over \$800,000. The quota was to form the nucleus of an endowment fund to be expended in securing better teachers, paying them a living salary, erecting more up-to-date buildings, and equipping them more in accordance with the demands of educational progress. This plan seems to have worked out well, and to have achieved the ends for which it was inaugurated.

It is true that the large universities of the land have been the beneficiaries of munificent bequests. Thus we see that H. C. Frick made ample provisions in his will for Harvard and Princeton: he left them \$15,000,000 each when death was about to separate him from the \$200,000,000 he had amassed, honestly, let us hope, during the term of a medium span of life. What could not some of our struggling colleges, with economy, accomplish with such a vast sum! And what satisfaction and happiness would not the testator enjoy in contributing of his wealth during the years of his health and vigor, and seeing the good that his money could procure?

In the much-abused Middle Ages, when colleges were endowed with princely generosity so that students were guaranteed not only free tuition and books, but also board and lodging and even clothing, it was considered an indelible disgrace upon the character of any man, if he should die without bequeathing for educational purposes a handsome portion of the wealth bestowed upon him by a bountiful Providence. Now, in this "enlightened" age, though charitable institutions are sometimes thought of, and a modicum of hoarded riches is bestowed upon them, which enables them, not so much to achieve a tolerable livelihood, as to "eke out a slow starvation," too often we find that the merits and needs of education are overlooked, and the money is applied for purposes of perversity or devoted to the tending and care and solemn sepulture of the faithless cat, or to some other similar meaningless anomaly!

Never so much as since the cessation of hostilities, has the value of education been so truly realized or so generally ambitioned. In our own country, as in the countries of Europe, colleges and schools are overcrowded. The youth of our day clamor for bread, and shall we give them a stone? Shall we satisfy the yearnings of their hearts, and help them in their

noble endeavor to become inspirers of thought and leaders of men, or shall we stunt their intellectual development, and be constrained to apply the brakes of our inefficiency to their wagon hitched to a star, through a lack of funds to enlighten them and speed them on their way? What Creightons or Ryans will rise up in our midst to call down upon themselves the benisons of Heaven, and make themselves in a signal degree the benefactors of their kind? We need conscientious and distinguished professional men, skilled and industrious mechanics, and reliable pilots in the tempest-tossed seas of commerce. Colleges and Universities can and will provide them if generous benefactors will arise to endow our teaching institutions, to erect and equip buildings, and to place our faculties in a position of independence, in which, whilst instructing our youth, they may enjoy sufficient leisure and freedom from the preoccupation that scanty means entails, to develop all that is noblest and best in themselves. The wealthy can give from their abundance and the poor from their scanty incomes; it is to these latter, especially, that we owe our churches, our educational institutions, our hospitals, our foundling asylums, our deaf and dumb institutes, our refuges for the aged and the incapacitated, and our homes for the orphan and the abandoned. Like "bread cast upon the waters," their contributions will bring them a hundred-fold return in the consciousness of good magnanimously done and in the liberal rewards of an approving God who never permits Himself to be outdone in generosity.

H. J.



It Will Not Down.

THE Irish question is a world issue. Long ago it ceased to be a mere domestic problem—if ever it were such—to be solved by British statesmen. England's treatment of Ireland has assumed the proportions of an international scandal. The violated rights of Belgium, the reckless attack upon Serbia, the violent oppression of the Armenians, attracted the attention and forced the intervention of the Allied Nations. For seven hundred years, through blighted hopes, criminal aggression, blind misgovernment, harsh application of unjust laws, proscribed rights, tyrannical persecution, and rank administration, Irishmen have steadily pursued their course to the longed-for goal of

complete independence. Their right to it, in the abstract, has been acknowledged by the British political economist, John Stuart Mill. He has written :

"The government of the people by itself has a meaning and a reality; but such a thing as government of one people by another does not and cannot exist. One people may keep another as a warren or preserve for its own use, a place to make money in, a human cattle farm to be worked for the profits of its own inhabitants. But if the good of the governed is the proper business of government, it is utterly impossible that another people should directly attend to it."

The Irish question is not a religious question. The matter of religion has never had any real bearing upon the Irish demand. In the past, as in the present, many of the most ardent supporters of the popular cause are found in the ranks of Protestantism. Never has it known religious lines or distinction between Catholic and Protestant. The scheming minds of crafty adverse politicians have endeavored to split the national ranks by injecting bigotry into the discussion. It is in support of this iniquitous form of British propaganda that William Coote, an elder of the Presbyterian Church of Ireland, and his associates (popularly called Cooties) are now touring the States. But the whole history of the Irish movement gives the lie direct to their asseverations. In 1782, the Protestant, Henry Flood, at the head of 100,000 men of Ulster, demanded absolute independence from the British Parliament. Subsequently, the Protestant Irish patriot, Robert Emmett, of undying fame, led a forlorn band of Ulster men to bleed and die for Irish independence, and it was the Protestant, Wolfe Tone, that designed the green, white, and orange flag, now so dear to the people of Ireland. Since 1869 the Protestant Sir Isaac Butt, Sir Conyngham Plunkett, and Charles Stewart Parnell endeavored to wrest from England, by constitutional means, what arms had previously failed to secure. In the late elections, held under circumstances well calculated to restrain voters from expressing by the ballot their candid views and life-long ambitions—imprisonment of the leaders, British appointed sheriffs in charge of constituencies, leaflets dropped from aeroplanes warning against Sinn Fein, literature delivered wholesale through the post offices pointing out the so-called folly of the "young, fanatical dreamers of Dublin"—eighty per cent. of the votes declared for independence; even Protestant Ulster returned a majority of members pledged to the same cause.

The question of Ireland's independence is characteristically an American question. The negation of Ireland's demand is a crime against humanity, and especially against America, which owes so much to our Irish ancestors. America espoused the cause of the misgoverned Cubans, and entered the World War in behalf of down-trodden nations, and in support of the principle of Self-Determination. Now, by all the laws of commutative justice we are bound to use our influence in Ireland's behalf. To Ireland more than to any other country we owe our separate existence as a nation. General Clinton wrote, "The Irish are our chief opponents." Lord Mountjoy, in 1784, made the following declaration: "America was lost through Irish immigrants. I am assured, from the best authority, that the major part of the American Army was composed of Irish, and that the Irish language was as commonly spoken in the American ranks as English. I am also informed it was their valor that determined the contest, so that England had America detached from her by force of Irish emigrants." Quotations to the point from authoritative, well-established and reliable sources, could be multiplied indefinitely. I shall add only one, and that from a recently delivered speech of the Protestant Professor Arthur Upham Pope, civilian member of the General Staff of the United States Army during the war: "Thirteen Irishmen obtained the rank of general. John Barry was the Father of the American Navy. Washington's Secretary and two aides hailed from Ireland. An Irishman ferried Washington across the Delaware. Approximately forty per cent. of the Continental Army was Irish born, and the Irish people, both at home and abroad, contributed money and supplies with superb generosity. Eight of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were born in Ireland. An Irishman was Secretary of the First Continental Congress. So conspicuous were the services of Irishmen that Lafayette suggested that there should be a special stripe in the American flag for Ireland." This summary of America's debt to Ireland is far indeed from being exhaustive.

Realizing the extent of that debt and the justice of Ireland's claims, it is but right that we should lend an attentive and sympathetic ear to Ireland's spokesmen. Her cause is being voiced throughout the world: let us join in the chorus. Let the thunder of our righteous indignation roll across the Atlantic and resound in Westminster Hall and Buckingham Palace. What England may not grant to justice she will yield to fear.

H. J.

January.

ONCE again the wild bells are ringing out the old and smashing in the new. The old year has died, and the New Year has come of age, which it does by calendar law.

With the advent of the New Year upon the threshold of maturity, many of us, either by intuition or by force of habit, set about making new resolutions. We try to mend our ways by resolving to avoid the pitfalls into which we fell in the past year. Although customary, it is a bad habit and dangerous sign to make resolutions, for only those who break them, make them.

When you form a resolution, you admit that you are not man enough to knuckle down to bare facts and deeds, but you must have that resolution staring you in the face. But what does it profit you to "resolve"? It is a fact, known from experience, that you will break that resolution sooner or later. You admit it yourself by resolving. You prove that you are a weakling, and that your character is unstable.

Develop a strong will, not by resolving on January 1st, but by simply doing, as a matter of course, that which is right as it comes, and any preparatory resolving to do so becomes completely superfluous.

Set about your daily tasks, whether trivial or important, with a vim and determination that will produce results, and then you will make progress.

C. J. KRONZ, '20.



College and High Schools.

The Students' Senate has turned into a furnace of activity and each succeeding session is growing more enthusiastic. Its flames are darting forth at frequent mass Students' Senate meetings and are filling the student body with a genuine school spirit. On December 2, one of these mass meetings was conducted in the hall. Messrs. Glynn, Turley, McGrath, Strobel, McCrory and Mahony, and

Fathers Hannigan and McGuigan gave short but spirited addresses. Later in the month another was held at which "Red" Shanahan, Turley, and Egan, brought the first news of the annual Euchre and Dance given by the Athletic Association.

The senate is surely to be commended on its work and we hope that it may continue in its thus far brilliant career.

At the first of the year the R. O. T. C. work was begun by Lieutenant Parsons of the University of Pittsburgh. But this officer found that his work at "Pitt" was all

R. O. T. C. he could manage. On December 3, the Very
Activities Rev. President introduced Major Danielson of the U. S. Army and Duquesne's R. O. T. C.

Commandant. After the President's timely introduction the Major gave an inspiring talk about the work in general and how it was to be carried out in Duquesne. The Rev. Fr. McGuigan concluded the programme with a much applauded speech.

On December 9, Major Danielson addressed the student body having for his subject, "Life at West Point", a topic with which he was quite familiar, since he himself is a graduate of that institution. The boys enjoyed the talk immensely because it was at once both new and interesting.

The work as a whole is progressing finely and embraces both the theoretical and practical sides. About 300 students have joined but we would still like to hear from at least 200 more.

Christmas Entertainment

Two Christmas plays were presented by the Red Masquers in Duquesne University Auditorium on the evening of December 17, 1919, under the direction of Rev. John F. Malloy. The following was the programme:

THE MIRACLE OF THE CHIMES

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY: Daniel, a peasant boy, Raymond Bailey; Stephen, his brother, Robert Kaveny; Patrick, their uncle, John Krings; The Supernatural Visitor, William Maughn.

CHARACTERS IN THE VISION: The Priest, John L. Kettl; The Rich Man, Cornelius Hearn; The Courtier, John L. Gallagher; The Countess, Walter Conley; The Scholar, Zenon Novicki; The Maiden, Richard Vogel; The King, George Hudock; The Angel, John Pawlowski.

Prologue by James F. Murphy.

Scene, A wood chopper's hut on the edge of a forest near the city of Armagh.

Time, Christmas Eve about 900 A. D.

ON GUARD

CHARACTERS: Colonel Pepperell, John Schaming; Marion, his daughter, Adelbert Mulcahey; Molly, their maid, William Porter; Tom Manly, Leonard Snyder; Cholly Casher, Andrew Sheridan; Teddy McFinnegan, Vincent Barnett.

Scene, The living room in Col. Pepperell's home.

Time, The present.

INTERPOLATED NUMBERS

In the intermissions, the following numbers were given :

Address, William J. Turley, President of the Red Masquers; Monologue, The New Conductor, M. Noon Glynn; Two Part-Songs, (a) The Rosary (*Ethelbert Nevin*), (b) Kentucky Babe (*Dudley Buck*), Collegians' Glee Club, directed by Rev. F. X. Williams.

PYRAMIDS—Junior and Senior Boarders, directed by Rev. Eugene N. McGuigan.

THE STUDENTS' ORCHESTRA, directed by Professor Charles B. Weis, furnished the following numbers :

March, On the Square, (*Panella*); Cornet Duet, William O'Shea and Julian Swartz; Overture, The Monk of St. Bernard, (*Isenman*); Violin Solo, Air Varié (*de Beriot*), Professor Weis; Medley of Familiar Home Songs, (*Recker*); Exit March, Popular.

From a pictorial point of view, these plays were by far the most successful ever produced on our stage. The handsome interior set used in "On Guard" is the work of student artists. The "vision" in "The Miracle of the Chimes" was worked out with rare skill, costumes, lighting and accessories all contributing to an effect that fairly took one's breath away by its beauty and solemnity. These results are due to new electrical arrangements planned by Father Malloy and executed by Messrs. Hearn, Krings and Novicki, experienced electricians among the boarders. Of course, the action is the most important, and it must be said that every participant threw himself heartily and successfully into the interpretation of his part.

Before leaving for their respective homes for the holidays the boarders held a very sumptuous banquet. James Murphy, the

<p>Boarders' Banquet</p>	<p>patriarch of the Seniors, and John Witt, the dean of the Juniors, welcomed the Faculty to the festive board. Rev. Father McGuigan, acting as toastmaster, introduced the various</p>
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speakers. The University Orchestra under the leadership of Prof. C. B. Weis helped to enliven the affair by well-selected numbers.

More Prize-Winners

A number of students from the Second High wrote essays for the Peoples' Saving Bank Contest. The subject was "One Way I Save." We wish to congratulate Radasevich, who secured a money prize, and Stebler and Thomas, whose work merited picture prizes.

It affords us great pleasure to record the ordination to the holy priesthood of three well-known professors, viz.: Rev. Charles Wolffer, Rev. William McMenemy and Rev.

Ordinations Joseph Kirkbride. The two last mentioned taught here very successfully for two years.

Since September Father Wollfer has been teaching Prep Law. He will also take up the responsible position of assistant treasurer.

We wish many years of fruitful work in the sacred ministry to these young Levites who were ordained at our Senior Scholasticate in Ferndale, Conn.

Four members of the 1917 Class, Messrs. Jerome Hannan, Michael Hinnebusch, Edward Nemmer and Lawrence O'Connell were raised to subdeaconship at St. Vincent's Seminary, Beatty, Pa., during the Advent Ember Days. At the same time, at the Basilica of St. John Lateran in Rome, Mr. Michael J. Brannigan also took the first step of Major Orders. He will probably advance to the priesthood at Trinity.

ROBERT G. REILLY, '23.

Law School.

Delving more deeply into the intricate system of law as the days pass on, the students at the Law school, with their ever practical instructors, are becoming more and more imbued with their future lifework. The first year men with their studies of Blackstone, Contracts, Torts, and Criminal Law, are gradually evolving themselves from the skein of entanglements that enveloped them in the early weeks of their studies. They are as time rolls on becoming true embryo jurists—true lovers of what is right and just.

With this ethical doctrine firmly rooted within them, they have created a precedent by joining themselves together as one happy family. The result is that they have already accomplished more than any other first year class in this department of the University.

Plans are under way to make a permanent society out of the class, and the following officers have been elected for the ensuing

year: Joseph Silberstein, President; J. J. McCloskey, Vice-President; J. K. Herrington, Secretary and Treasurer. A banquet was held at the Chatham Hotel on Thursday evening, December 18, and a most enjoyable evening was spent by all. Several important matters were discussed, which it is hoped will have a great bearing on the future of the class, both educationally and socially.

The second and third year men are gradually accustoming themselves to their deeper studies being very much engrossed in the lectures of Messrs. Magee, Blaine and McKenna. The third year men are preparing most assiduously for the State Board Examinations, which come immediately after the school term. It is safe to assume that much midnight oil is being burned in preparation for this event as they are anxious to continue the good record of Duquesne in not having a man to fail in these examinations.

J. J. McCLOSKEY, '22.



* VARSITY BASKETBALL.

With one of the hardest and most comprehensive schedules ever attempted by a "Bluff" floor team facing them, Duquesne's basketball squad has spent the last five weeks struggling away in the gym cage, to be in the best of shape for a gruelling season on the floor.

Prospects for a strong team were not overly bright at the outset, altho' the quintet has three members of last year's team. However, later developments proved that there were in the institution other good basketeters, who were unable to participate in the practice sessions due to their inability to leave the classrooms.

So Coach Bernard switched his practice periods to suit the class-room hours of the men of all departments. The result is

that a cloud with a silver lining forecasting one of the best Duke teams in years has appeared.

The first call for candidates saw twenty-five men out for 'Varsity berths. Succeeding practices proved that many of these men were not ripe enough for college basketball.

The team, as selected by the coach and his advisers, comprises some very clever floor stars, some of whom have had college experience, while others are former scholastic stars and will fit in handily with those who have stood the fire of major struggles in the cage game.

The three veterans of last year's quintet are again on the squad. They have however shown greater form to date than at any time during last season's campaigns. Captain Davies, the shining light of last year's five, is showing better form than ever, while Vebelunas has improved both in experience and in shooting. "Dutch" Ligday, guard on the squad for the past two seasons, is displaying the same fighting qualities that featured his 1919 career. Mazer, Harrison and Zurbuch have received the forward assignment. Shaw, Carl and Cropp are the guards.

The tentative schedule as arranged by Graduate-Manager McCloskey will consist of twenty games. It is by far the heaviest ever attempted by the floor team of the wearers of the Red and Blue, not only in the number of games, but in the calibre of the opponents.

However hard and difficult the schedule may be, it is the opinion of both Graduate-Manager McCloskey and Coach Bernard, that the team will come through handily if the students witness the games and show real college spirit.

The tentative schedule is arranged as follows: W. & J., Franklin, Westinghouse, Grove City, Elwood City, St. Francis, Coffey Club, St. John's University, Detroit University, Carnegie Tech, St. Bonaventure, Marietta, Muskingum, Salem, W. Va. Wesleyan, Avalon, St. Mary's, Juniata, Ambridge, Waynesburg.

JOHN L. KETTL, High School, '21.

UNIVERSITY HIGH.

The University High squad is rather small and light, but perhaps faster than any second team in recent years. Cherdini, the active captain, is playing in midseason form at center. Gall, Cain and McLuckie make a tantalizing trio of tricky forwards. Sullivan, Ferguson, Wilnski and Nee are reliable and staunch guards.

Our boys in their initial game defeated the Crafton High quintet, 60 to 20. The Dukelets scored 26 field goals to Crafton's five. Sullivan and Ferguson put up a fine brand of guarding.

The clever Schenley High team was also defeated on our floor in a fast game, 42 to 37. Both sides showed brilliant team work and the result was in doubt throughout the game. Cherdini and Cain were the bright stars for the Dukelets. Wilinski, who just broke into the game this season is rapidly becoming the ace among the guards.

Cyril J. Kronz, the energetic coach, has arranged games with the following high schools: Ambridge, Wellsville, Freedom, McKees Rocks, New Brighton, Elizabeth, Washington, Pittsburgh Academy, Westinghouse Reserves, Carnegie Tech Plebs, and South and Rayen High of Youngstown. This is the most formidable schedule the Dukelets have had for years, but Coach Kronz knows his men like a book and is very optimistic. So are we.

JOSEPH RITTER, Sc., '21.

THE JUNIORS.

After a fortnight of hard and strenuous practice, Coach "Rogius" picked his team of nine men out of a squad of about fifty aspiring candidates. The men selected to represent the Juniors on the floor this year are as follows: Ibitz, Farwick and Thornton, forwards; Monaghan and Conti, centers; McQuade, Titz, Guthrie and Witt, guards. Witt, Ibitz, Thornton and McQuade need no introduction to the student body, as they are well known for their good work on last year's undefeated Minims. Monaghan and Conti are two new men, who are staging a battle royal for the center job. Farwick, Titz and Guthrie are progressing nicely, and no doubt something will be heard of these boys before the season is over. All in all, this year's Junior team looks like a strong, well-balanced aggregation, and should enjoy a successful season under the capable tutelage of Coach "Rogius" and Captain John A. Witt.

The Juniors got away to an early start and succeeded in downing the McClintic-Marshall Apprentice School five by the score of 24 to 15. The game was a thriller both from a player's and a spectator's viewpoint. Captain Witt at guard was a bright light for the victors. Time and again, this stocky youth broke up the team-work and passing of the Construction Co.'s boys. McQuade and Conti also put up a stellar game, the former caging five baskets and the latter four. Stanton put up the best game for the losers.

Before the game, the boarders were tendered a banquet, which put them in high spirits. With their red-topped hats, they snake-danced in the gym between the halves, and rooted like demons throughout the game for the "Rogianites". Their efforts were well rewarded when the final score was put up. Here's hoping the boarders keep up their great spirit, and help the Juniors win the remainder of their games!

J. BRILEY WALSH, H. S., '20.

THE DUKUMS.

Alongside with the Juniors, Father Rowe has his hands full with the Dukums. When the call for candidates was announced, about 100 names were handed into the student-manager. How to try out all these men was the job that confronted Father Rowe. He finally decided to work a morning and an afternoon shift and thereby sift out the best men available. After about two weeks of practice, the squad was cut to about thirty, and about a week later the following men were picked to wear the Dukum colors throughout the season: Zapp, Maughn, Bullion, Ciccone, Quinn, Weber and Friedrich are capable forwards. Davies, Meyers and Walsh are rivals for the center job. The following seven guards are still battling for a permanent assignment: L. Schiring, Rebhun, Kaveney, McCarthy, Wilhelm Fleck and Emig. An extra mural accident to "Jimmy" McCaffrey necessitated that 'Augie' Friedrich take up the managerial reins. The latter has shown all the devotedness required, and will undoubtedly "make good", and be a valuable associate with Captain Maughn.

WM. KOHLER, H. S., '22.



Exchanges.

IT is not often we have the pleasure of criticising the first issue of a college magazine, but such is the case with *The Bay Leaf*, which comes from Marywood College, Scranton. It contains more contributions than some of our old exchanges. There are two graduation addresses, to the Class of '19, seven poems, six short stories, three essays, editorials, chronicles, alumnae and college directory notes—sixty-seven pages in all. The best of the poetry are "Star of '19" dedicated to the graduating class, and "St. Theresa" expressing the saint's desire "to suffer or to die." The majority of the stories are well written, "Heaven Plus Jack" being the best of them all. It treats of a working girl named Molly, who buys a farm out west, to

which she intends to take her sickly sister and her little brother. At the station, where she goes to buy her tickets, she accidentally meets Jack, the son of her former employer, whose heart she has apparently won already. Jack is westward inclined, and when he learns that Molly is about to leave for the west he suggests that they make the trip together and call it a honeymoon. The next day they all leave for "Heaven", as Molly's little brother calls their new home. The plot of the story is good in itself and well handled, and the title is very appropriate. "On meeting De Valera" is a very good article in which the authoress describes the welcome tendered the Irish President by the members of Marywood. She also shows that she is familiar with the story of his prison life, for she very vividly describes his ten-months' entombment in an English prison. Information about what is going on at the school is not generally given on the editorial page. We are inclined to think that "Immaculate Hall", "A Freshman's View" and "A Senior's View" should not be included among the editorials, and instead we might suggest that "On Meeting De Valera" would not be out of place as an editorial. May we also suggest an addition to the staff in the shape of an exchange editor? There is much good talent at Marywood, and before long the *Bay Leaf* will be one of the leading quarterlies in the country. There is one thing which stands out prominently throughout the whole number, and that is a religious strain in the minds of the writers,—the evident result of the guidance of those holy nuns at Marywood. We have nothing but praise for this first publication, and wish the Marywood College *Bay Leaf* every success.

The October *Laurel* contains the usual Commencement extracts found in the opening numbers of the school year. "The Greater Sacrifice", which won the Elmira Medal for Oratory, gives our boys great praise for their work during the war. The article is very short for a prize winner, but it is well written and we can clearly see why it won an oratorical medal rather than an essay medal because it is full of emotion and lends itself to impassioned delivery. "American Ideals" won the prize in the essay contest, no doubt because it vividly shows how America is in a state of unrest due to Bolshevik ideas. The author draws a comparison between the principles of Bolshevism and those upon which our country was founded, stating that there are two ideals unknown to the Bolsheviks; namely, Justice and Tranquility of Peace. The author shows a clear knowledge of present day

conditions, and has the right idea as to how to solve Bolshevism. While the article is well handled we think it would have gained in interest if less ground were covered or if the subject were not treated from so many angles. "They Died in Vain" is the best of the poetry. A picture is drawn of a dying soldier in Flanders Fields, shedding his blood for Freedom, while we still hear the cries of Korea, Shantung and Ireland against the tyrants. The emotions which these thoughts suggest are truthfully and completely expressed in flowing verse, evidently the work of a practiced hand. There was only one short story in this issue, and that was "The Strange Case of Father O'Leary". We think the author was influenced by religious motives and thus allowed his thoughts to lead him beyond the boundaries of probabilities into the land of the merely possibles. The editorial "With Regard to Local Colors" is very good; it gives timely advice to Freshmen, explaining the idea of having the good of "Bonaventure" always at heart. The love of one's school comes next to the love of one's God, for it is there that we are taught how to obtain all that is essential for this life and for the life to come. The *Laurel* also contains an abundance of college, alumni, exchange and athletic notes.

The November number of the *Gonzaga* is well balanced with poems, essays, short stories and chronicles. "The Stifled Voice of a Nation" sets forth strong arguments proving America's indebtedness towards Ireland. The author quotes Benjamin Franklin's pledge to the Irish people when that renowned financier visited their country seeking aid: "Our cause is your cause, help us to *win* our freedom, and we will help you *regain* your freedom." The arguments are so orderly and so forcibly arranged as to convince any red-blooded American that America owes much to Ireland. Yes, we are all convinced of this fact but sorry to say America of to-day lacks men like Benjamin Franklin. The short story entitled, "The Girl on the Job", has a novel plot, and would have been most interesting six months ago. Even to-day, though less timely, it keeps the reader going. Jack Connor, the second assistant manager of the White Pine Product Co., enlisted in the army with the understanding that when he returns his position will be his again. But when he does get back, a girl is on the job, who is also doing Red Cross work, such as finding employment for returned soldiers. While working at the Red Cross Headquarters, she tries hard to find employment for Jack, never suspecting that she herself had displaced him.

Connor and the Red Cross secretary become very friendly at the White Pine office. She overhears a conversation in which she is accused of stealing Jack's job. She immediately wants to resign and gives her reason to MacCracken, the owner. The latter does not like to lose her, so he requests that she stay and opens a new store where he places Jack Connor as manager. The story is just a trifle long, and here and there contains obscure passages. But unity is well maintained, there being only four characters. The interest of the reader is held by the introduction of much natural conversation. "Content" is a well-balanced bit of verse in which the author expresses his longing to be out hunting the grizzly. "In Vain" is an apology for the thoughtlessness of his little verse. Our advice to such a one is: if you can't write, don't let so many people know it. The editorials are very good. "Ceod Mile Failthe", eulogizing the Irish President, is replete with true and honorable statements about De Valera. "A Dangerous Policy" is a rap at the present day political policy. The article is a development of the thought thus enunciated: "If the people want to preserve the full freedom granted to them in the Constitution, let them be careful not to give the Federal Government too much power over them." As a rule we do not comment on the exchange column, except to remark its absence (is that a bull?) but we would ask to be permitted the suggestion, made in the most kindly spirit, that the strain of sarcasm that runs through the pages devoted to criticism, ill befits a writer, who is himself youthful, and to a certain degree inexperienced.

The Mountaineer from Emmitsburg is again in the literary field after being compelled to cease publication during the war. It re-enters the field in a new and improved format. "The Beginnings of *The Mountaineer*" is an interesting history of the magazine from the time when the staff consisted of eleven students who became voluntary contributors to *The Emmitsburg Chronicle* in 1891, down to the present day. The author, himself being one of the editors of the first staff, is quite capable of such an undertaking. And as he relates, *The Mountaineer*, like that part of nature which it is called after, surely had its "ups and downs." "The Expulsion of the Acadians", as the title indicates, relates the sufferings of those good people under the unjust rule of England. The author has a habit of using short and jerky sentences, which lower the value of what might have been a splendid article. Should not a college student be a stickler for form as well as for thought? He quotes the historian, Bancroft,

as saying, "I know not if the annals of the human race keep the record of sorrows so wantonly inflicted, so bitter, and so perennial, as fell upon the Acadians." Can anyone give his unqualified approval to such a statement, knowing the history of that little Green Isle so much talked of to-day? "Local Chat" is very interesting, and can be enjoyed by all, irrespective of college affiliation. "Alumni Notes" are plentiful and well handled. *The Mountaineer* staff artist is to be congratulated on his wonderful work. In passing, we might observe that staff artists are either too few, or, more probably, too little encouraged.

JOSEPH A. O'DONNELL, '20.



Duquesnicula.

AN OUNCE OF PREPARATION.

The juvenile mind is so constituted that it will endeavor to turn even a prospective end of the world to its own advantage. On a certain day in December within a certain hall of learning, one "prof." had the "end-o'-the-world problem" on his hands. He ignored it just so long.

"Say, Father, do you know the world is coming ts an end at noon?"

Silence.

"Say, Father, don't you think we oughtn't have classes this morning?"

Still no reply.

"Say, Father, instead of classes this morning, don't you think you ought to hear our confessions?"

The reply is not a matter of record, but the silent treatment broke down right there.

The professor was lecturing on the attraction of bodies. "The larger the body the greater the attraction," explained the professor. At this juncture, Robert Sullivan whispered to Strobel that the fat woman in the circus was by no means attractive.

Hudock always has something up his sleeve. Last week the inspector suddenly put in his appearance and detected the sweet aroma of a pipe. It took about ten minutes to clear up the mystery of the pipe, but these ten minutes were costly, as George is out a dollar. It is a pip(e)ing good story. Let George tell it. The joke is on him.

Four persons tried the proper key on the door leading into the boarders' dining-room, but without success. One, more ingenious than the others, suggested that they climb through the window and remove the door from its hinges. This plan met with a hearty approval, and was carried into execution immediately. Imagine the surprise of our heroes when they discovered that the door was all the time unlocked. What the "Bunn-Eaters" would have done had they known that the door was unlocked would make an interesting episode.

Prof. What is the difference between a scholar and a student ?

Sieben: A scholar always has his exercises. He copies them before class.

Mock: A pupil is one who looks wise when he's asked a question in class.

Wright: A wise man should have nothing else in his house but safety matches.

Greene: With the high cost of living to-day, a man has nothing else in his house, be he wise or otherwise.

Teacher: When is the best time to pick apples ?

Kirk: When the farmer's dogs are tied.

Nairn: Room 505 should be quarantined.

Rebhun: Why ?

Nairn: Because W. Porter found smallpox in the dictionary

"There is many a true word said in a joke," says Klaser.

While playing leap-frog under the light at the end of the campus the cutter gave "Break the Neck". Harkins happened to be down and some one jumped on his toe. Harkins got up with a yell and said, "Where do you think my neck is?" Witt obligingly explained, "Your brains are in your feet, so Vogel thought your foot was your neck and tried to break your toe."

Prof. Why did you miss your exercise?

"Penrod" Neuner: I had an invincibly erroneous conscience.

Prof.: What does the Greek word "*phulax*" mean?

Sullivan: A guard.

Prof.: And phleps?

Strobel (prompting): A forward.

O'Neill: You will never be bald.

Foley: How do you know?

O'Neill: Baldness is a sign of brains.

Foley: I know, but the exception proves the rule.

Sweeney: Why do they build so many houses up in McKeesport?

Myers: To live in, you nut.

During the Christmas vacation, Caye and Neuner went out to seek a job. They went strolling down Fifth Avenue, dropped into the Mellon National Bank and asked the superintendent, "Do you need any men?" "Yes," he replied, "go out and find me some."

Dr. Bielski: May I see you apart?

Grunder (A reckless Greek student): Not much! Do you think I am going to pieces?

The Third High students are just making the acquaintance of Cicero. One young genius was making a desperate attempt to translate. His version of the text grated on the nerves of the professor, who, disgusted, cried out, "Stop! for mercy's sake, stop! If Cicero was alive, he would turn in his grave."

Koerber: Remove this egg.

Shaughnessy: What shall I do with it?

Koerber: Take it out and ring its neck.

GERALD SCHROTH, '22.

VICTOR FRIDAY, H. S., '21.

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Volume XXVII.

FEBRUARY, 1920

Number 5

Visions of Lincoln.

LOVE him? Ah, yes, I love him more
Than sunkist woods or moonlit shore;
Or song of birds or perfume of the flowers,
Or dreams of fairest hours.

I see him still with Bible in hand,
Watching the shadows approach his land;
And I hear a voice say, deep in the night:
"Let us have faith that Right makes Might."

And I can see him still go down
Unto the mart of an old slave town,
Where a dark-skinned mother and babe were parted
And the mother was broken-hearted.
And I can see his anger rise
As his great soul leaped into his eyes:
"Some day, if Jehovah will have it so
I'll hit that trade a h - - l of a blow!"

Then later I see the blue and the gray
Go marching forth in battle-array;
And I hear, o'er all, a great voice say:
"Let us have faith that Right makes Might."
And then I hear a bullet dart
To still the beat of a great-big heart,
And I see him fall, midst a nation's sighs,
With a cheerful smile in his sorrowed eyes.

This eve I heard a nation weep
 As all the world lay down to sleep,
 And the sobs of Erin filled my eyes
 With tears, my soul with sighs;
 I looked to Heaven and saw Lincoln there,
 Playing with angels pure and fair.
 I saw him peer at Erin thru the stars
 And heard him count unnumbered scars;
 I saw him smile in his sad-sweet way
 And his words were music as I heard him say :
 "I struck the shackles from the black man's hands,
 But Erin the lovely must sob in the night.
 And no chains were ever like to this land's,
 Still let us have faith that Right makes Might."

MICHAEL DOYLE MINAHAN, Law, '22.



Out of the Mist of Years.

EARLY Irish traditions have handed down to us the memories and achievements of her sainted sons. These have been classified in three orders or battalions—the first commanded by St. Patrick, and composed of bishops who shone like the sun; the second, commanded by St. Columba, and composed of priests who shone like the moon; and the third, under the orders of Saints Colman and Aidan, composed of bishops, priests and hermits, who shone like the stars. To this last mentioned class belongs St. Brendan, one of many famous travellers and sailor monks. His zeal inspired him with the ambition to discover new lands in the hope of converting souls to God, and his visions are reckoned among the poetic sources of the *Divina Commedia* (Ozanam, *Oeuvres*, vol. v., p. 373).

St. Brendan was born in the County Kerry in 484. He died in 577. When he was about fifty-six years of age, he set out on the most famous of his voyages mentioned by writers of practically every European nationality. He did not go alone; the old Irish calendars assigned a special feast for the *Egressio familiae S. Brendani* on March the twenty-second, and St. Aengus the Culdee, at the close of the eighth century, invokes in his

Litany "the sixty who accompanied St. Brendan in his quest of the Land of Promise."

In 540, we are told, St. Brendan reached the Virginia Capes and travelled inland to a river running westwards, supposed to be the Ohio. He was absent in all seven years. The story of his voyage and discoveries were noised abroad among the crowds of pilgrims and students who flocked to the monasteries he had founded at Ardfert, and it is quite possible that the wanderer seized upon many of his hearers, and that they desired to see for themselves the lands he had discovered, and the animals and plants which he described, the accurate knowledge of which he could have acquired only by a visit to the western continent.

In confirmation of this tradition, the Norse Sagas, five centuries before Christopher Columbus, though they attributed the discovery of the northern part of the continent to the Scandinavians, unhesitatingly gave to Irishmen the honor of the first discovery at a much earlier period. They even called the land Greater Ireland. The Norsemen found, probably in Carolina and Georgia, a white people differing in racial characteristics from the Esquimaux of the north, and wearing long robes or cloaks similar to the dress of the early inhabitants of Ireland. These people, according to them, frequently bore Celtic crosses in a sort of religious procession, and spoke the Irish language.

Several historians are of the opinion that the accounts of this voyage, together with the works of another Irishman, St. Virgilius, Bishop of Saltzburg, first suggested to the active mind of Christopher Columbus the existence of a western continent. It will not be uninteresting to note that, when this illustrious native of Genoa faced the unknown dangers of the vasty and unexplored deep, he was accompanied by adventurous sons of the Emerald Isle. It is recorded in the work of an Italian priest, John Baptist Tornitori, published in the seventeenth century, that when Columbus desired to land, the water was too shallow to permit the nearer approach of his caravel, and a small boat was launched to carry the admiral to the shore. Reaching the shelving beach, one "Patricius Maguirus" leaped into the water, and wading onward with the boat in tow, was the first to set foot on American soil. The curious may read for themselves this memoir in an authentic copy religiously preserved in the library of the University of St. Louis.

H. J.

Bulls, Chiefly Irish.

ACCORDING to Webster's New International Dictionary, a bull is a grotesque blunder in language;—now usually applied to expressions containing apparent congruity, but real incongruity, of ideas. Coleridge cleverly defines it as "A mental juxtaposition of incongruous ideas, with a sensation, but without the sense, of connection." The bull proceeds from native humor, the perpetrator, whilst fully possessed of his own meaning, being unconscious of the objective value of his words. It results not from dulness of mind but from extreme quickness of apprehension. It is rarely the result of study which endeavors to snatch a grace beyond the reach of art, but rather "rises spontaneous and spontaneous flows." It demands a kind of innocent rollicking wrongheadedness which is rarely found outside the Emerald Isle. Examples of the true taurine are rarely found in other lands. "The Irish animal is lively, rampant, exhilarating, like the sprightly hero of a Spanish bull-fight, while English and other bulls are mere commonplace calves blundering along to the shambles." Sir Richard Steele, himself an Irishman, attributed such peculiarities of expression to the Irish climate, and declared that if an Englishman were born in Ireland, he would be addicted to the practice. It is quite possible that Irish emigrants introduced specimens into the various lands in which they settled, and the breed has been fairly prolific. Thus we find specimens of the genuine type in England, France, Germany, Portugal and the United States.

In soliciting subscriptions towards the purchase of a burial ground for his parish, which had grown to the dimensions of a small town with 30,000 inhabitants, an English clergyman emphasized his plea with the following observation: "It is deplorable to think of a parish where there are 30,000 people living without Christian burial."

The London *Times* concluded a eulogium on Baron Dowse in the following words: "A great Irishman has passed away. God grant that as many as great, and who shall as wisely love their country, may follow him."

Maria Edgworth is authority for the story that an English shopkeeper recommended the durability of some fabric for a lady's dress, assuring her that it would last forever, and make her a petticoat afterwards!

An English earl marshal sought to mollify his king who had found fault with some arrangements at his coronation, by implicitly referring to the expected short reign of the monarch: "Please your Majesty, I hope it will be better next time."

Even the most learned sometimes express a sentiment in words totally inadequate to convey their meaning. Thus Hallam in his *Literature of Europe* writes: "No one as yet had exhibited the structure of the human kidneys, Vesalius having only examined them in dogs." When were human kidneys ever found in dogs, except in the case of Jezabel, for instance, and then they were so far from being in a normal state that they had lost all analogy to their former condition in as much as they had been thoroughly masticated!

Though *jeux d'esprit* are frequent in French literature and conversation, bulls are comparatively rare. Yet they are to be found.

The Paris *Figaro* (February, 1890) quotes the following passage "from a recent essay on French home-life in the last century:" "We have spoken of that sanguinary year, 1792. In those troubled times it was that French domestics set an example of the greatest devotion. There were many even who, rather than betray their masters, allowed themselves to be guillotined in their place, and who, when happier days returned, silently and respectfully went back to their work." Here the confusion of ideas arises from the use of "who" in place of the surviving minority.

In Marmontel's *Annette and Lubin*, Lubin thus concludes his harangue to the judge: "The plaintiff sent us to the devil, and at once we came to you, my lord." The speaker had absolutely no idea of identifying the devil with the judge, but wished merely to convey his conclusion that their only hope of immunity lay in applying to the bench directly.

The Germans, too, seem to have imported some bulls from Ireland. A German orator, driving home the point of his argument, exclaimed, "There is no man or child in this vast assembly who has arrived at the age of fifty years that has not felt the truth of this mighty subject thundering through his mind for centuries." A "child" of fifty years may have existed in the time of the patriarchs, but now he is more than a *rara avis in terra*, but how this truth thundered through his mind for centuries exceeds the limits of plausible explanation.

An ingenuous German lady conveyed an apology to her sweetheart in writing to him for money, couched in the following postscript: "I am so thoroughly ashamed of my request that I sent after the bearer of this note to call him back, but he had got already too far on the way." There seems to be some kinship

between this story and the tale of the English lady who assailed George Selwyn's assertion that no woman could write a letter without adding a postscript, and next day sought to prove that he was wrong by writing a letter to which she added after her signature, "P. S.—Who is right now, you or I?"

Amongst the best bulls that may be produced for exhibition is that of the Portuguese mayor of Estremadura who, in offering a reward for the recovery of the remains of a drowned man, enumerated among the marks by which he might be recognized, the fact that the deceased had an impediment in his speech!

The United States may boast of some specimens unique in their kind. The following resolutions passed by the Board of Councilmen in Canton, Mississippi, won an enviable notoriety:

1. Resolved, by this Council, that we build a new jail.
2. Resolved, that the new jail be built out of the materials of the old jail.
3. Resolved, that the old jail be used until the new jail is finished.

One of the best is attributed to James Smithson, founder of the Smithsonian Institute. He had five doctors, yet they were unable to discover his disease. Being told that his case was hopeless, he said to them, "My friends, I desire that you will make a post-mortem examination of me, and find out what ails me; for really I am dying to know what my disease is myself."

Ireland, however, is the native land of the bull. It has thrived there in adversity and prosperity. Whether it lows or bellows, it brings joy to the heart and a smile to the lips. A story is told of an Irish gentleman who wanted to learn of an eminent singing master. On enquiring the terms, "Two guineas for the first lesson," said the maestro; "and for as many as you please afterwards a guinea each." "Oh, bother the first lesson!" said the enquirer: "let us begin with the second."

"Has your sister got a son or a daughter?" asked an Irishman of a friend. "Upon my life," was the reply, "I don't know whether I'm an uncle or an aunt." Here the incongruity evidently arose from the speaker's haste in confounding uncle and aunt with nephew and niece, and putting himself in the impossible position of representing himself as an aunt to his sister's daughter.

An Irish officer conveyed a wholesome piece of advice to a friend arriving in Calcutta. "India, my boy, is the finest climate under the sun; but a lot of young fellows come out here, and

they drink and they eat, and they drink and they die: and then they write home to their parents a pack of lies, and say it's the climate that has killed them."

No matter how much apparent contradiction may appear in an Irish bull, the speaker is always perfectly understood. We know how sickness changes a man, but the change may be expressed in a variety of ways. Here's how an Irishman, on returning from a health resort, bore testimony to the efficacy of the treatment: "It's done me a world of good. I've come back another man altogether; in fact, I'm quite myself again."

We have heard of the Irishman who sold his horse to provide it with food. Another sold a saucepan in his poverty. His children gathered around him, and asked him why he had parted with it. "Ah, my honeys," he answered, "I would not have parted with it but for a little money to buy something to put in it."

It is not beneath the dignity or incompatible with the acknowledged learning of a Justice of the Peace occasionally to lapse into the national characteristic. It is related of an Irish magistrate who was censuring some boys for loitering in the streets, that he put to them this unanswerable poser: "If everybody were to stand in the street, how could anybody get by?"

Facile princeps in the ranks of blunder makers was Sir Boyle Roche, the most celebrated and entertaining anti-grammarian in the Irish Parliament. He was a fine, bluff, soldier-like old gentleman, of long standing in the army, and with fine ideas of honor and etiquette, of discipline and bravery. Sir John Cave gave him his *eldest* daughter in marriage; as Roche boasted of the fact, Curran seized an opportunity of remarking, "Ay, Sir Boyle, and depend on it, if he had an elder one still he would have given her to you." His bulls were logical perversions—a most energetic method of expressing his meaning, and invariably of a type that some fine aphorism or maxim might easily be extracted from them. His brain unconsciously evolved them and they fell from his lips with the apparent conviction of the absolute propriety and correctness of his expression. Thus, when a debate arose in the House of Commons on the vote of a grant recommended by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, it was objected that the House had no just right to burden posterity with a debt that could in no way operate to their advantage, Sir Boyle advanced the most unanswerable argument that human ingenuity could devise. "What, Mr. Speaker! are we to beggar

ourselves for fear of vexing posterity! Now, I would ask, why should we put ourselves out of our way to do anything for posterity; for what has posterity done for us?" Roars of laughter greeted his query; imagining that the House had misunderstood him, he explained that "by posterity he did not at all mean our ancestors, but those who were to come immediately after them." Serious business had to be suspended for half an hour in consequence of his ludicrous explanation.

A determined enemy of the French Revolution, he decried it at every seasonable opportunity. On one occasion, in the course of his indictment, he denounced it thus: "Mr. Speaker, if we permitted the French masons to meddle with the buttresses and walls of our ancient constitution, they would never stop nor stay, sir, till they brought the foundation stones tumbling down about the ears of the nation. If those Gallican villains should invade us, they would break into this House, cut us to mince-meat and throw our bleeding heads upon that table, to stare us in the face!"

A God-fearing man himself, he was shocked by the profanity of the youth of his time, and broke out into violent declamations against the practice: "The progress of the times, Mr. Speaker, is such that little children who can neither walk nor talk may be seen running about the streets, cursing their Maker."

He knew no fear and adopted as his motto: "The best way to avoid danger is to meet it plumb."

He had a keen sense of justice and of the qualities that become a gentleman. When there was a motion before the House to expel the patriot, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, for some hasty expressions in condemnation of the Commons and the Lord Lieutenant, Boyle Roche spoke in his defense, and so successfully that the motion was withdrawn but the offender was called upon to make an apology. Even to this Boyle Roche objected. "Mr. Speaker, I think the young man has no business to make an apology. He is a gentleman, and none such should be asked to make an apology, because no gentleman could mean to give offense."

We shall conclude with a literary gem unparalleled in the history of letters. Such a concatenation of blunders as that from his pen in the *Kerry Magazine*, is unique in the realms of humor.

"Dear Sir,—Having now a little peace and quiet, I sit down to inform you of the bustle and confusion we are in from the bloodthirsty rebels, many of whom are now, thank God, killed

and dispersed. We are in a pretty mess; can get nothing to eat, and no wine to drink except whiskey. When we sit down to dinner we are obliged to keep both hands armed. While I write this letter I have my sword in one hand and my pistol in the other. I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end; and I am right, for it is not half over yet. At present there are such goings-on that everything is at a standstill. I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I only received it this morning,—indeed, hardly a mail arrives safe without being robbed. No longer ago than yesterday the mail-coach from Dublin was robbed near this town; the bags had been very judiciously left behind for fear of accidents, and, by great good luck, there was nobody in the coach except two outside passengers, who had nothing for the thieves to take. Last Thursday, an alarm was given that a gang of rebels in full retreat from Drogheda were advancing under the French standard; but they had no colors, nor any drums except bagpipes. Immediately every man in the place, including women and children, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force a great deal too little, and were far too near to think of retreating. Death was in every face; and to it we went. By the time half our party were killed we began to be all alive. Fortunately, the rebels had no guns except pistols, cutlasses, and pikes; and we had plenty of muskets and ammunition. We put them all to the sword; not a soul of them escaped, except some of them that were drowned in an adjoining bog. In fact, in a short time nothing was heard but silence. Their uniforms were all different,—chiefly green. After the action was over we went to rummage their camp. All we found was a few pikes without heads, a parcel of empty bottles filled with water, and a bundle of blank French commissions, filled up with Irish names. Troops are now stationed round, which exactly squares with my ideas of security. Adieu; I have only time to add that I am yours in haste. B. R.

"P. S.—If you do not receive this, of course it must have miscarried; therefore I beg you write and let me know."

H. J.



COTTON.

HISTORY OF COTTON.

The word cotton may be traced to the language of Arabia. Available records do not supply us with much accurate information as to its early history. The time when it was first utilized in the industrial and commercial activities of the world can not be definitely established. Cotton was well known and in common use in India long before the Christian era; the records of India show that from time immemorial the cotton plant was cultivated and its valuable fibres converted into wearing apparel. In old records written in India in 800 B. C. this plant was referred to frequently, and in such a way as to establish sufficient proof that its value was appreciably recognized.

Herodotus, the ancient historian, mentions cotton as growing in India as early as 450 B. C. When Nearchus, the admiral of Alexander the Great, who took part of his army along the shores of the Arabian and Persian Gulf about 327 B. C., says: "There are in India trees bearing as it were branches of wool. The natives make garments of it, wearing a skirt which reaches to the middle of the leg, and a turban rolled around the head; these were made from this substance which was fine and white." India at this time was the center of cotton cultivation and manufacture. India cotton goods were sent to many parts of the world, and our word "calico" was originally given to this material because it came from the Indian port of Calicut. Pliny, a Roman writer of excellent authority, states that the ancient Babylonians and Armenians wore robes of cotton next to their skin, and Livy, a little later, records that cotton awnings were introduced into Rome in 63 B. C.

It is reliably stated that the textile value and uses of cotton were known to the Hebrews and Phoenicians, and probably through the latter, to the Greeks and Romans. We find that little has been said about cotton following this period until the ninth century when it was introduced into Western Europe by the Arabs.

Later explorers found cotton in many other regions of the world. In 1492 Columbus noted that it grew abundantly in the West Indies and on the neighboring coasts of America; he also noted that the natives had considerable skill in making it up into cloth. At a comparatively early date cotton was well known in Mexico, Peru and Brazil, and served as the chief article of clothing in Mexico.

AREAS PRODUCING COTTON.

Cotton is a warm climate crop. A glance at a map of the cotton-growing regions of the world shows us that it is grown in almost every part of the earth between about 40 degrees N. and 30 degrees S. of the equator. In America the principal regions are the southern part of the United States, Central America, the West Indies, Brazil, Mexico and Peru. In Europe small cotton areas are found scattered around the Mediterranean, in Spain, Italy, Turkey and Greece. India, China, Japan, Persia and Asia Minor are in their order the chief cotton-producing countries of Asia. A very small portion is grown in Australia, chiefly in Queensland, South Australia and New Wales. Africa is an important contributor to the world's cotton supply, owing to the great amount grown in Egypt; some cotton is also produced in Nigeria.

Although cotton is grown in so many places in the world, we may say that our commercial supply is obtained mostly from three countries—the United States, India and Egypt. The United States produces about six-tenths of the world's supply, India about two-tenths, Egypt about one-tenth, and all the rest of the world the remaining tenth. Since the United States is the leading producing country of the world, we should not neglect to study a little more closely its important producing areas. The early settlers of Georgia and Carolina at first grew cotton in their gardens for ornament, and it was not until after the Revolutionary War that considerable attention was given to its cultivation for practical purposes. The constantly increasing demand for cotton has made its production in the United States the most important in the world. The climatic conditions of southern United States is well adapted to cotton culture as well as to the intensive manufacture of cotton goods. The leading producing states are Texas, Georgia, Alabama, South Carolina, Mississippi, Oklahoma, North Carolina, Arkansas, Louisiana and Tennessee. The first seven States mentioned are the leading producers.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLANT.

The usual height of the cotton plant is from three to six feet, not including the cotton tree which grows to a much greater height. The cotton plant is closely related to the ordinary wild mallows and to the hollyhocks of our gardens. Most of the species are shrubs or small trees; in the warm countries, they are

perennial. The cotton plant belongs to the genus *Gossypium*, and the number of species from a botanical point of view is stated to be from five to eighty-seven, according to different botanists.

The plant when young has a green appearance; as it matures it darkens, until in late season, under the hot sun, it turns to many shades of green and brown. The flowers are yellow, white or red, and each flower forms a capsule or "boll." The color of the boll is green; when fully ripe, it splits into three pieces, and displays that beautiful white cottony mass consisting of a number of seeds, each having firmly attached to it a dense covering of fine hairs, which are the raw cotton of commerce.

PLANTING AND CULTIVATION.

The cotton seed is planted and the young plants thinned; in the United States this thinning is mostly called "chopping cotton." The seeds are planted a little closer together than desired when full grown; this is done in order to have enough plants per acre in case some seeds do not germinate. The ground should be carefully prepared before the seed is planted. The distance between plants will depend much on local conditions. As these small plants grow, they are cultivated and kept free from grass and weeds. The object of keeping a cotton field free from weeds is that it will enable the pickers to gather the cotton in less time and also to keep it clean. In a well-kept field, pickers will gather more cotton, keep it cleaner, and gather it for less cost per hundred pounds than in one that is neglected.

In the course of about six months after the seed has been planted, the cotton plant will flower, and the pods or bolls will follow in due course. When ripe, the bolls burst, displaying their white cottony contents.

The picking is done both by hand and machine. Most of the cotton, as yet, is picked by hand, as considerable difficulty is experienced with the picking machine, since all the cotton on the plant does not ripen at the same time.

In the cultivation of this plant a watchful eye must be kept on its natural enemies. Some authorities maintain that the greatest enemies of the cotton plant are the ignorant landowners and ignorant laborers. As ignorance of the soil and the plant, lack of confidence in one's own power to make the soil obey the will of man, are the causes of famine, pestilence, and untold miseries, so also the same causes work havoc with the cotton plant.

Numerous insects in one way or another feed on the cotton plant. The caterpillar attacks the cotton in the spring soon after the young plants come up, and cuts the plant off near the surface of the ground. Other insects attack the stalk, leaf and boll. The insects that feed on the leaves and the boll are the most dangerous. The most pernicious of all these insects is the boll weevil; it feeds on the cotton boll, and there seems to be no known method of completely destroying it.

VARIETIES OF COTTON.

There are many varieties of cotton. In every cotton-producing country there are slight variations from the prevailing types. Soil, climate, fertilizer, heat, moisture, and the care of the plants, all affect the growth and products. Possibly the most important means employed by the cotton planter for changing or improving the variety is careful seed selection. Our discussion as to the varieties will be limited to the four which dominate in production.

Sea Island.

On account of the length and fineness of its fibres, Sea Island cotton is the most important and is recognized as being the best cotton that is grown in any part of the world. It is quality rather than quantity that gives this variety its economic importance. Its fibres are long, fine, strong and silky, with regular convolutions of diameter. It ranges in length from one and three-eighths to two and one-fourth inches. It is grown mostly on the islands of Edisto, St. Helena, Port Royal, James and John off the coast of South Carolina, and St. Simon and Cumberland Islands off the coast of Georgia. Sea-Island cotton is largely used for thread and lace-making purposes.

American, Or Upland.

This cotton is the best known in the world, and is produced chiefly in the southern part of the United States. It represents the shortest staple and cheapest cotton produced. The staple is from three-fourths to one inch in length; it is rather regular in convolutions of diameter; it is usually very clean, and the fibres adhere closely to the seed.

Egyptian.

The name itself designates where the cotton is produced. Egyptian cotton is of the Sea-Island variety, though not so fine

in quality as that produced in America. Much of the Egyptian cotton is manufactured in the United States. We have made some attempts to grow this variety, as it is well adapted to mercerizing and other processes that give a high finish. It has exceptional clearness and lustre, and some of it may be used without dyeing. It also has exceptional quality for thread making.

Peruvian.

This peculiar variety has a rough, strong fibre. It grows all the year around. The inhabitants of Peru have been cultivating it for its fibre since prehistoric times. The fibre is similar to that of wool, and its chief use is for mixing with or substituting for wool. It has a reddish color, and rather long staple.

The above named varieties are the most important ones. However, there are other varieties that might be mentioned, such as Tree Cotton, Kidney Cotton, and some other less important varieties which are produced in some parts of the United States as well as in other cotton producing sections of the world.

DEFECTS IN COTTON.

It is extremely important in proceeding with the manufacture of cotton cloth that a thorough knowledge should be gained of the defects found in cotton. The following are some of the principal defects: variation in length of staple; weak fibres; variation in diameter of fibres; rough, harsh staple; bad color; insufficient lustre, and impurities in the form of sand, leaf, shell, seeds, dead and unripe fibres.

If the individual fibres vary considerably in length, the price paid will be less than for uniform grades. The value of cotton for yarn will depend much upon the individual strength of the fibres, some having a breaking strain of forty-six grains while other grades will bear two hundred and twelve grains before breaking. This feature of the cotton industry is receiving considerable attention both from the governments and individual producers.

MARKETING OF RAW COTTON.

Preparing raw cotton for the market is now considered one of the important phases of the industry. As one travels through the cotton-producing sections at the season of the year when the cotton plant begins to display its beautiful white cottony mass, one realizes that the important work of the year has arrived for the plantation owners.

The picking of the cotton, we might say, is the first step in placing this raw material on the road of marketing. It is then that much care must be taken in keeping it free from sand, dirt, leaf and dead, and unripe fibres. After the cleansing process, it is taken to a nearby gin where the seed is separated from the lint by means of the Saw Gin, Roller Gin and Knife-Roller Gin. The Saw Gin is the one mostly used in the United States; the Roller Gin is used extensively in Egypt.

After ginning, the cotton is baled. This is done by enclosing it in a press with an outside wrapper of course burlap, in which it is reduced into a comparatively small compass and held with iron ties. After this operation the bales are still too large for economical shipment either by railroad or steamship. With a powerful steam compress, the bales are reduced to smaller dimensions.

The cotton buyer or cotton broker mostly buys the cotton from the producer after it is ginned and baled and before it goes to the compress. These buyers are very skilful in the selection and the testing of samples before they buy. In judging cotton from a sample, they are influenced much on the following considerations: the grade of the sample, the staple, the color, the amount of sand, the dampness, the even running.

After the cotton has been purchased by the buyer or broker and has passed through the compress, it is shipped to large storehouses or directly to cotton manufacturing mills.

E. E. SPANNABEL,

School of Commerce.



The Morgan Murder Case.

EX-LIEUTENANT JAMES PATRICK McGRAW, formerly of the United States Air Force, was grumpy. Any ordinary observer could see that, and James Patrick admitted it, himself. Jimmie, as he was called by all his friends, had just been discharged from the army, and had immediately resumed his position as detective-sergeant of the local police bureau. His father had been a harness-bull before him, so it was only natural when, at his father's death, the nineteen year old Jimmie, with but a common school education and a keen desire for adventure,

should join the police force and be assigned to that highly efficient squad of men, the Chinatown squadron.

In Chinatown, with its narrow streets, its almond-eyed population, its smuggling firms, opium joints and human derelicts, the name of Jimmie McGraw was spoken with fear by the lawless members of the community; it was amid these surroundings that he had established a reputation for courage and fidelity, factors that had helped him win his promotion to the important post of detective-sergeant. But, to return to our story.

The bright sun of a beautiful July morning crept through the open window of Jimmie's office. Jimmie sat before his flat-top desk, listening to the din on the busy street below, the roar of the elevated trains, pierced now and then by the shrill whistle of the traffic policeman, had distracted him as he had been re-examining the papers of the famous Archer case. Since his return from France, there had been but little action in his department, and our distracted detective was restless and desirous of excitement. As if in answer to his wish, the telephone at his elbow jingled impatiently. It was a frightened voice he heard as he lifted up the receiver. "Detective headquarters?" it enquired. "Yes," he replied. "I am James Daniels, valet for Mr. Morgan of Madison Avenue. Upon going to Mr. Morgan's room a few minutes ago, I found him dead at his desk. For God's sake, sir, come at once." "Leave everything in the room untouched," was the rejoinder.

Here was a chance for action, thought Jimmie, as he slammed down the receiver. Grabbing his hat, he rushed to the elevator and in a few minutes was in his roadster on the way to the Morgan Mansion.

Everyone in the city had heard of Conrad Morgan, reputed to be its wealthiest bachelor. He had made his appearance about three years before, and had been introduced into the best society. No one knew how he had made his money; he had no regular business, but seemed to be amply provided. He maintained a costly house, belonged to the best clubs, owned several imported cars, and in general was a gentleman of leisure. All these thoughts raced through the mind of McGraw as he piloted his car up the avenue. One thing that puzzled him was the fact that he had never heard how Morgan had made his fortune.

In a short time he arrived at the house. It was a large brown stone affair standing in a small park back from the avenue. He remembered hearing that Morgan had a small army

of gardeners caring for his flower gardens and hothouses. The place had every indication of being the home of a man of wealth and standing.

In reply to his ring, a frightened maid opened the door, and, after she had been informed that he was the man from headquarters, she conducted him to the second floor where, before one of the doors, a terrified group of servants was conversing in low tones. From this group there stepped a small, shifty-eyed individual, who, in reply to Jimmie's question, said that he was the valet. He then asked to be shown to the room where the body was found. Upon entering, he took in its contents in a glance. In a chair before a large flat-topped desk, slumped the body of Conrad Morgan. The room contained a davenport, a few easy chairs, and a book case, near a large old-fashioned fire-place.

Jimmie had never before seen Conrad Morgan. He was impressed by the appearance of the deceased, for he seemed to have been born to control men. The pupils of his eyes were bulging out, the features were distorted, and had assumed a peculiar mottled color; large pouches of skin hung down from either jaw, and the features still retained a look of craftiness and cunning.

Upon closer examination of the body, the detective discovered a thin bluish line around the neck; this, coupled with the discoloration of the face, convinced him that death had been caused by strangulation, but there were no other marks on the neck. What kind of instrument had been used?

He began a systematic search of the room for evidence of the means of murder, but his search was vain. He then rapidly scanned the papers that littered the desk and pigeon holes. He found several things to set him thinking, principally receipts and bills made out in Morgan's name for consignments of tea and rice. Why did Morgan import these products? Why was it he had never divulged to his friends his means of livelihood? Jimmie asked himself these questions as he stuffed the papers into his jacket and confessed to himself that he could find no answer. He telephoned Chief Hodgkins, and told him the facts of the case. He also asked Hodgkins for some of his men to assist him. Hodgkins readily assented, and also promised to notify the medical examiner and the coroner. The evidence of the servants was of little value with the exception of Daniels's who answered his questions readily but appeared to be keeping something back. He found that Morgan usually retired to his study at 10 o'clock

or later, and that on the night of the murder had retired at the usual hour. Daniels did not know of any enemies of Mr. Morgan; however, Jimmie had noted that Daniels had halted before answering this question.

The valet admitted that the door had to be forced open, and several of the servants had helped to open it. Besides the lock on the door, it had several formidable bolts, the sockets of which had been broken when the servants had forced an entrance. He also learned that all the servants were out the previous evening, that they had not returned till about midnight, and that the lights in Morgan's room were still burning. Realizing that he could not learn any more from the servants, he dismissed them and sat down to await the coming of his men and the medical examiner. As he sat there he reviewed the case. It appeared to be the work of some one well acquainted with the household. The questions in his mind were: How had the criminal made good his escape, for all the doors and windows were bolted, and the walls seemed to have no secret passage? What kind of instrument had been used to choke the victim? And what about the papers he had found in Morgan's desk? They were dated the 16th, and this was the 17th. Morgan must have been going over them, for he could not find any more receipts or bills in the desk. According to the bill of lading, the goods had been shipped from Peking, China, to the Man Sing Company. This concern had a rather shady reputation, but the police had never been able to "get the drop on them." It was rumored that a prominent white man was head of the firm, but the police had not given credence to this report.

Jimmie's thoughts were interrupted by the arrival of the medical examiner, who proceeded to his business at once. The doctor stated the man was dead for probably eight hours, and that death had been caused by choking. After making out his report, to which Jimmie affixed his signature, the doctor departed. Jimmie then turned to his men and proceeded to give them their instructions. He dispatched one of them to watch the business establishment of Man Sing, and to gather all the news he could in Chinatown concerning it. The next man he detailed to go down to the custom house, to find out who examined the cargo assigned to Man Sing, on what ships the cargoes usually arrived, what were the names of the captains, and to learn as much as he could from the crew. He appointed another man to watch the valet, and to trail him if he left the house. He instructed them to report to him at eight o'clock that evening.

After their departure, he examined the house from top to bottom, but his search was fruitless. The afternoon was now far advanced, so he decided to get his dinner. On his return, whilst waiting for the men to report, he perused the evening papers. They were full of details of the murder. One called it the most mysterious ever submitted to the police bureau. He was interrupted by the ringing of his doorbell. On going to the door, he was surprised to find no one there, but as he was about to close it, he noticed a slip of paper lying on the floor of the hall. Picking it up, he glanced over its contents, "Watch the garage back of Morgan's house." It bore no signature and was scrawled upon an ordinary cheap sheet of paper. His men arrived a few minutes later. The man who had been watching Man Sing's reported that wagons had been busy hauling sacks filled with tea, rice and other commodities all day; also that there were rumors in Chinatown to the effect that Man Sing was going out of business. Another perplexing bit of news was added to Jimmie's collection, for Man Sing was quite young, and, while not exactly wealthy, his firm was doing a large business and would soon be one of the largest in Chinatown. The second man learned that the ship *Orient*, which usually docked at pier No. 8, was captained by a man named Methle; also that Velbaugh, one of the oldest custom-house men in point of service, usually examined her cargoes. He had been unable to cultivate the acquaintance of any of the crew, who were a sullen lot and kept close to the ship. The man detailed to watch the valet had nothing to report. Jimmie then showed them the note he had received, and told them to meet him near the Morgan house at 11:30.

It was exactly 11:30 when Jimmie reached the appointed place. His men were already there, and all set out for the house. It was but a few minutes' walk. On reaching it, he placed his men around the garage, cautioning them not to move until he gave the signal. He then stationed himself behind a barrel directly in from the door, and settled down to await developments. The time moved slowly. Somewhere in the distance a clock tolled off twelve strokes, and later the half hour. His patience was rewarded: he heard a slight sound from the gate. Suddenly a black shadow loomed up near the door in front of him. He then heard a slight click as if a key were being turned in a lock; the door slowly opened and the man disappeared. Jimmie hesitated a moment, and then crept to the door which was standing slightly ajar. Peering in, he was able to see the figure of a man

who was flashing a light towards a pile of automobile accessories in the corner of the garage. The man brushed these aside, and to Jimmie's surprise opened up a trap door and disappeared through it. He waited a few minutes to give the man a chance to get started, and emitted a low whistle. The three men came to him out of the shadows. He directed two of them to guard the trap door, choosing the other to accompany him, for he feared the passage might lead to a rendezvous. By the aid of his flashlight, he was able to discern a ladder. Whispering to the man to follow, he descended and found himself in a narrow tunnel. He saw the faint glow from torch ahead. Keeping this in view, he silently followed. Without warning the light disappeared. He surmised that the tunnel curved. He was right, for in a few minutes they came to a sharp bend, but the man ahead had disappeared. Proceeding slowly, they came to a large steel door.

Grasping the door, Jimmie slowly opened it a few inches and peered into the room. The man was on his knees before a large safe which stood in one corner of the well-illuminated room, evidently not fearing interruption. All around the room were shelves piled high with small tin boxes. Jimmie jumped in, leveled his revolver, and commanded the man to throw up his hands. Jumping back from the safe the man threw up his hands, and the glow of the lights revealed Daniels, Morgan's valet, but it was a far different man from the Daniels that McGraw had questioned that morning. His lips were drawn back in an ugly snarl, his eyes blazed with terrible light, showing his true character. After recovering from his surprise, Jimmie motioned the man accompanying him to handcuff Daniels. He then proceeded to examine the room. Taking one of the boxes which was unlabeled, he opened it, and to his astonishment found that it was filled with opium. Lying near the safe he found an electric drill, and several other cracksmen's tools. Thinking he had seen enough, he led the prisoner back to the garage, and sent one of his men to call for the patrol, which arrived in a few minutes.

When they reached the office, he telephoned the chief giving him the facts of the arrest. The latter replied that he would be down as soon as possible. By this time, Daniels's nerves seemed pretty badly shaken. When the chief arrived a few minutes later, he immediately proceeded to question Daniels. At first the suspect was reticent, but broke down after a severe grueling and told the following story :

Morgan was connected with the Chinese firm of Man Sing; in fact he owned the place, using it as a blind, for he was a dope smuggler, bringing the drugs from China and other foreign countries. He formerly lived in San Francisco under the name of Fever, but the 'Frisco police were beginning to get on his trail and he had moved to New York. Daniels was his agent and dealt directly with the people who never knew that Morgan controlled the dope gang. Many of the most prominent people of the city were addicted to drugs. Morgan used this knowledge to good advantage; he blackmailed them, and thus reaped a harvest. He stored the dope in his cellar because the police had of late been keeping a vigilant watch on Man Sing's, and Morgan feared that the minions of the law would find it on the premises. When the dope arrived, concealed in bags of rice, tea or other merchandise, which had been passed by Velbaugh, a paid agent of Morgan, it had been sent by truck in large wooden boxes to some side street and there put into one of Morgan's private cars and taken to the garage.

Daniels had worked for Morgan in San Francisco, and the latter had always been liberal in sharing the profits. But lately Daniels had discovered that Morgan was not playing fair; he had gone to him and complained. Morgan had then threatened to turn Daniels over to the police, and the latter replied that if Morgan could prove anything against him he might go ahead. On the night of the murder Daniels had stolen out to the garage through the tunnel to the concealed cellar where a secret passage led to Morgan's room. Sneaking up behind him, he had thrown the cat gut string around Morgan's neck as he slept at the desk and strangled him. (The string was found in Daniels's pocket afterwards).

He intended to rob the safe, which contained a large amount of currency, and after the excitement about the murder had subsided, to sell the dope. Daniels also gave a list containing the names of all the dope smugglers.

The solution of the Morgan murder mystery, said the *Daily Star*, reflects great credit upon the police department and particularly upon Detective-Sergeant McGraw.

It was never known who sent the note to Jimmie, but it was probably some member of the gang who wished to revenge himself on Daniels. In the safe were found the list of victims Morgan blackmailed; he burned this list without even looking at their names, thus giving them a chance to start life anew.

FRANCIS X. FOLEY, H. S., '22.



SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

A Happy Plan.

RECENTLY Dr. W. H. Walker, one of our distinguished citizens and best known experts in the commercial world, and incidentally the dean of our School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce, presented a plan to the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce, in which he developed a unique system by which the Chamber could supply the great demand for homes in our district.

There is a lack of homes in all our larger cities; especially is this true in our progressive Pittsburgh.

This inadequacy of homes is causing many unnecessary hardships, both on the part of the house-seeker and the renter alike; the former generally must crowd his family into already congested homes, and this is a sin against the first principle of hygiene; the latter must pay an unprecedented rate of rent owing to the scarcity of homes.

It is practically impossible for the average father to build a residence. The exorbitant price of material and labor, coupled with the high cost of the necessities of life, makes it impossible for the middle class to erect homes.

The five thousand houses proposed in Dean Walker's plan will be gradually erected at a minimum cost due to the purchasing of the necessary materials in large quantities. Moreover, the homes will be sold to the citizens who will be enabled to pay off the mortgage on very easy terms.

The plan is a unique one, and the Chamber of Commerce of Pittsburgh is the one body of alert business men that can carry the plan into effect. Surely such a distinguished body of men will give it the consideration which it deserves, and thus render

substantial service to their needy fellow citizens and their progressive city.

C. J. KRONZ, '20.



Canine Pals.

GOD created us as sociable beings. As such, we are constantly seeking comradeship; we are averse to being alone, and rejoice when we are surrounded by friends and acquaintances.

It is a difficult matter to meet a person whose ideas and fancies are similar to our own, and with whom we may peacefully chum to our mutual enjoyment and benefit. This class of chums who are so closely linked together are commonly called Pals.

You may have had some pals deserving of the name, but the best pal that you will have is your Prince, Rex or Fido, no matter whether he is a dog of pure or crossed strain. The boy on the farm is a lonely creature without his pal, the dog. Early as the farmer boy may rise in the morning, his canine pal is there waiting for him with tail and bark more eloquent than human speech. And the dog helps with the chores, takes part in the sports, and typifies the ideal fellowship of a Damon and a Pythias.

In towns dogs have a hard time as a rule. For those of them that try to lead a thorough dog's life, there are none of the joys that a dog should have to be "a regular fellow". But even in towns, no matter how the dog may degenerate physically, his fidelity stands every test. His master is his lord, and the children his playmates.

Even the pampered town dogs—those strange little breeds whose pecuniary value is high, but whose lives are denaturalized, live in an atmosphere of sickening perfumes and silken solicitudes: they are not real dogs at all. Yet even such dogs are faithful and serve as pals to their exacting owners, despite the absence of those traits that distinguish dogs in their congenial state.

But there are those trusty canine pals who deserve our admiration—those war dogs that followed "Our Boys" through shot and shell, over streams and hills; those four-legged messengers of mercy who especially merited for their kind the title of pal.

C. J. KRONZ, '20.

Hang Together.

FOR the first time in its history, the School on the Bluff has an enrollment of over five hundred, and nearly thirteen hundred down town. The school spirit is approaching what it should be. This year the students are holding together and standing solidly behind the teams. There is more "pep" in the rooting. There is more "dyed-in-the-wool" enthusiasm. The attendance at the games is five hundred per cent. greater. The players know the school is with it to a man, and play all the harder. The result—games are won, the school gets more publicity, and everybody is happy. But, now that we have started in the right direction, let us keep going. Do not withdraw your support if a game or two is lost. We cannot expect to win all the time. Just simply keep on plugging and cheering, and the next time we shall have a victory, and the defeat will be but a memory.

We cannot afford to forget the 'Varsity football for next season. That team cannot get along without games, and to secure games we must have a reputation. We can merit that reputation by making a success of basketball and baseball. Every bit of cheering helps along. So let us keep together, Dukes, and see if we cannot awaken the echoes. Noise is cheap.

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, High School, '21.



The Crocodile.

How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every shining scale!

How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws!—ANON.

CHRONICLE

College and High School.

The Athletic Association held its annual euchre and reception on January 28th in the William Penn Hotel. The students took up the work with a will and sold enough Annual Euchre tickets to ensure an unprecedented success. and Reception

The Executive Committee, consisting of Mr. W. Turley, general chairman; Messrs. J. A. O'Donnell and P. A. Diranna drew up a very attractive programme which provided for the entertainment of all present. The dansant was admirably arranged and over two hundred and ninety handsome and costly prizes, presented by the students and their friends, contributed unwonted zest to the lovers of euchre.

Several Committees were formed to take care of the various activities. Mr. J. A. O'Donnell arranged the dance programme and was assisted by Mr. C. A. Ward. Mr. J. J. McCloskey was charged with procuring the prizes. The Euchre Committee was headed by Mr. P. A. Diranna, assisted by Messrs. J. F. Murphy, M. Cusick, H. Heilman, O. Keefer, R. Reilly, E. Kearney, J. Imhof, P. Ubinger, E. Wassel, J. B. Walsh, Chas. Dilmore, S. Guiski, E. Caye, T. Gillen, T. O'Brien, T. Dempsey, S. Dembinski, V. Barnett, L. J. McIntyre, L. S. Watterson and R. Wilhelm.

The Reception Committee was ably managed by Mr. M. N. Glynn, chairman; Messrs. J. A. O'Donnell, J. J. McCloskey, C. J. Kronz, P. A. Diranna, J. F. Murphy, F. J. Ligday, V. J. Rieland, R. E. Wehrheim, C. A. Ward, G. A. Schroth, H. J. Sieber, J. C. Davies, W. J. Doyle, W. S. Corahan, J. B. Lynch, W. G. Anton, R. Hepp, E. Donaghue, P. A. McCrory, S. F. Zurbuch, J. J. Laffey, P. J. Ubinger, T. J. Mahoney, C. M. Strobel, R. H. Ackerman, D. Schmadel, H. Teese, J. P. Groetsch, S. N. Wagner, J. Leonard, A. D. Devlin, C. J. Silverblat, F. C. Bradley, J. J. Mulvihill, J. F. Snyder, E. Troll, G. Tragesser, A. Swan and S. M. Starzinski.

The Finance Committee consisted of Mr. M. J. Carl, chairman; Messrs. F. J. Burkley, E. X. Foster, J. L. Egan and P. J. Condy. All these men well acquainted with social functions handled the affair in an excellent manner.

The marked success of the euchre and reception were due in great measure to the experienced and energetic members of the committee. Special praise must be meted out to W. J. Turley, J. A. O'Donnell, C. A. Ward, P. A. Diranna, J. F. Murphy, J. J. McCloskey and M. J. Carl. While we are awarding laurel wreaths to the gentlemen that spared no pains in attending to all the details, big and small, of this great annual social event, we must not forget that Father McGuigan counted for much with his happy inspirations and abundant energy.

The musical programme was carefully arranged and admirably rendered. Professor Weis received well-deserved compliments from his host of friends, and we cordially endorse all the good things that were said to him and about him. Never, in our memory, was his orchestra so strong and so talented.

To those whose mature years and stiffening joints preclude them from the joy of "tripping it on the light, fantastic toe," the euchre proves a fascinating attraction. A wealth of prizes stimulated interest around the many tables in the euchre room and on the balcony of the ball room, and embarrassed the winners with the pleasing perplexity of making a choice; three hundred were artistically arranged for exhibition, those for ladies on the left, for gentlemen on the right, and miscellaneous in the middle. We compliment the following students on the number of prizes they secured from their friends: Vincent Barnett, William Good, Thomas Quigley, Joseph McDonald, John Gilday, Cleophant Le Roy, George Haney, John Lennox, A. and C. Heim and Edwin Bridge. Members of the Commercial Classes, First High A and Second High B, signalized themselves in handing in prizes.

Without the sale of tickets, the Reception would have been a ghastly failure instead of the glittering success it proved to be. The attendance numbered 1139 paid admissions. M. Noon Glynn had the distinction of disposing of sixty dollars' worth; Ivor Davies, Edward Gall, Ralph Leonard, George Haney and Leo McCarthy were also very successful in disposing of the cardboards.

The kind friends who donated prizes are entitled to our most sincere thanks. We seize this occasion to convey to them our heartfelt thanks. Their co-operation is duly appreciated by the Faculty, the Athletic Association and the student body at large. We herewith publish the list of

DONORS AND PRIZES

Mrs. S. Kersting.....Rosary
L. Greeg.....Double Cooker
Reizenstein.....Calendar
Reizenstein.....Scarf
Victor Carlson.....Half Dozen Silver Spoons
Mrs. Myering.....Center-Piece
Crescent Jewelry Co.....Statue
Spalding Co.....Baseball
S. Gallinger, Jr.....Rosary
Caesar Wilinski.....Razor
John Joyce.....Cake Dish
Gilmore Ford.....Stationery
Priscilla Guthrie.....Book
Harry Friedberg.....Necktie
Mr. Bolger.....Cigars

Phil Wuinstil.....Cigars
Mr. Watson.....Pencil Sharpner
Schenck China Co.....China Set
Mrs. V. Proctor.....Perfume
Mrs. L. Obermeier.....Flower Vase
Jerome L. Tragesser.....Perfume
Mrs. Mohr.....Pipe
Mr. Gasiczaka.....Cigars
Steiner & Voegtly Co.....Razor
Mrs. Galizzest.....Cushion
Reymer Bros.....Pipe
Hans Wagner.....Thermos Bottle
Frank & Seder.....Knife
Grafner Bros.....Tie Pin
Mrs. Krepley.....Cuffbuttons, Tie Pin

Chas. Terheyden.....½ Doz. Soup Spoons
 Mrs. Domachowski.....5 lb. Pkg. of Sugar
 Michael Stroud.....Electric Iron
 R. L. Connolly.....Vase
 Fred Doelbor.....Tobacco
 Mrs. Boggs.....Dish
 Mrs. Francis Amrheim.....Dish
 Mrs. Wm. Pepperney.....Candle Holder
 M. Gaus.....Scarf
 George Noden.....Scarf
 Mrs. John Kreuz.....Necktie
 J. G. Sparks.....Automatic Eyeglass Holder
 C. H. Gardner.....Pipe (Italian Brier)
 Mr. McConnell.....Earrings
 F. E. Hallstein.....Chocolates
 Dr. McGinnis.....Doll
 Mrs. E. Joyce.....Center-Piece
 Joseph Strausberg.....Handkerchiefs
 Hardy & Hayes.....Cuff Links
 Duquesne Cigar Co.....Box of Cigars
 Duquesne Cigar Co.....Box of Cigars
 Geo. H. Meyer.....Cigars
 Mrs. T. Murphy.....Turkish Towel
 Mrs. Geo. M. Absalom.....Stationery
 Mrs. Quigley.....Fruit Fork
 May Stern Co.....Picture
 Mr. Patterson.....Gem Safety Razor
 Gillespie Bros.....Candlestick and Candle
 Campbell.....Money Order (\$2.00)
 Mr. and Mrs. McArdle.....Tile
 Rosswoog Bros.....Box of Cigars
 John O'Hare.....Cut Glass Vase
 Mrs. John Koerber.....Tea Pot
 Mr. McCann (Swissvale).....Tie
 McCann & Co. (Market Street).....Coffee
 Mr. Egerman.....Coffee
 Miss M. J. McQuade.....Towels
 Miss Kennedy.....Ash Tray
 Mrs. H. O'Hare.....Framed Picture
 Miss E. Schaffer.....Winter Cap
 Mansmann Bros.....Hosiery
 F. J. Lunardini.....Tie, Scarf, Garters
 Mr. Shanahan.....Nut-Pickers
 Mrs. J. M. Murray.....Silver Spoon
 Mrs. M. J. Prendergast.....Scarf
 A Friend.....Ash Tray
 L. S. Schmidt.....Flower Dish
 Arthur Redding.....Tie
 P. J. Fahey.....Ornamental Flower Vase
 Mr. T. A. Curran.....Orna. Flower Vase
 Mr. T. A. Curran.....Smoker's Set
 Mr. T. A. Curran.....Nut-Cracker and Dish
 Mr. T. A. Curran.....China Plate
 Mr. T. A. Curran.....Tobacco Holder
 Mr. T. A. Curran.....Bronze Bust
 Pittsburgh Observer.....Year's Subscription
 Pittsburgh Observer.....Year's Subscription
 Mr. J. J. Freund.....Kum-Apart Buttons
 Mrs. Steak.....2 Jars of Marmalade Jelly
 Mrs. Haney.....12 Cans of Sugar Corn
 Mrs. Keefe.....Silk Stockings
 Mrs. Simonds.....Picture
 Mrs. Pills.....Breakfast Set

Mrs. J. O'Neil.....Knitting Basket
 F. A. Riley.....Plate
 J. E. Young.....Jam Jar
 Mr. A. Klein.....Madonna Statue
 W. L. Knorr Co.....½ Doz. Strawberry Spoons
 Ella I. Letzkus.....Picture
 Mr. Jos. Reimann.....Lady's Lace Collar
 Miss Mary Hall.....Almond Spoon
 A Friend.....Pipe
 Mrs. R. K. Miller.....Towel
 W. M. Kolb.....Pencil
 C. B. Krey.....Lilac Water
 Reymer's.....Cigars
 J. Hermes.....Cut Glass Vase
 J. Hermes.....Framed Picture
 F. Ubinger.....Necktie
 T. Dempsey.....Box of Candy
 Mr. McPhee.....Powder
 I. M. Davies.....Tie
 J. J. Boyle & Son.....Spoon, Knife, Fork
 Mrs. J. Harvey.....Tie
 S. Rubin.....Box of Chocolates
 McCullough Drug Co.....Cigars
 A Friend.....Cigars
 Reymer's.....Chocolates
 Mr. and Mrs. Hall.....Vanity Bowl
 Alex S. Mankin.....
 A Friend.....9 Bolts of Wall Paper
 A Friend.....Tie
 A Friend.....Chocolates
 E. C. Ludwig.....Potted Plants
 Mrs. T. Sullivan.....Center-Piece
 Mrs. Francis.....Flower Vase
 Mrs. V. C. Guiski.....Handkerchiefs
 A Friend.....Chocolates
 Albert A. Blank.....Dish
 A Friend.....Dish
 S. T. Guiski.....Handkerchiefs
 A Friend.....Toilet Water
 A Friend.....Cuff Buttons
 Philip Denmark.....House Shoes
 A Friend.....Chocolates
 Mr. Kazarra.....6 lbs. of Coffee
 Johnston Co.....Box of Candy
 Chas. Greco.....Tie
 F. R. Boyle.....Tie
 Miss Teresa Schramm.....Cushion Cover
 Mrs. J. Mock.....Toque
 Mrs. Albert Sieben.....Letter Knife
 Mr. F. V. Ganter.....10 lb. Ham
 Mrs. Mary Reardon....."Desert Gold"
 Wunderly Bros.....Framed Picture
 Mrs. F. S. Gleason.....Food Warmer
 Edwin F. Sweeney.....Jelly Jar
 J. G. Bennett.....Silver Mounted Cane
 Thomas Kaveny.....Box of Candy
 Gloekler Bros.....Food Chopper
 Hope Hand.....Electric Lamp
 R. C. Jones.....Cuff Links
 J. A. Loew's Sons.....Penknife
 Mrs. Mendels.....Necklace
 R. V. Klaban.....Card Case
 Mr. Thompson.....Picture

Mrs. R. Reilly.....Jardiniere
 Mrs. Anna Buisker.....Cushion
 Mrs. J. A. Bleichner.....Necktie
 Eugene Petrie.....Souvenir Chocolates
 Mrs. K. Merser.....Handkerchief
 Mrs. F. Margaret.....Boudoir Cap
 Mrs. V. Leonard.....Turkish Towels
 Mrs. Mary Noroski.....Cake
 Meyer-Jonasson Co.....Corset-Cover
 A Friend.....10 lbs. of Sugar
 Mrs. J. F. Glynn.....Bath Mat
 Mr. Chas. McCrory.....Card Table
 Knight Hardware Co.....Razor
 Mr. J. A. Schneider.....Shoes
 Mrs. Swan.....Silver Lace
 Mrs. J. A. Schneider.....Shoes
 W. P. Shaughnessy.....Chocolates
 Chas. J. Glock.....Fruit Cake
 Chas. J. Glock.....Box of Candy
 A. Wehrheim.....Fern
 Rev. B. McGuigan.....Crucifix
 J. F. Glynn.....Cash Prize
 C. J. Kronz.....Cash Prize
 Daniel Maginn.....Cash Prize
 J. Rodgers.....Cash Prize
 A. L. Reiman & Son.....Cash Prize
 Mrs. C. Satters.....Cash Prize
 Mrs. B. Appel.....Cash Prize
 Mr. M. Flanigan.....Cash Prize
 S. Anuskiewicz.....Cuff Links and Scarf
 W. J. Loeffler.....Meat-Fork
 W. J. Loeffler.....Apron
 W. J. Loeffler.....Vanity Bag
 W. J. Loeffler.....Turkish Towel
 John D. McConegley.....Fountain Pen
 Alexander (Optician).....Manicure Set
 Federal Confectionery.....Box of Chocolates
 Mrs. Bezila.....Washcloth and Towel
 Mrs. Timney.....Salt and Pepper Set
 Mrs. Frankle.....Necktie
 Wuencel & Sprung.....Knife
 Mrs. Regan.....Handkerchiefs
 Mrs. McKeever.....Handkerchiefs
 Cletus Marshall.....Handkerchiefs
 Mrs. A. Nozline.....Chocolate Cherries
 Mrs. Mooney.....Congress Garters
 Chelebus Co.....Cloth
 Mr. Durzski.....Crucifix
 Mrs. Amrhein.....Center-Piece
 Mr. Siwicki.....Prince Albert Tobacco
 Mrs. J. Imhof.....Center-Piece
 Mrs. Mary Imhof.....Towel
 S. Krepley.....Suit Case
 Joseph Horne Co.....Vase
 Mr. Burke.....Handkerchiefs and Garters
 Grogan Co.....Silver Cold Meat Fork
 Jacob Lapidus.....Garters
 Heeren Bros.....Cuff Links
 Ignatius Starzynski.....Box of Cigars
 N. De Silvio.....Humidor
 Paul Sullivan.....Sealing Wax Set
 Mrs. A. Haberl.....Silver Spoon
 Lefkowitz Co.....1 lb. of Candy

Boch Stauffer Co.....2 Boxes of Cigar
 Mrs. P. Haney.....1 Box of Cigars
 Mrs. Holbersit.....Safety Razor
 Hein Co.....Box of Chocolates
 Mrs. Reel.....Thermos Bottle
 Mr. Jones.....(Book) "Long Live the King"
 Browning & King.....Man's Shirtwaist
 R. Kumer.....Box of Candy
 Huler's.....Box of Candy
 W. Boggs.....Necktie
 Pgh. Mould'g & Picture Frame Co.....Picture
 Mr. J. Young.....Linden Valley Sweets
 Jos. Gordon.....Necktie
 S. Jacobson Co.....Picture
 M. S. Manning.....Center-Piece
 I. Jackson.....Necktie
 E. Frankle.....Necktie
 G. M. Wilson.....Necktie
 Kaufman.....Order for Athletic Goods
 Fallert Studios.....Order for Picture
 Grafner Bros.....Cameo Brooch
 E. Pongannis.....Helmar Cigarettes
 Mr. Chas. Moyer.....Pipe and Tobacco
 Mr. Kingsbauche.....Manicure Set
 Berman's Antique Shop.....Manicure Set
 Mr. Abraham.....Cuff Links
 Mrs. A. Wunderly.....Picture
 Mr. Jerome.....Box of Candy
 Mrs. John Bezila.....Bon-Bon Dish
 Mrs. Lober.....Center-Piece
 Mr. Roman DeLynn.....Cuff Buttons
 Mrs. Meyerling.....Bath Towel
 Wall's Drug Store.....Perfume
 Mr. Snigo.....Wrigley Chewing Gum
 F. C. Farwick.....Box of Cigars
 H. J. Wiethorn.....Box of Candy
 G. Miller.....Flashlight
 Mrs. Hynes.....Towel
 Girard Bros.....Crib Blanket
 Mr. Jarusinsky.....Bedroom Slippers
 Mr. F. Layak.....Tooth-paste
 Mrs. J. E. Duggan.....Center-Piece
 C. Ling.....Apple Butter
 John Duggan.....Sugar and Cream Pitcher
 Rissurg.....Razor
 A Friend.....Vase
 A Friend.....Razor
 A Friend.....Writing Paper
 Mr. and Mrs. L. Pokropski.....5 lbs. of Sugar
 Mrs. V. Ricketts.....Dish
 Excelsior Clothing Co.....Cuff Buttons
 D. H. De Nardo & Co.....Pocket Book
 Mrs. Pawlowski.....Table Set
 F. X. Mansmann.....Tie
 Rosswood Pharmacy Co.....Pocket Book
 A Friend.....Dish
 A Friend.....Tie
 Mrs. Wilhelm.....Cut Glass
 Mrs. F. O'Brien.....Two Pairs of Socks
 Rosenbaum Co.....Flower Vase
 Mr. Paulson.....Gloves
 Mrs. Kirner.....Rosary
 Mr. Lochie.....Safety Razor

Mrs. Beggy.....Tobacco Jar
McCloy's.....Silver Pencil
Wm. George.....Cigars
Mrs. J. Burch.....Center-Piece
Harry Sutch.....Garters and Armholders
Mrs. Arch.....Necktie
A. Kelly.....Silver Spoon
E. Conti.....Cigars
F. Emig.....Necktie
E. Ende.....Thermos Bottle
C. Cohen.....4 Boxes of Handkerchiefs
C. Cohen.....Comb Set
Mrs. M. Haney.....Dish

Kiley's Shoe Store.....Slippers
Mrs. P. Regan.....Center-Piece
Mrs. Bamberger.....Towel
Miss J. Johnston.....Scarf
H. Patterson.....Bedroom Slippers
A. Doran.....Flower Vase
Mr. Kitcher.....Toilet Water
Mr. Schmidt.....1 lb. of Candy
Dr. Mulhern.....Glass Chain
Mrs. Kolb.....Turkish Towel
Miss A. Hellman.....Handkerchief
Miss M. Riley.....Framed Picture

The second term examinations were held during the week of January 12 to 16. They proved very satisfactory. Three hundred and four honor certificates were
Second Term awarded.

Exams. The following obtained first place in their respective classes: J. A. O'Donnell, R. E. Wehrheim, H. J. Heilman, E. J. Caye, G. B. Hudock, Z. Novicki, E. L. Baier, T. J. Burch, J. C. O'Donnell, J. G. Ritter, R. A. Shephard, F. J. Emig, J. B. Walsh, R. G. Sullivan, W. Jacko, A. A. Radasovich, F. R. Harrison, J. H. Styka, P. R. Bailey, F. Pawlowski, J. J. Curran and L. Mikalojewski. Eight of these twenty students who obtained first place were resident students. T. J. Quigley, of First High A, again scored the highest average in school.

Just previous to the return of the boys from the Christmas holidays, a notice was received from Washington, stating that Major Danielson, Commandant of the
R. O. T. C. R. O. T. C. at the University, should report for duty at the Adjutant-General's office in that city. A few days after his departure, Major Row, formerly of West Point and a classmate of Major Danielson arrived, and is now carrying on the work of the organization in the University.

We desire to express our sympathy to Father Malloy, whose brother Thomas died on January 6th at Canton, Ohio. Father Malloy conducted the obsequies which took
Sympathy place on January 10th. The students of the Fourth High had a solemn high Mass of Requiem sung for him in the College chapel.

The mother of F. Regis Boyle, of the Third Commercial, was called to her reward during the last month. The members of the Third Commercial sent a wreath of flowers to the house and attended the funeral which took place from St. Philip's Church,

Crafton. They also had a requiem high Mass sung in the College chapel.

We offer our sympathy to Daniel Boyle, a past student, whose mother died last month. *R. I. P.*

ROBERT G. REILLY, H. S., '20.

School of Economics.

The students of this department have been delving deep into their books in preparation for the mid-year examinations.

The "Economic" men were well represented at the "Big Dance" on the 28th. The participation in this social function is due principally to Editor Kronz's interesting and well-timed article, "Co-operation", in a recent issue.

The Gamma Phi Fraternity at a recent meeting elected the following officers: W. G. Anton, President; M. J. Carl, Vice-President; S. N. Wagner, Jr., Financial Secretary; J. B. Lynch, Recording Secretary; W. M. Shanahan, Treasurer, and J. J. Mulvihill, Marshal. These officers have completed arrangements for a Fraternity dance at the K. of C. Hall on February 13th.

Quite a number of students secured positions during the past month with certified accounting firms through the recommendation of our department. In fact, Vice-Dean H. L. Darner receives applications daily from well-known concerns.

The students are delighted with the extensive alterations in the library. The result is that the School of Economics has one of the most complete business libraries of the country.

MARTIN J. CARL, '21.

Law School.

Finishing the first semester with the largest enrollment since its beginning nine years ago, our Law School seems to be a mecca for all those whose ambitions are towards the attainment of places of prominence at the Bar in Pennsylvania. For, since the mid-year examination, five new members have wended their way to the halls of our Law School, there to take up the intricate problems which so puzzle the mind of the ordinary layman.

The study of Criminal Law—that study which is the most interesting of all law, and which comprises in its limits the rudiments of all classes of law—Torts, Contracts, Blackstone—has just been finished by the first year men. The study of Domestic

Relations will begin with the second semester and will occupy the periods which had hitherto been devoted to Criminal Law. Blackstone's second book has also been covered, and it is Mr. Egan's intention to take up immediately the study of the third book of the learned English jurist. In connection with the study of Blackstone, Mr. Egan announced that a precedent had been established in the last examination given in December by the State Board of Examiners, in as much not a single Blackstone question had been asked. However, this has not in the least affected the spirit of the class, for it is the intention of the school authorities to retain the study of Blackstone in its curriculum owing to the great benefits which every practitioner derives from the knowledge which the study of Blackstone ensures.

The second and the third year men are about to enter upon their mid-year examinations. Real Estate, Common Law Pleading, Criminal Law and Negotiable Instruments are the more important subjects upon which the students will be examined. Messrs. Magee, Bane, McKenna and Laughlin have given the men a very thorough and extensive series of lectures on the subjects.

It is important to note that a great majority of the law students are taking up Public Speaking under the tutelage of Clinton E. Lloyd, Dean of the School of Public Speaking. The great dearth of good speakers before the Bar to-day emphasizes the need of training in the speech arts. It is to be regretted that all of the men have not sufficient time to enable them to devote some hours to this branch so vital to the public man of to-day.

J. J. McCLOSKEY, '22.



ATHLETICS

' VARSITY BASKETBALL.

The ' Varsity basketeers are playing the hardest schedule our Red and Blue team has ever had. ' Varsity and defeat are becoming synonymous terms. Our boys have dropped four of the five games played. We have had only one home contest in January, and our boys will not be seen in action on our floor until the middle of the month. This unavoidable arrangement of our schedule has placed a considerable handicap on Coach Bernard and the players. Moreover, the loss of two of our best tossers has weakened the morale of the club. The regulars have shown only flashes of the form of which they are capable. Harrison and Shaw have played

consistently. Captain Davies is slower than usual in rounding into shape, and Vebelunas and Ligday have not struck their proper stride. Carl, the diminutive guard, has shown such pep and dash that he will probably be used as a regular. McGrath and Kramer are battling strenuously for the center job. The former is a good scoring man, but his team work is rather defective. The latter is just breaking into the game, but is developing rapidly. Zurbuch has not played regularly on account of sickness.

Although the opening contest was a 50-26 defeat at the hands of W. & J., it does not mean that the Bluffites are out of the running. The fact that the plans of the Coach were upset shortly before this important contest, made victory almost an impossibility for the Dukes. Yet they fought desperately, and the one hundred and eighty students who made the trip to Washington witnessed a struggle from start to finish. In the early stages it looked as if the Washingtonians would prove easy for the Dukes. Captain Davies and his teammates stepped right in with a pep and vigor that made the Dukes look like the classier quintet. But the tide of the contest changed in the latter part of the first half, and, when it finished, the Presidents were leading by a considerable margin.

In the second contest of the season, Franklin College was defeated 39 to 31. Coach Bernard sent in his second string men to open the contest, with the result that the Ohioans held the Bluffites to an even score, the result at the end of the first quarter being six all. Getting the jump at the very start of the second period, the Dukes usurped the lead and kept it. They were never headed by the visitors, who were unable to break through the cordon that the Duke guards threw around their net. The long shots for which both Lyle and Rodgers are noted did not materialize. At the end of the first half, the Dukes had twenty points to their credit, while the visitors were able to garner only ten. In the second half, the Bluffites merged farther into the lead, owing to the classy shooting of Captain Davies, Harrison, Ligday, Cropp, Carl and Shaw. The elongated Vebelunas was there with his usual good defensive game. McGrath and Kettl starred in the first half.

The Westinghouse game of January 17th, while it proved a defeat for the Red and Blue, showed apparently that the Bluffites have a lot of basketball strength. The team work of the Dukes was far superior to that of the Westinghouse boys. Captain Davies and his men showed unusual ability in this contest. The game was close—so tight, in fact, that it was anybody's right up to the final whistle. The Westinghouse boys forged ahead at the very start, and, through stellar shooting, led by fifteen points at the end of the first half. The Dukes sprinted in the next period and closed up on their rivals. Through the efforts of Ligday and Shaw, they threw quite a scare into their opponents' ranks during the closing minutes of the battle, as they edged nearer to the score of the Holy City boys. The coolness and accuracy of Harrison at the foul line aided the Dukes considerably. The team work of the Bluffites was very clever, and their passing was decidedly superior to any that the Westinghouse lads could offer. The guarding of Shaw was of the highest caliber. Harrison played a remarkable game both at foul-shooting and at tossing them from the floor. "Vebby" did not register any scores, but he was the mainspring of the team-play and repeatedly outwitted Westinghouse's defense men. McGrath also deserves considerable credit for his good work in the first half. The

Red and Blue's team work, on the whole, surpassed that of Westinghouse' and had they a little luck when shooting for the basket, they would have, in all probability, been returned winners. The final whistle blew when the score stood 46 to 25 in favor of Westinghouse.

With Harrison and Shaw out of the lineup, the Dukes were defeated 40 to 16, at the hands of Grove City. The Red and Blue quintet fought hard every inch of the way. Ligday and Carl, the Duke guards, were on the job when the ball came into their territory, and they invariably started it on its way down the floor, to be taken care of by our forwards, Davies and Mazer. The guarding of the Bluffites was much more effective than that of their opponents, but they lacked the aggressiveness that is necessary to bring victory.

Immediately following the Grove City encounter, came the clash with the New Castle Herald, which resulted in a 42 to 30 defeat of the Red and Blue. The game was played on the Y. M. C. A. floor at New Castle. The passing of the Duke five was a feature of the contest. Captain Davies and Vebelunas were successful in tossing them from the floor. Ligday, McGrath, Carl and Mazer deserve considerable credit for their defensive play.

UNIVERSITY HIGH.

After defeating Crafton and Schenley, our "Hi" boys also triumphed over Ambridge High in a nip and tuck battle by the score of 35 to 17. Despite the fact that the score was so one-sided, the game was fast, and some very clever play was displayed by both teams. The guarding of the Bluffites was very close, and the field goals negotiated by the Ambridge five were mostly long shots.

In the fourth encounter the visiting Dukes walloped the Wellsville High School quintet, 50 to 23. The high school lads toyed with their opponents and held the lead throughout the game. The shooting of Gall was uncanny. He collected a total of nine goals from the field. Cherdini also displayed class in placing his shots.

Freedom High gave the Bluffites their first defeat by the count of 26 to 25. The game was one of the most hotly contested ever witnessed on the Freedom floor. The fact that not a single one of the guards made a basket, proved that the guarding was exceeding close and in most cases effective. Nee and Hall starred for the Bluffites. Cherdini netted three baskets while Cain is credited with two.

Our "Hi" boys suffered a set-back at the hands of New Brighton. Their passing was good, but their guarding was loose. Cain came through with six field goals, and Cherdini slipped three through the net. The guarding of Cingolani and Wilinski was effective. Nee also aided considerably in keeping the Dukes in the running. The final score was 54 to 27.

Coach Kronz is grooming his men for a number of hard games, but he feels confident that his boys will come out on top and make this a banner season for the University High.

THE JUNIORS.

The Duke Juniors have won six successive games. On two occasions the Juniors met and defeated the McClintock-Marshalls by the scores of 25 to 9 and 16 to 15. Ritter, Guthrie and Farwick were the outstanding stars of these games. Captain Witt's passing and shooting from the field and from the foul goal mark were of the best. Keefe netted a total of six

baskets, several of which were of the sensational order. Monahan and Titz also fitted into this combination with considerable ease. McQuade's floor work was sensational.

In their fourth game the little Dukes came back strong and downed the Carnegie Comrades to the tune of 37 to 6. This victory gave the Juniors new life. The guarding of both teams was very good, but the Carnegie boys could not stop their rivals. Ritter showed that he was very much alive by caging three field goals, while Keefe is credited with three also. Farwick, Monahan and McQuade played their usual good defensive game. The passing of Conti and Thornton was excellent. Witt's foul shooting was a feature. The guarding of Titz was worthy of considerable praise.

The Juniors found no trouble in defeating the strong Mt. Washington Triangles 46 to 24. Captain Witt and his men had the game well in hand at nearly every stage, and while they loafed somewhat when not dangerously pressed, they seemed to have the ability to let out enough each time to forge ahead. The stellar work of Titz at guard was a spectacular feature of the game.

The Sewickley Alerts were easily overcome by the Juniors. The final score was 42 to 16. Captain Witt, Thornton and Conti starred.

Father Rowe is working his men hard. The Juniors will meet some classy opponents as the season progresses.

THE DUKUMS.

Since the beginning of the season, the Dukums have lost three of their five games played. They have had a streak of hard luck. In the first game they were defeated by St. Canice's by the score of 29 to 20. After see-sawing back and forth during most of the contest, St. Canice's finally triumphed. The team work of the Dukums did not come up to their usual standard. Davies and Bullion kept the Dukums in the running, while Zapf and Shiring were responsible for two field goals apiece. Emig and Kaveny played an exceptional good game at guard, giving their clever opponents no end of trouble. The team work of McCarthy and Wilhelm was equally creditable.

In their second encounter, the Dukums defeated the strong Tiger A. C. quintet in the fastest contest witnessed in years. The Dukums' combination carried off the honors because its five representatives played together. Taking the lead in the first few minutes when Captain Maughn scored from the field, the Dukums held the advantage all the time. Meyer and Quinn, at frequent stages, gave exhibitions of clever team work. Rehbn's guarding repeatedly outwitted his opponents. The other stars of the contest were Wilhelm, Davies and Emig. When the final whistle blew, the count stood 41 to 8 in favor of the Dukums.

The Dukums' third battle resulted in a 19 to 5 defeat at the hands of the St. Mary's tossers. The Dukums fought an uphill battle all the way, but they were never discouraged. They came back strong in the early part of the game but in the last half, St. Mary's took the lead.

The Carey Club met disaster at the hands of the Dukums to the tune of 27 to 17. McCarthy tossed in four field goals and Shiring contributed three. Bullion, Meyer and Quinn worked down the floor consistently for close shots at the basket. Kaveny and Zapf starred on the defense.

In their fifth game, the Dukums received a setback by the score of 24 to

17 at the hands of the Soakem Club. The game was one of the most hotly contested battles ever staged on the Duke floor. A feature was the absence of individual play.

With further seasoning and experience in actual contests, Father Rowe's men are expected to improve considerably.

J. BRILEY WALSH, H. S., '20.



Duquesnicula.

McManus: Hey, Dugan! do you want to earn a nickel?

Dugan: Sure.

McManus: Go and find me a quarter. Five minutes later, McManus, being a good sport, is minus a "jitney." The ingenious Dugan roamed around the corridors until he found Quarter Ritter, the signal phenom of the University High gridiron squad.

Prof.: Now I will take carbolic acid and—

A voice from nowhere: Good for him; now I'll have some peace.

O'Donnell: How did they discover iron ore?

F. Mullen: I heard that they smelt it.

Vogel: Why does Kaveny always put his money under his mattress?

Witt: So that he can boast he has enough to retire on.

Caye: How did you come to fall on the doorstep?

O'Connell: I didn't come to fall on the doorstep; I came to pay you a visit.

Prof.: You haven't any patriotism! I am ashamed of you. You do not know the name of the Presidents in order.

Thomas: Oh! no wonder! There weren't so many when he went to school.

Brumbaugh, one of our Canton boarders, dedicates the following to O. Leo Magarine:

Whether the years prove fat or lean,
This vow I here rehearse:
I take you, dearest Magarine,
For butter or for wurst.

The following quatrain may be applied to our Sharon friends, Klaser and Wilhelm:

'Twas down at Snigo's first they met,
This Romeo and Juliet,
'Twas there he first fell into debt,
For Rome-o-d what Juli-et.

Pat: Since prohibition, there has been sunshine in many a home.

Mike: Yes, and moonshine too.

Prof.: What does pente-kai-deka mean?

Ed Kelly: "Five and Ten".

Friday (a distracted Greek scholar) Woolworth's.

Prof.: "Who was the king of Babylon during this period?"

"Red" O'Brien: Can't pronounce his name.

Prof.: What! Can't you pronounce Nabuchodonsor?

O'Brien: Sure, only my tongue became so wrapped around my eye-teeth that I couldn't see what I was saying.

Paul Sullivan: I have improved Shakespeare's lines: Who steals my purse steals trash.

A. Kelly: How?

Sully: Who steals my lunch steals hash.

Prof.: Therefore, this is a regular inscribed decagon.

Murray (breaking in): Of ten sides.

Prof.: (Drawing an illustration of a bluff on the board) You see that's a bluff.

Savage: I see two of them.

Jack McKeown is afflicted with an insatiable appetite. He entered Notre Dame. Shortly after, walking on the campus with his brother Charles, who had been a student there for some time, he met the good Father Cavanaugh. Charles introduced Jack. Father Cavanaugh said: "Well, well, so this is your brother Jack; Jack, I am glad to meet you: is there anything I can do for you?"

Jack: "Yes, Father, get me a bun."

VICTOR FRIDAY, H. S., '21.

A LETTER OF A DOWN AND OUT BUSINESS MAN TO ONE OF
HIS HEAVY CREDITORS.

Gentlemen:—

For the following reasons I am unable to send you check for the amount of your bill:—

I have been held up, held down, tagged, sand-bagged, walked on, sat on, flattened out and squeezed, by the United States Government for Capital Stock Tax, the Excess Profit Tax, the Liberty Loan Bonds, Thrift Stamps, Merchants' License and Auto Tax, and by every society and organization that the inventive mind of man can discover, to extract what I may or may not possess.

I am waylaid by the Society of John the Baptist, the G. A. R., the Woman's Relief, the Navy League, the Red Cross, the Black Cross, the Purple Cross, the Children's Home, the Dorcas Society, the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the Boy Scouts, the Jewish Relief, the Belgian Relief, and every hospital in town.

The Government has so inspected my business that I don't know who owns it. I am inspected, suspected, examined and re-examined, informed, required and commanded, so I don't know who I am or why I am here. All I know is that I am supposed to be an inexhaustible supply for every known need, desire or hope of the human race; and, because I will not sell all I have and go out and beg, borrow or steal the money to give away, I have been cussed, discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied to, lied about, held up, hung up, robbed and nearly ruined; and, the only reason I am clinging on to life is because it would be cowardly and sinful to commit suicide.

Yours very sincerely,

J. J. KRINGS.

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A Reminiscence.

(Dedicated to Our Very Rev. President)

FAITH! the moonbeams lustrous shining
 ' Round my brain are now entwining
At a web of fretful fancy for the days of long ago;
 And the breezes undulating,
 Now increasing, now abating,
Only add their share of sorrow to a piercing pang of woe;
 As the City Hall's old tower
 Is proclaiming loud the hour
Of mystic, moody midnight with so many memories fraught.
 And I cannot help but listen,
 As the moonbeams sheeny glisten,
For a sound that oft my fancy has so whimsically wrought.

 Musha! there I heard it;
 But wurrah! like a bird, it
On the wings of dismal fancy has flittingly now flown away;
 But again I sadly hear it
 And I'll never think to fear it,
For it is the clamorous yelling of a crowd of boys at play,
 As they caper through the heather
 In the ever-changing weather,
Peculiar to old Erin far across the surging sea.
 In my nights so melancholic
 I shall e'er recall the frolic
Of my boyhood days, ochone! that are past and gone from me.

MICHAEL D. MINAHAN, Law, '22.



An Inner Conflict.

HOW plainly he saw it again! As he sat in that vast solitude and intently gazed into the glowing embers of the dying fire, his whole appearance bespoke the solitary abandonment of life in the wild, desolate north. In the deathlike silence that reigned around, broken only by the hoot of the owl or the wail of a wolf, his mind invariably reverted to the vivid scenes of that fatal night.

Just how he came to know Pierre Beaufort he never knew. Perhaps it was because of the magnetic personality of the young trapper or more likely because of his skill in woodcraft. However, the one big thing was that he, Jacques Mireau, and this same Pierre Beaufort became fast and inseparable friends, and, what was more, this friendship culminated in their decision to work together and seek their fortune as comrades.

And then came that awful night, the night that made Jacques an avenger. Ah! it made him shudder even now as he reflected on the crime. He was lying on a couch, deathly sick of fever; his friend roughly but kindly was doing all in his power to allay the torrid heat of the disease, when suddenly the door was violently flung open, and Jean Ribon entered.

"What do you wish?" Pierre demanded none too gently.

"To fight," the visitor fairly snarled back.

"To fight! To fight!" Pierre questioned dazedly, "to fight whom? I bear you no ill will."

"No, sneak thief, it may be you don't; but I do, to you and that sick lynx lying there," pointing contemptuously at Jacques. "And, by heaven! I'll have revenge to-night. Perhaps you do not realize the danger of poaching, but you do know the penalty of stealing another man's game, eh? One of us and only one survives. Make ready!"

"What!" cried Pierre furiously, "you accuse me—accuse us of stealing your trappings? You lie, I say you lie." He shouted the last words at Ribon until the room rang with his voice.

"Who?" roared Ribon, "me a liar? I swear by heaven you shall not live another minute. Make ready, coward, or I will cut the very tongue out of your mouth!"

Both men drew their knives, and locked in a deadly struggle. Slowly but surely Ribon forced his smaller adversary back, watching an opportunity to strike. Finally Pierre made a false move and stumbled. Ribon, like an avenging fiend, clutched the disadvantaged man by the throat and howled with glee. Back, back, he pressed him, his lean fingers at the other's throat, until from sheer weakness his victim began to droop, his arms to relax, his breath to come in gasps, but, when he was on the point of collapse, he rallied for a brief instant and inflicted a terrible wound on his enemy's face. Like an enraged bull the infuriated man bellowed with fury, and forcing Pierre to his knees back against the couch a helpless victim, he drove his dagger again and again into the defenseless side of the fallen man.

Jacques, weakened by disease and the sight of the ghastly struggle, had fainted. When consciousness returned, he looked on the gruesome form of his murdered friend, whose blood still warm saturated his blanket. His friend had fought and died for him while he looked on, too feeble to strike a blow!

"That's it," Jacques exclaimed, "that's what hurts and haunts me day and night. But I'll avenge him yet; twenty years on the trail following him, twenty years of misery and want, but it's worth it." With this thought the man arose, stirred up the fire and applied fresh fuel.

The uncertain rays of the moon faintly revealed a pathetic scene. There under a wide spreading oak was pitched a tent. A little to the side in a deep, fast creek was a birch canoe half beached. Between the latter and the tent was a small fire evidently built for cooking purposes. At one side stood the man, apparently just in the closing years of the prime of life, with regular features, ruddy complexion, tall, strong, athletic. At his feet lay a huge dog, gazing dumbly into the face of its master.

"Yes, old boy," the man muttered as he stooped to caress the faithful animal, "you and me been pretty good friends, eh?"

The dog, which Jacques had obtained a few years previously when he rescued the animal, then a playful pup, from the agonies of starvation, exhibited signs of almost human interest and sympathy. He whimpered, barked and poked his cold, moist nose into the man's face and gravely laid his paw in the other's hand, all the while wagging his tail joyously.

"You never went back on me once, old fellow, did you? And I believe you hate Jean Ribon as much as I. Now let's to rest."

Morning came, and with it the bright, wholesome sun. The

melancholy gloom of the previous night had vanished, and in its stead came dancing sunbeams, sparkling on the moist leaves and penetrating even the dark recesses of the forest.

"I had better get my bearings," Jacques thought aloud. "I hear this territory is pretty well worked by an avaricious old crank. Well, if I hadn't sworn to avenge Pierre, I would certainly give this up. But," and his lips tightened, "I avenge him or die in the attempt."

After he had eaten a hasty breakfast, accompanied by his faithful dog, and armed with the rifle, he paddled down stream and prepared for the exploration of a wild section of the country in which few of the most daring trappers had had the audacity to work.

After several hours of rather hazardous travel, he arrived at the head of a deep waterfall. He swiftly turned the canoe for the shore and beached it in a recess lest some prying eyes might discover it.

He then walked rapidly out to the edge of the falls and, to his intense delight, he spied a little cabin and farmhouse a few miles away. "Now for some real grub," he ejaculated, and set out immediately for the cabin.

He descended the rugged hill and had proceeded far across the floor of the divide when, as he was about to pass through a little thicket on the side of a creek, he was aroused by the deep-throated growls of the dog, and surprised to hear a strange, unearthly voice cry out:

"Begone, Pierre, do not torture me. I know you are dead. Did I not slay you? Begone! Leave me, at least that I may die in peace."

The voice ceased. The dog growled longer and more menacingly. Jacques stood transfixed.

Again the voice cried out: "Begone, I pray you. O Pierre, do not trouble me again. Every night you have lain bleeding at my bedside, and now, even in death, you haunt me. Oh, pity me, and leave." The last sound was a mere moan.

By this time Jacques had gained the ravine whence the unearthly voice had come. Seizing the dog by the collar, he cautiously parted the underbrush and looked about. But the dog had been keener in locating the sound, had leaped forward and had reached the side of a prostrate figure.

Jacques looked down at a human form, a man, held fast in the jaws of a great steel trap. At first glance the experienced woodman could not tell if it was possible to extricate the wretch

imprisoned so tightly between the two iron jaws. Then, too, the position in which the man lay was peculiar. His right shoulder and arm and the lower part of his left leg were securely caught while the rest of his body was free. But Jacques's reverie was cut short as the man moaned, "Water, water, oh, give me water!"

Jacques was about to comply when something about the man struck him as being familiar. Again the trapped man apparently became delirious and cried out for the third time: "Oh, leave me, begone, begone! . . . oh, Pierre!"

Jacques was electrified. "What, is it possible?" he gasped. And hastily kneeling down he looked at the man's face, and there on his left cheek was a great, livid scar. Jacques drew back involuntarily and muttered, "It's him, . . . Jean Ribon!"

Again the voice cried weakly, "Water."

Jacques stooped down, and looking the man in the face, said: "Do you know me?"

The haggard face turned toward him, but no look of recognition lit up the agonized features of the suffering man.

"Do you remember Pierre Beaufort?" was the next query.

Like a willow swaying in the wind the man's whole body seemed to quiver.

"Oh, Pierre, you've come for me! Pierre . . ."

Jacques reassured him. "I am not Pierre, but I have come to avenge him."

"Give me water; I am burning; this blood chokes me. Pierre, just a little longer! Oh, peace, I've had no peace. By day I fled to escape my crime, by night you come back to haunt me. But give me water. My mouth is parched. I am tortured. For two days I have lain here without food or drink. Oh, just one drop of water and in yonder cabin you will find gold to repay you; yes gold and pelts."

Moved by pity, Jacques went to a nearby spring, and filling his cooking tin with the cool, clear liquid, came back and stooped to give his dying enemy a drink. But when just about to pour the liquid between the parched lips, he saw that awful scar. A mist seemed to form before his eyes, veiling completely the suffering man, and out of that mist, to his dismay, evolved the dying Pierre, the life blood flowing from his side and reproach in his glazing glance. The thought of his sworn revenge surged through his bewildered mind, and his plighted pledge called loudly for fulfilment. Before he could decide the momentous

issue, he was roused from his reverie by the cry for "Water; just one little drop." The mist dissolved, and he slowly realized that the murderer on whom he had sworn to be avenged was helpless and in his power. Why not taunt him with his crime! Why not stab him to the heart as his chum had been foully dealt with! What held back his hand ready to strike the fatal blow? Ah, despite his rage and his long-cherished thirst for vengeance, the milk of human kindness had not turned to curds in his heart. A fellow creature was there, an enemy if you will, but he was weak and faint and tortured. Was not this an expiation of his guilt? Had he not repented of his crime? Did not his conscience reproach him with the base deed he had perpetrated in the hour of passion? Else, why had his victim, and the thought of his premature taking off, been so persistently present with him now that death appeared so near? Jacques's better nature asserted itself. It would be cowardly to strike a man that was down. It would be dishonorable to take a mean advantage of a fellow creature who was helpless. Better give him a chance to engage in a death struggle on even terms. Give him the water that he craved. Release him from the trap that was bleeding him to death and nurse him back to health, though his life should again be jeopardized as a penalty for his guilt.

Such were the thoughts that flitted through the mind of Jacques. He could stand the strain no longer. Stooping down, he poured the refreshing liquid through the thirsting lips that called again and again for more. And now that he had acted upon the suggestions of an awakened conscience, the embodied form of Pierre took shape before his eyes, but, oh, how changed from the Pierre that stirred his heart to vengeance! There was about the vision of his murdered friend an air of radiance and of happiness. The expression of his features betokened appreciation, and the smile of commendation lighted up his face as if he had not only forgiven his murderer, but even rejoiced that that murderer's life was to be prolonged through the generous sentiments of his dearest friend.

Then the old trapper knew that he had done right. He bathed the swollen features of the man, and with a pick which he had found in the cabin, hard by and which probably had been used by Ribon in his search for gold, he began to pry open the trap. By loosening a portion at a time and inserting small rocks in the openings he had made, he eventually rescued his late enemy. Then lifting the injured man, he carried him up to the rude cabin.

After placing him carefully on a cot, he proceeded with rude skill to dress the gaping wounds.

In the meantime Ribon was slowly regaining his senses. He looked dumbly at Jacques, and finally beckoned to him. Jacques stooped over the couch and listened attentively.

"Jacques, can I get better?"

"Yes, but it will take months, possibly a year."

"That does not matter," he answered. "You have saved my life, and I can hardly repay you. But I have found gold, heaps of gold, but heretofore it has done me little good. I dare not show it for fear adventurers might murder me. Then, too I was afraid to venture into the cities lest I might be recognized. But now all is changed, and you, Jacques, will be my partner. I would undo all that I have done, but that is impossible, for Pierre is not here.

"When I accused you and Pierre of robbing me, I had been deceived. Henri Baptiste had stolen my trappings, but I made the discovery too late. I can never make amends to Pierre."

"I will tell you, Jean Ribon, what you can do by way of atonement. Pierre has an aged mother, poor but industrious, living in the town of Andres. You can at least give some of your gold to her, and make her comfortable till the end of her days."

"I'll do it, Jacques, I swear it. But I am getting weak, and before I seek rest, I must know something. Jacques, will you let bygones be bygones?"

Here his voice grew husky, "Will you forgive?"

Jacques's eyes filled with tears as he remembered his lost companion. He reviewed his own life, barren and cold, and lived only in the hope of revenge. And then remembering Pierre's forgiving nature, he clasped the outstretched hand, murmuring, "I forgive."

CLEMENT M. STROBEL, '23.





Writers and Their Handwriting.

THERE is a wonderful diversity in nature. No two sunsets are exactly alike. Thumb print differs from thumb print, flower from flower, and blade of grass from the multitudinous blades of grass on the face of the earth. Character differs from character, and it is said that character can be determined along certain lines by the peculiarity of one's penmanship; hence we may conclude that the varieties of handwriting are absolutely indefinite in number. As a mode of expressing thought, handwriting should perhaps correspond to style, and, therefore, when best, should be perfectly legible. But we find that the characters are largely determined, as to form, by the writer's profession or nervous temperament. The thoughts of mathematicians outstrip their powers of expression, and, in consequence, they are conveyed in irregular and untidy symbols. Lawyers use more words than are necessary to convey their ideas, and thus they find time to form precise and orderly letters. Men given to reflexion and animated by strong views betray themselves by their cramped and aggressive lettering, while the caustic wit manifests his spleen in a crabbed, repellent hand.

The penman's art requires imagination, constant practice, muscular control, and the power of co-ordination to make his flourishes conform to his mental conception. Good penmen are rare: few care to give the necessary time to practice; the very lives many men lead undermine their nervous system, and the hand refuses to produce an exact copy of the form conceived in the mind.

It is no wonder, then, that authors, as a class, are not remarkable for the elegance of their penmanship. However, there are notable exceptions. Amongst those remarkable for their caligraphy may be mentioned Howells, Holmes, Bret Harte, Andrew Lang, William Morris, Frederick Locker and George McDonald. Gray, Moore, Leigh Hunt, Walter Scott and Buchanan Read wrote a pleasing running hand. Thackeray, Dickens, Douglas Jerrold, Captain Marryat, Charlotte Bronte, R. D. Blackmore, William Black, George Cable and Julian Hawthorne wrote so fine and diminutive a hand that microscopic eyes alone could read it without discomfort. Thackeray boasted that he could inscribe the Lord's Prayer upon his thumb nail, and the copyist of Captain Marryat's composition was obliged to stick

a pin where he left off, to indicate the place where he was to resume his work.

But here we may stop to consider the hieroglyphics of some of our most distinguished writers, and to laugh at the ludicrous solutions of the puzzles they presented.

Horace Greeley heads the list. His writing was so enigmatical that it was the despair of compositors and the occasion of innumerable typographical blunders which so disgusted Greeley that, when exasperated beyond measure one day, he sent a note to the foreman, directing that the compositor should be discharged at once, as he was too inefficient a workman to be any longer employed on the *Tribune*. Before leaving, the compositor secured Greeley's note, and presented it as a recommendation in a rival office. The foreman to whom he applied, studied it from every angle, and this is what he made out of it, "good and efficient compositor, and a long time employed on the *Tribune*." The compositor, in consequence, was immediately engaged.

On receiving an invitation to deliver a lecture in Sandwich, Ill., Greeley sent the following reply:—

"Dear Sir,—I am overworked, and growing old. I shall be sixty next February third. On the whole, it seems I must decline to lecture henceforth, except in this immediate vicinity, if I do at all. I cannot promise to visit Illinois on that errand,—certainly not now.

"Yours, HORACE GREELEY."

The gentleman to whom it was addressed, assisted by the committee which he represented, scanned the letter carefully, pored over it seriously, and translated it to his satisfaction as may be seen from his answer:—

"Dear Sir,—Your acceptance to lecture before our Association next winter came to hand this morning. Your penmanship not being the plainest, it took some time to translate it, but we succeeded, and would say your time, "third of February," and terms, "sixty dollars," are perfectly satisfactory. As you suggest, we may be able to get you other engagements in this immediate vicinity; if so, we will advise you."

Rufus Choate never prided himself on the beauty or the legibility of his handwriting, and his intimate friends occasionally twitted him on his mystic characters. Once, when he was having his house repaired, he notified the carpenter in charge of the work that he would send a model for the carved mantel-piece to adorn his drawing-room. Failing to secure the model desired, he

wrote to that effect to the carpenter. The carpenter pored over the mysterious missive, eyed it from every angle, and finally concluded that it was the plan of the promised model. How he worked it out, and what impression it produced on Mr. Choate, would be exceedingly interesting to learn.

E. S. Morse, President of the American Academy for the Advancement of Science, received the following letter:—

"My dear Mr. Morse,—It was very pleasant to get a letter from you the other day. Perhaps I would have found it pleasanter if I had been able to decipher it. I don't think I mastered anything beyond the date (which I knew) and the signature (which I guessed at). There's a singular and perpetual charm in a letter of yours; it never grows old; it never loses its novelty. One may say to one's self every morning, 'There's that letter of Morse's. I haven't read it yet. I think I'll take another shy at it to-day, and maybe I shall be able in the course of a few days to make out what he means by those t's that look like w's, and those i's that haven't any eyebrows.' Other letters are read, and thrown away, and forgotten; but yours are kept forever—unread. One of them will last a reasonable man a life-time.

"Admiringly yours, T. B. ALDRICH."

The great scholar, Dr. Parr, wrote a hand that was not above criticism, but, like many of us who see the mote in another's eye but are seemingly unconscions of the beam in our own, found fault with a friend's writing in the following terms:—

"His letters put me in mind of tumult and anarchy; there is sedition in every sentence; syllable has no longer any confidence in syllable, but dissolves its connection, as preferring an alliance with the succeeding word. A page of his epistle looks like the floor of a garden house covered with old crooked nails which have just been released from a century's durance in a brick wall. I cannot cast my eyes on his characters without being religious. This is the only good effect I have derived from his writings: he brings into my mind the resurrection, and paints the tumultuous resuscitation of awakened men with a pencil of masterly confusion."

Carlyle's letters looked as if they had described a somersault and had rested in the ungraceful postures of their fall. Some sloped in one way and some in another; some are halt, maimed and crippled, and all are blind.

Balzac's penmanship made printers desperate. A French author says of his writing: "Each word sent out a dash of ink

like a rocket, finally breaking into a fiery ring of phrases, epithets, and nouns. These were interlined, crossed, written upside down, mixed, interlaced, and knotted, forming a word-puzzle which made even the stoutest compositor quail."

Victor Hugo's manuscript was likened to "a sort of battlefield on paper, in which the killed words were well stamped out and the new recruits pushed forward in anything but good order."

Sydney Smith had the courage to acknowledge: "My writing is as if a swarm of ants, escaping from an ink-bottle, had walked over a sheet of paper without wiping their legs."

Bad writing is by no means confined to authors. Napoleon's letters from Germany to Josephine were at first taken for rough maps of the seat of war.

Mr. Brooks, President of the New York Central Railroad, wrote to a man who had built a barn on railroad property, threatening him with prosecution. The recipient recognized the signature, and construed the note as a pass on the line; as such, he availed himself of it for several years; neither he nor the conductors could decipher the contents.

The celebrated actor, Macready, gave a pass to two of his friends. "If I had not known what it was," said one of these gentlemen, "I should have taken it for a doctor's recipe." "It does look like it," said the other; "suppose we try it on an apothecary." On reaching the nearest drug store, they presented it to the clerk. He glanced over it, and began to pour into a phial from various bottles. After a pause, he consulted the proprietor as to the rest of the ingredients prescribed. Contributions from other bottles followed. When the phial was corked and labeled, the clerk handed it over, saying: "Fifteen pence for the cough mixture."

Willing to please a lady to whom he was paying his attentions, and who had induced him to promise her a couple of monkeys, Lord Harry Pawlett applied to a friend in the East for the animals. His spelling was as bad as his writing; he wrote two "too", and the t looked like the figure 1. You may imagine his amazement when, in due time, he received a letter from his agent stating that fifty would be forwarded on the first vessel leaving port, and fifty more on the one that followed.

The Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* was the recipient of an illegible contribution from an amateur poet. Fortunately the poem fell into the hands of an intelligent compositor who did his

best to decipher the handwriting. Where his skill was at fault, he supplied the missing links without regard to the sense; he deserves our encomiums on preserving the metre and the alliteration, and on forging the rhymes. The reader, no doubt, will have considerable difficulty in paraphrasing the stanzas. We give it complete as a final example of the penalty a bad writer must pay for want of attention in his earlier years to the more or less faithful reproductions of conventional models.

TO MARIE.

When the breeze from the bluebottle's blustering bim
 Twirls the toads in a tooroomaloo,
 And the whiskery whine of the wheedlesome whim
 Drowns the roll of the rattatattoo,
 Then I dream in the shade of the shally-go-shee,
 And the voice of the ballymolay
 Brings the smell of the stale poppy-cods blummerged bee
 From the willy-wad over the way.
 Ah, the shuddering shoe and the blinkety-blanks
 When the punlung falls from the bough
 In the blast of a hurricane's hicketty-hanks
 O'er the hills of the hocketty-how!
 Give the rigamarole to the clangery-wang,
 If they care for such fiddlededee;
 But the thingumbob kiss of the whangery-bang
 Keeps the higgledy-piggle for me.

L'ENVOI.

It is pilly-po-doddle and aligobung
 When the lollypup covers the ground,
 Yet the poldiddle perishes plunkety-pung
 When the heart jimmy-coggles around.
 If the soul cannot snoop at the gigglesome cart
 Seeking surcease in gluggety-glug,
 It is useless to say to the pulsating heart,
 "Yankee-doodle ker-chuggety-chug!"

H. J.



The World's Greatest Century.

MUCH, indeed, has yet to be attained if the twentieth century is to become the most renowned period of history. This fact is clearly seen when we contrast the achievements of the present with those of the past, particularly with those of the thirteenth century, for that period surpassed all others in its achievements, both artistic and intellectual. Its superiority over other ages is maintained by such distinguished historical writers as Frederic Harrison, Macaulay, Freeman and Fiske. The views of these men are sufficiently varied, but they agree in supreme admiration for the thirteenth century. Likewise, in spite of their lack of sympathy with many things in this period, all of them emphatically declare that it is the source of most that is great and good.

Of all the epochs of effort after a new life, that of the age of Aquinas, Roger Bacon, St. Francis, Giotto and Dante, is the most purely spiritual, the most really constructive, and indeed the most truly philosophic. It is crowded with creative forces in philosophy, art, poetry and statesmanship. Giotto, in particular, excels in creative genius. Dante was so learned that he is said to have possessed all the learning of his successors. Albert and Aquinas has had no equal in philosophic range; and Roger Bacon has not been surpassed in versatile genius, and in true encyclopaedic grasp.

Beside these, the thirteenth century had other great thinkers great rulers, great teachers, great poets, great artists, great moralists, and great workmen. But it could not be called the material age, the political age, the devotional age or the poetic age, in any special degree, for it was equally poetic, political, industrial, artistic, practical and devotional. It was, however, a marked intellectual age. Great independent thinkers were numerous and these added much to philosophical thought in particular.

Almost an inexhaustible list of renowned personages who flourished during this golden period, could be drawn up. The mention of a few will suffice to show that every station of life had its master minds. The renowned monarchs of the time were St. Louis of France, St. Ferdinand of Spain, Alfonso the Wise of Castile, Frederick II. of Germany, Rudolph of Hapsburg and Robert Bruce. Other renowned men were Honorius IV., the Patron of Learning; Gregory IX., to whom canon law owes so much, and John XXI. who was been famous as a scientist. Great scholars were to be found everywhere. St. Thomas of

Aquin, Albertus Magnus, Roger Bacon, St. Bonaventure, Duns Scotus, Raymond Lully, Vincent of Beauvais, and Alexander of Hales were the most noted. Of the artists Gaddi, Cimabue and, above all, Giotto deserve mention, while Dante must not be overlooked, for he is now generally considered one of the greatest literary men of all times.

Distinguished women also graced this age. Queen Blanche of Castile, St. Clare of Assisi, and St. Elizabeth of Hungary deserve particular mention. Thus we could enumerate almost indefinitely great thinkers of the remarkable thirteenth century.

The thirteenth century was also an age of buildings remarkable for their wealth of architectural beauty, noble statuary, painted glass, enamels, and other decorative work. All over Europe, cities strove to outdo one another in imposing edifices; and the Roman style of architecture gave way to the beautiful Gothic.

Universities were founded and schools were erected in every land. The universities of Paris and Oxford were in their glory, and had at their head the most renowned teachers.

The very fact that no succeeding age can be favorably compared with the thirteenth is a convincing proof of the fallacy of the evolutionary theory; for, profiting of the lights of other days, the intervening centuries should have been resplendent in every phase of intellectual endeavor.

The thirteenth century was the Golden Age of Scholasticism. During this period, Christian revelations and scientific knowledge were harmonized; great technical schools were likewise founded and attention was given to social education. Scholasticism was made more precise, and by this very precision, logic, ethics and metaphysics were raised to a higher plane.

Another product of this period not to be overlooked is the birth of the democratic spirit in many different phases in the various countries of Europe, but always in such a form as would endure. This is probably the most surprising characteristic of the thirteenth century. At its dawn men below the rank of nobles were practically slaves; their rights were uncertain and were frequently violated. But, at the close, their interests were safeguarded, for laws had been enacted which monarchs as well as subjects were constrained to respect.

The Church triumphed in the temporal rule of her visible head, and Christian rulers acknowledged their dependence on the

Holy See. Thus, not only for its worldly achievements, but also for its ecclesiastical endeavors, the thirteenth century demands the right to be hailed as the world's greatest century.

REGIS E. WEHRHEIM, '21.



My Kid Brudder.

MY kid brudder ain't thirteen,
 But sitch an ugly ducklin' !
 Purty nigh I never seen
 Sitch monkeyshines and chucklin'.

He's allus playin' Injun Chief
 An', gosh, he acts jist like one
 An' steals from mother's pies, the thief,
 Whenever he may "pike" one.

He sure is Chief Yow-Yow, he says,
 An' starts an awful rumpus;
 He'll yell in sitch tarnation ways
 An' pester us and thump us.

And, oh ! the questyuns he will ask—
 'Twould take a great ensikelopeedy
 To answer ev'ry consarned task
 He puts to you indeedy;

Allus thinkin' up some trick,
 Or allus riggin' sumpin',
 Or wond'rin' why the watches tick,
 Or why his heart is bumpin'.

Dratted, pesky, awkward boy,
 Like to him there ain't anudder
 To tease, torment, and e'er annoy—
 But, gee ! I like my brudder.

MICHAEL D. MINAHAN, Law, '22.

"Oh, That This Were For Ireland!"

THE Irish are a liberty-loving people. To secure their independence at home, they have opposed the Saxon invader through seven centuries of bloodshed and oppression. Abroad, they have signalized themselves on many a battlefield. In the service of France, 450,000 of them fought and died between 1690 and 1745. At Landen in 1693, in the moment of victory over the troops of William III., the brave, resourceful, unfaltering Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, fell mortally wounded; as the life-blood flowed from his breast, his thoughts were with his mother-land; and he uttered these words that have so often since found an echo in the heart of Ireland's exiled sons: "Oh, that this were for Ireland!"

Driven from their homes by penal laws, Irishmen found in European countries a fair field for the display of their talents. When at Fontenoy, in 1745, Irish troops overwhelmed him with defeat, King George II. exclaimed, "Cursed be the laws that deprive me of such subjects." Lord Macaulay deplored the policies that drove Irishmen to foreign shores. He writes: "There were Irish Catholics of great ability, but they were to be found everywhere except in Ireland—at Versailles, at St. Ildefonso, in the armies of Frederic, in the armies of Maria Theresa. One exile (Lord Clare) became a marshal of France, another (General Wall) became Prime Minister of Spain Scattered all over Europe were to be found brave Irish generals, dexterous Irish diplomats, Irish counts, Irish barons, Irish knights of St. Louis and St. Leopold, of the White Eagle, and of the Golden Fleece, who, if they remained in the house of bondage, could not have been ensigns of marching regiments or freemen of petty corporations."

It was especially in America that the exiles of Erin found a refuge. Imbued with the hatred of oppression and wrong and English domination, they fanned the flames of American discontent, and proved important, if not deciding, factors in the Revolutionary War.

The war of 1812, brief though it was, gave opportunities for distinction to Irishmen and the sons of Irish men and women—General Andrew Jackson, General William Carroll, Commodore Perry, Lieutenant Thomas MacDonough, Admiral Charles L. Stewart, of the *Constitution*; Lieutenant Stephen Cassin, of the *Ticonderoga*; Captain Johnston Blakely, of the *Wasp*; and Captain Boyle, of the *Comet* and the *Chasseur*, who put to his credit eighty prizes on the high seas.

Irishmen by the score distinguished themselves in the Mexican War. But it was in the Civil War that the flood of Irish valor and loyalty to the American Republic was at its height. Forty per cent. of the combatants on the Northern side were Irish-born or of Irish descent. The pages of American history pay glowing tributes to their achievements.

In the war with Spain in 1898, Kellys, Murphys, Burkes and Doyleys were numerous. When storming the heights of San Juan, "Bucky" O'Neill, the favorite captain of Theodore Roosevelt, lost his life, and Roosevelt himself was proud of the blood of an O'Brien, a Redmond, and a man from Ulster, which flowed in his veins.

Gladly would those men who fought under the banners of France, Spain, Austria, and the United States have shed their blood for Ireland. Recently, when America entered the World War to vindicate the rights of small nations and to secure for them political independence, our Irishmen and sons of Irishmen volunteered to cross the seas and die, if necessary, believing in the protestations of President Wilson, and convinced that a favorable issue of the war would raise Ireland to a place amongst the self-governing countries of the earth. Their hopes took new life when, at the first plenary session of the Peace Conference on January 25, 1919, our President solemnly declared: "We are here to see that every people shall choose its own masters and govern its own destinies, not as we wish but as they wish." What has come of this solemn declaration? What weak nations have been raised to the dignity of secure independence? Poland, it is true, has fared well at the hands of the victorious dictators; but it was not from a wish to favor Poland that her independence was guaranteed; it was from the selfish desire to place an enemy on the borders of Germany, and now that Russian Bolshevism threatens it from the east, it has been notified by the spokesman of the British empire that it must depend on itself alone for its defense!

Has the blood that has been poured out so profusely by the champions of small nations, been shed in vain? Must the sons of Ireland express the regret that the sacrifice which they made and the dangers to which they exposed themselves are not to have the rewards they merit? We won the war; we should have a voice in the terms of peace; we have even a right to dictate to our legislators and to the representatives of England and France that the objects for which our countrymen shed their blood should be realized and guaranteed.

J. A. O'DONNELL, '20.

Cormac And His "Advice".

THE most accomplished of all the Irish kings of the Milesian dynasty was undoubtedly Cormac Ulfada. According to the most trustworthy reports he reigned from 216 to 256 A. D. He was distinguished in all the arts of war and peace, excelling in the role of legislator, soldier and scholar. By force of arms he established his sway over the whole island, and by his munificence and love of learning he rendered a distinct service to his country and bequeathed a noble example to posterity. He endowed three academies at Tara, the seat of government, to teach the science of war, historical literature and the study of jurisprudence. Under his auspices, the annals of the country were revised; the national records were corrected and improved in accordance with the growth of knowledge which marked his reign. Despite the difficulty of consulting suitable and reliable sources of information owing to the insular and secluded location of the country, the historians of the time collated the periods of successive reigns of European monarchs with those of contemporary princes in their own country.

Cormac abdicated his throne whilst still in the full vigor of his age and the exercise of his faculties. By an old law of the land, in force also in Persia and other eastern countries, no one who was affected with a personal blemish could occupy the throne. In repelling a rebellious attack upon his palace, he suffered the loss of an eye, and consequently tendered his resignation. It is thought that he was a Christian, and that soon after he had retired to private life he was put to death by jealous Druid priests.

In the humble abode in which he lived and in which he spent the closing years of his active career, he found his pleasure in the composition of those works which have entitled him to a place of honor in the list of royal authors. The most remarkable of these contributions to literature is *The Advice to a King*, written for the instruction of his son, Caibre, on his ascending the throne. That he was well qualified to give advice we may judge from the following extract in which he depicts his own deportment when a youth:—

"I was cheerful at the banquet, fierce in battle, but vigilant and circumspect. I was kind to friends, a physician to the sick, merciful towards the weak, stern towards the headstrong. Although possessed of knowledge, I was inclined towards taciturnity. Although strong I was not haughty. I mocked not the old although I was young. I was not vain although I was

valiant. When I spoke of a person in his absence I praised, not defamed him, for it is by these customs that we are known to be courteous and civilized."

He urges respect for the feelings of others, and charges his son to avoid certain vices, in order not to become an object of hatred to God and men.

"Thou wilt not mock the old although thou art young, nor the poor although thou art well-clad, nor the lame although thou art agile, nor the blind although thou art clear-sighted, nor the feeble although thou art strong, nor the ignorant although thou art learned. Be not slothful, nor passionate, nor penurious, nor idle, nor jealous, for he who is so is an object of hatred to God as well as to man."

These suggestions are worthy of our consideration. The man who lives for himself and slights others is not welcome in society. He builds for himself a barrier against it, and goes down unmourned to a quickly forgotten grave. Walter Scott, in his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, describes the fate of him who has no love for native land and countrymen:

"High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,—
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

Cormac stresses the necessity for avoiding extremes. *In medio stat virtus*. He would have his son every inch a man, steering with an even keel between the Scylla of exaggerated virtue and the Charybdis of natural deficiencies:

"Be not too knowing nor too simple; be not proud, be not inactive, be not too humble nor yet haughty; be not talkative but be not too silent; be not timid, neither be severe. For if thou shouldst appear too knowing, thou wouldst be satirised and abused; if too simple, thou wouldst be imposed upon; if too proud, thou wouldst be shunned; if too humble, thy dignity would suffer; if talkative, thou wouldst not be deemed learned; if too severe, thy character would be defamed; if too timid, thy rights would be encroached upon."

Though the sentiments expressed in these excerpts may not be worthy of a Christian of to-day, they certainly ennoble in our

opinion a man who was brought up a pagan and lived in the midst of pagan surroundings. When we compare his "Advice" with Chesterfield's "Letters to His Son", the letters suffer by the comparison, and Cormac rises in our estimation.

Cormac was a good judge of men. Whether he was a good judge of women is a question that will certainly provoke debate. Like Solomon and many succeeding monarchs whose words were often wiser than their works, he condemned in strong terms the folly, frailty and fickleness of weak, wily, wilful woman.

"Their counsel is foolish, they are forgetful of love, most headstrong in their desires, fond of folly, prone to enter rashly into engagements, proud to be asked in marriage, tenacious of enmity, cheerless at the banquet, rejectors of reconciliation, prone to strife, of much garrulity. Until evil be good, until hell be heaven, until the sun hide his light, until the stars of heaven fall, women will remain as we have stated. Woe to him, my son, who desires or serves a bad woman, woe to every one who has got a bad wife!"

H. J.



The Shamrock in the Trenches.

ALL Canada was astir with the spirit of war; the dominion had immediately taken up the war-cry and issued the first call for volunteers.

From all sides, men responded to the appeal, hastening promptly to Quebec where the recruiting was being held. Among these volunteers was Jim Hagan, who, although a staunch Canadian, still held an undying loyalty for his native country, Ireland.

Jim had served through the entire Boer War, and upon returning to Canada had taken up hunting and trapping. He was quick in his movements and still held a good military pose. Experience in the woods and forests had developed his body; being besides over six feet in height, he was a man to be proud of.

Arriving at the recruiting station he resolved to join the "Princess Pats", the crack Canadian regiment; as no volunteer was accepted unless he had had former military experience, Jim was in luck, for he possessed the necessary requirements.

Two days later he arrived at Valcatier, the Canadian training camp; this was an ideal situation for a camp, being on the Jacques Cartier river, where it winds its way from the Laurentian Hills.

For seven weeks the regiment trained in Valcatier; during this time Jim fell quickly into the old stride of military life, and as a result of his experiences, earned for himself a sergeant's commission.

But there was one black cloud in Jim's life, and that was Captain Mackenzie, the commander of his company; he was of Scotch descent; above all Jim hated Scotchmen, for his ancestral home in County Down has been "planted" with them in the long ago.

On September the 24th, 1914, just seven weeks and two days after England had declared war, the Lapland and half a dozen other trans-Atlantic vessels swung into the tide, bearing away the first 33,000 of Canada's trained men.

After two hard weeks on the Atlantic, the ships docked on English shores; from the docks the soldiers were marched to Salisbury Plain where they again went into training.

These were the happiest days of Jim's life; he was a great favorite with his men; the regiment had now earned the reputation of being Canada's picked men; and as Jim was a sergeant he was very proud of his position.

A month more and they were in quarters at Boulogne behind the lines; here they put on the final touches of training in modern warfare before advancing into the front line trenches.

For months he fought in the first line trenches, going back behind the lines for rest periods every three weeks. In January and February, he fought in the St. Julien, Ypres and Somme sectors.

March the 17th was Jim's big day; being behind the lines he resolved to celebrate by the time-honored custom of the "Wearing of the Green". Accordingly, Jim appeared with a very noticeable piece of green pinned to his pocket nearest his heart. This attracted the captain's attention, and he reprimanded Jim for his misconduct. This hurt Jim deeply, and he attempted to tell the captain his stopping point, and as a result he lost his sergeant's commission.

Jim swore he would get even with the captain, and as the months rolled by his desire for revenge grew stronger.

The fighting was close, and they made frequent skirmishes

against the enemy in the latter part of November; many familiar faces had left the ranks since a year ago, when they were making their last preparation for battle.

The time was approaching when Jim had determined to get revenge. It was the evening of the 29th of November and they were fighting on the St. Teloi front. Word was passed around to be ready for battle at the zero hour in the morning.

Jim had something stored away in a corner of his knapsack which he was going to use in order to get even.

At the zero hour the khaki line went over the top. Under cover of their barrage they got through the enemy's barbed-wire, and waited till the barrage would be lifted. When the shelling ceased they jumped into close quarters with the Germans.

Men dropped on both sides; one giant Prussian was using his gun as a club, and had put out several men, when suddenly the captain was pushed into his path.

He did not see the upraised gun; just as the Prussian would have crushed him, a form hurtled through the air and received the blow full on his head. It was Jim; he had sacrificed himself for his enemy.

Upon awaking he reached to his chest and discovered he had lost his treasure. No! that was the captain bending over him with it in his hands.

"So you took my Shamrock again," muttered Jim.

"No, you're mistaken. You lost it when you fell. I know now why you wore it. This is St. Andrew's day—the Scotchman's St. Patrick," the captain whispered.

"I see now where I am in the wrong; forever after I will wear this Shamrock on St. Patrick's day in memory of your sacrifice," said the captain.

"Thank you! Wear it for me," gasped Jim. A tear stole down the captain's cheek, for his new-found friend had departed for a better home.

W. J. STEBLER, H. S., '22.





SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

A Grievous Loss.

WE respectfully condole with the Holy Ghost Fathers in the grievous loss their Order has recently sustained in the premature death of a Bishop, ten Priests and seven Brothers. They were on their way to their missions in Africa when the French vessel, *L'Afrique*, on which they were sailing, sank in a storm in the Bay of Biscay with practically all on board. The Order had already lost over one hundred of its members in the World War. Of the victims, four were superiors of missions, one was a seminary professor, two were Knights of the Legion of Honor, and four had been decorated with the French War Cross. In the presence of Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, a solemn high Mass of Requiem was offered up for the repose of their souls in the Church of the Madeleine. That immense church from which the mortal remains of the most distinguished sons of France are borne to the tomb, was tastefully draped with black, with here and there clusters of tri-color flags. In the sanctuary the clergy of Paris and all the religious orders were represented. Amongst the congregation that filled the pews and aisles down to the very vestibule, were admirals, generals, soldiers of every rank, and diplomats representing the various countries of Europe. It was but natural that another missionary, the Rev. Father Brottier, C. S. Sp., himself a Knight of the Legion of Honor and the recipient of the French War Cross, should celebrate the Mass for his fellow missionaries and his fellow soldiers. The Right Rev. Superior General, Bishop Le Roy, C. S. Sp., pronounced the absolution. As he sang "Eternal rest grant to them, O Lord," his voice trembled with emotion, and no wonder, for never had loving father, with one fell swoop and in such tragic circumstances, lost so many

children. We pray that God may send other zealous, apostolic men to supply their places, and to carry on the noble work of the evangelization of Darkest Africa.



Prevention of Crime.

HOW can we account for the waves of crime that are sweeping over the land? It was thought that prohibition would supply an effective barrier. This hope has gone by the board. Theorists, and they are numerous, maintained that education would stem the torrent, but education only makes the criminally inclined more clever in planning breaches of the law and more successful in evading the legal consequences of their acts.

In an effort to determine the causes and to discover a remedy, suggestions were invited by a Chicago daily paper and a prize of one hundred dollars was offered for the best contribution on the subject. Over one thousand persons from all walks in life took part; it was a Catholic youth, a prisoner in the Joliet penitentiary, to whom the prize was awarded. Gifted with natural talent developed in Chicago's parochial schools, and trained up in the time-enduring principles expounded in the Catholic catechism, like many men possessed of superior education, he had not the strength of character to live up to the dictates of his conscience and his early teaching, nor the self-control necessary to resist the allurements of vice. Behind the bars of his prison cell, he has had time to reflect on his blighted career, to discover the causes of his downfall, and to prescribe the preventives that must be employed if crime is to be reduced to a minimum. A committee of judges composed of clergymen of every denomination and business men of sound judgment and acknowledged probity passed in review the papers of the many competitors, and singled out his for its sterling worth in specifying the occasions of evil and the means that should be adopted in order to eliminate them.

According to him the following are prolific sources of crime: The publication of sensational news, indecent pictures, suggestive advertisements, and sordid details of scandals and divorce: the presentation on the stage and in movies of lewd plays; the ill-regulated saloon, pool-room, dance hall, and pawnshop; the carrying of deadly weapons; the toleration of vagrancy; the lax

enforcement of the laws; procrastination in court procedure, and official trafficking in vice.

To eliminate crime, he recommends that religion and respect for authority, especially for that of parents, should be taught in the public schools. When Christ is known and loved; when His one, true Church is acknowledged, and the Ten Commandments are explained and observed, crime will be reduced to a minimum and there will be little use for jails.



Prohibition's Effect On the Movies.

THE senate of democratic America sentenced liquor to a premature and lamented demise. Never before was it recorded in history, that an oasis so beautiful and flourishing was cut off from the source of its fertility and doomed to rival the bleak sands of the Sahara.

The club and the saloon are things of the past. Some of the better class of clubs are still extant, but they do not hold such a vise-like grip on their members for a reason that need not be stated.

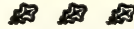
Seers and prophets took a whirl at the wheel of fortune and sought to predict what would replace the saloon in the lives of its habitués. Very few, if any, regulated the indicator so that, in coming to rest, it should point out the movie show. Yet apparently, it is the movie that is destined to supersede the saloon.

There is an unheard of demand for good motion-picture shows. The 15,000 picture theatres cannot begin to accommodate the public. Unending streams of humanity daily wend their way to the darkened auditoriums in search of enjoyment. The most recent proof that the Eighteenth Amendment has been a big boom to the screen drama is the news that in a western city of 450,000 population, the business doubled when the dry law closed 2,700 saloons.

Throughout the land the case has been similar. Father no longer goes alone to the club, but sets out for the movie, accompanied by his family. Very often before finding a place where all may sit and enjoy the show, he must pass several theatres so packed that the crowd is literally bulging out of the doors.

Men must have distraction from the absorbing cares of the day's routine; they must have companionship different from that of those against whom they rub elbows in the factory, office, or

store, for eight or ten hours of the day. Hitherto many found this relief at the corner bar; now they find it in the movie show. And, on the whole, may we not say that the substitute, while it leaves certain cravings unsatisfied, is far less hurtful than its predecessor?



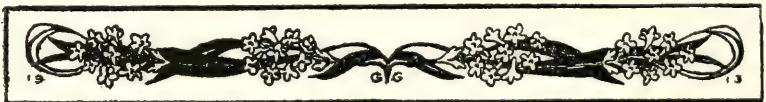
The Substitute.

IT IS characteristic of all things human that they are imperfect and temporary. In the course of time they wear out, and are resolved into their elements. Defective parts of machinery must be replaced if the maximum of service is to be secured. Before the well-trained and thoroughly disciplined hosts of Germany, the troops of France and England were reduced in numbers and discouraged by frequent reverses, America stepped into the breach and with unending streams of reinforcements stopped the onrush and turned the tide of victory. It was the understudy that relieved embarrassing situations in theatres and made possible the continuance of performances. And it is the substitute in athletic contests that often turns impending defeat into certain victory.

The substitute in games is an absolute necessity, yet his course through school is not a primrose way; he must be present at practice and work as consistently as the regular; he must "warm the bench" whilst his team-mates figure in the contest; and it is occasionally only when the hope of victory is abandoned or an overwhelming advantage is scored, that he is called upon to step into the arena. Influenced by frequent disappointments and discouragements, he may resign from athletics, and thus prove an appreciable loss to his team in succeeding years.

Encourage the substitute; applaud his efforts; commend his college spirit; sympathize with him in his disappointments, and congratulate him on his successes. As results, his character will be strengthened, school spirit will be stimulated, and victories will be more frequent.

C. J. KRONZ, '20.



CHRONICLE

College and High School.

Presentation of short plays has been the order of the day. The Sophomores were exceptionally felicitous in presenting "Proposal under Difficulties". Fourth High

Weekly was equally happy in its presentation of Entertainments "The Zone Police", a sketch written by Richard Harding Davis. Both classes also figured in debates, the former discussing the advisability of bringing about a union of English-speaking peoples; the latter warmly advocated or denied the necessity of establishing in Pittsburgh a union station for all passenger railroads.

Third High A is an ambitious class, and has an abundance of talent. Its varied programme comprised music, song and recitations. The debate gave an opportunity to several tyros to make their maiden effort on the subject of compulsory military training.

We sympathize most deeply with Irving Cleary, Rev. Paul Curran, William Maughn, Howard Hague, Norman Heyl, Mr. and Mrs. McGonigle and J. P. Egan (School of Economics) in their recent bereavements. John McGonigle passed away after a brief illness, a victim of pneumonia. He had been a sturdy representative of the high school and later of the college departments in the various fields of athletics. Father McGuigan attended the funeral.

Duquesne University has the distinction of being one of the few schools of its size in the eastern part of the United States to have an R. O. T. C. Unit. Government Military officials have commended most favorably the Department efforts of Duquesne University to continue the Unit and to encourage military instruction.

At the present time, under Major Lathe B. Row, Class of 1913, West Point, recently returned from France, all classes of the College Department except the Seniors, Juniors, Prep. Medical

and Prep. Law, are taking R. O. T. C. work, and an increasing interest is being shown in this department. Companies and Battalions have been organized, drill in the main having taken place in the gymnasium. Class-room instruction, lectures on military subjects, and gymnastic work are conducted on a regular schedule. In addition to the above, the University has installed a motion-picture machine, and instruction will be given with films furnished direct from the War Department.

A large number of students have signified their desire to attend the R. O. T. C. Camp, which will be held this year at Camp Devens, Mass., for all R. O. T. C. Units in the Eastern Department. The Camp will last six weeks, and is open to such students as are recommended by the Professor of Military Science and Tactics because of excellence of their military work. Attendance at the Camp is entirely voluntary; neither the R. O. T. C. at the University nor at the Camp obligates the student in any way for future military service. The expenses of the student enroute to the Camp and at it are paid by the Government.

R. G. REILLY, '23.

Law School.

With the examinations of the first semester in the discard, the students of the several classes have settled down to the regular routine. All confidently look forward to the publication of the results.

J. J. McCLOSKEY, '22.

School of Commerce.

The attendance of the School of Commerce, Finance and Economics has increased by seventy new registrations since the beginning of the second semester.

The students gave a dansant on the evening of the thirteenth. They had, as their guests, the St. Bonaventure's basketball team. We wish to congratulate Edward N. Hartman on the success that crowned his efforts.

M. J. CARL, '21.



THE ' VARSITY.

The Duke 'Varsity feels that it is the real "hard luck" basketball team of this district. Its defeats in practically every important game have come by the slightest possible margins, when apparently the team was a safe winner. Taking into consideration the fact that the Bluffites have met only the classiest passers in this part of the country and that all important contests have been played abroad, Duke fans can look upon the defeats of their favorites as triumphs of failure.

The Avalon game was bitterly contested all the way—the first half was scrappy. Shaw played stiffly and pressed Custard, the star of Avalon, repeatedly. Kendricks shot from close range and put plenty of pep in the team. Capt. Davies, who was shifted to guard in this battle, showed exceptional ability. The classy passing of Harrison was evident throughout the entire fracas. The score was tied twice in the first half. In the second half the Red and Blue seemed content to play a safe, defensive game and made few attempts to increase their number of points. Only when the Avalon boys scored several field goals did the Dukes attempt to increase their total. Vebelunas cut loose and tossed two from the floor. His team-mates did some clever shooting, and when the final whistle blew the Dukes were out in front by the score of 40 to 35.

At Montefiore Auditorium the Dukes met the crack Coffey Club team. Before the end of the first half the Coffey lads secured a comfortable lead. In the second half the Red and Blue passers got busy. They crawled up to within one point of their rivals, but were unable to overtake them, and the final whistle blew when the score stood 34 to 29 in favor of Coffey Club.

Our boys met defeat at the hands of the Carnegie Tech passers by a count of 44 to 36. The guarding of the Bluffites in the first half was close. The defensive play of Shaw was spectacular; opposed by a heavier man, he rose to the occasion, and caged five wonderful shots. The first half ended with the

Red and Blue leading 20 to 17. Davies and Harrison gallantly defended their goal, blocking shot after shot. What was missing in foul shooting, the Dukes more than counter-balanced by the dazzling display of fast, brainy and accurate passing. In this respect Vebelunas especially deserves considerable praise.

The Bluffites triumphed over the St. Bonaventure five 41 to 17. The New Yorkers put up a better brand of passing in the first half; the contest see-sawed back and forth and the score was deadlocked four times. For a few minutes the Dukes were swept off their feet by the vigor of St. Bonaventure's attack, but Ligday and Shaw came to the rescue. The teamwork of McGrath and Kramer was the feature of the first half which ended with the Red and Blue passers leading by five points. In the second half the teamwork of Harrison and Davies left nothing to be desired. In the third period the presence of Vebelunas and Evans aided our boys considerably. The game was particularly free from fouls, the New York crew excelling in this respect.

In the Southside Market House the Ormsby five defeated the worn-out Dukes 63 to 41. A combination of excellent passing and accurate shooting from all angles of the floor gave the Ormsby boys the victory. Kendricks broke loose with a bang and scored 21 of his team's 41 points.

The Muskingum College was our next foe. Starting off in a whirlwind fashion, the Ohioans rolled up a ten point lead. At this stage of the game Shaw, Vebelunas and Davies got started, and the Bluffites' machine immediately began to advance more smoothly.

In the last period superb passing on the part of Harrison and Evans brought the Dukes' within three points of the Buckeye boys. 39 to 36 was the final tally.

Minus the services of its star forward, Kendricks, the Red and Blue took over the enthusiastic Heinz House quintet on the latter's floor by a 46-43 score. At the end of the first half the score stood 31 to 30 in favor of the H. H. passers. The Bluffites came back strong, and aided by spectacular shooting on the part of McGrath, Harrison and Shaw, they usurped the lead never to be headed.

JOHN BRILEY WALSH, H. S., '20.

UNIVERSITY HIGH.

Following the New Brighton game, the "U" High entered on the stiffest games of the extensive schedule arranged for them by Coach Kronz.

South and Rayen High Schools, of Youngstown, were returned victors over the little Dukes by the scores of 43-30 and 46-13, respectively, in two fast games played at the Ohio city. Cain was the stellar performer for Duquesne on this trip.

Pittsburgh Academy was our next opponent. The downtown lads emerged victoriously by a four point margin, 34-30, in one of the best basketball games ever seen on the North Side Y. M. C. A. floor. Cherdini and Cingolani played best for the University High.

With their backs to the wall, with four straight defeats staring them in the face, Captain Cherdini and his little band of fighting Dukes invaded Steubenville, and defeated the husky "Stubbers" in an interesting game, 34-29. The Bluffites' all-around teamwork and sensational passing resulted in the downfall of the Steubenville lads. Gall, the diminutive forward, with seven baskets to his credit, was the leading scorer for Duquesne.

Brimful of confidence, the "Hi" boys followed up this well-earned victory by snowing under the St. Joseph's Lyceum of Bloomfield in a one-sided game, 51-6.

Fighting hard, our boys suffered another setback at the hands of the Tech Plebes in a bitter struggle played in the Tech gym by a score of 31-28. The contest see-sawed back and forth, and was anybody's game until the toot of the final whistle. Cain, Gall and Wilinski played a bang-up game for the Dukes.

The next game was with the strong Fallible Five at the South Side Market House, which the Fallibles won, 32-26. The rough tactics of the victors plus the excellent foul shooting of Buchman were responsible for the victory. However, the work of "Huck" Finn, Sullivan and Wilinski for Duquesne was of an exceptionally high order.

JOSEPH G. RITTER, Sc., '21.

THE JUNIORS.

The undefeated Duke Juniors have played but two games since our last issue, and in both of these contests they demonstrated that they are classy basketball players.

The fast going St. Mary's Lyceum Junior team of Lawrenceville was defeated by the Bluffite quintet by the score of 24 to 21. Being on the short end of a 10 to 7 score at the end of the first half, the fast work of the Duke guards, Titz and McQuade, and some accurate shooting by Ritter, Keefe and Ibitz in the next period soon saw the Dukes out in front. Monahan played a

bang-up game at center, while Conti's passing was of the highest order.

The Juniors defeated the strong Monarch A. C. in a well-played and hotly contested game, 32 to 25. Captain Witt and Thornton broke into the contest at a critical moment, and their passing was of a whirlwind nature. The Juniors overcame their opponents by fast team work and clever shooting. Titz played a clever game at guard.

JOHN BRILEY WALSH, H. S., '20.

THE DUKUMS.

With the scars of many hotly contested battles the Dukums are sweeping everything before them. Out of 14 contests they have won 8. This is a splendid record in view of the fact that the Dukums are generally pitted against stronger and heavier opponents. Their losses went to the Lex A. C., the Holy Cross School and Troop 10, B. S. A. The greatest game of the season was against the St. Mary's Lyceum Minims of Lawrenceville. The Lyceumites made no secret of their intention of humiliating the Dukums for the stinging defeat given them in football. But the Dukums beat them 22 to 21. Harry Fleck played a spectacular game at guard. Captain Maughn is on the sick list: until his return Billy Zapf is running the team, and running it well. Bullion, Bailey and Weber are rounding into classy basketeers. Shiring and Rebhun put the winning fight into the team. Kaveny, Quinn and Meyers are steady passers, and roll up many points for the Dukums. Friederich is showing up well on the floor. Lennox, the gnat, is the smallest man and the fastest on the team. He follows the ball like an eagle. The scores to date:—Hawthorne, 21, Dukums, 27; St. Henry's School, 7, Dukums, 25; Beechview, 10, Dukums, 46; Lex A. C., 21, Dukums, 10; Holy Cross, 29, Dukums, 18; St. Mary's Minims, 21, Dukums, 22; St. John's Choir, 6, Dukums, 25; Troop 10, B. S. A., 19, Dukums, 15; Crimson Five, 10, Dukums, 30.

Zapf and Bullion have, each, 68 points to their credit in the games so far.

WM. KOHLER, H. S., '22.

Alumni.

EDWARD L. DAVIN, Esq., graduate of the Class of 1904, and captain of one of our most successful baseball teams, after a noteworthy career as practitioner before the Bar, and District

Attorney, has been appointed County Judge at San Diego, California. The Hon. Mr. Davin was originally from McKees Rocks.

DR. WILLIAM J. HICKSON, B. A., '03, a formidable guard in the football team of many years ago, is now regarded as one of the leading American psychopathologists. In our next issue we propose to have an editorial expressive of his views on the practically irreparable harm done by spiritualists and patrons of the ouija-board. Chicago is proud of Dr. Hickson.

REV. ALPHONSUS D. GAVIN, C. S. Sp., B. A., '92, called to see us on his way from Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, to his new post of duty at St. Anne's Church, Millvale. The present pastor, Rev. George Lee, C. S. Sp., after many years of devoted service in the class-room and rectory, is obliged to take a rest before resuming active duties. Father Gavin will zealously fulfil the office of pastor to which he has been appointed by his Provincial.

REV. MICHAEL J. BRANNIGAN, C. S. Sp., B. A., '19, now studying with Rev. John J. Sabaniec, C. S. Sp., B. A., '19, in the Holy Ghost Seminary at Rome, was ordained sub-deacon soon after his arrival in the Eternal City. He shared twice in an interview with the Supreme Pontiff, and had the happiness of receiving Holy Communion from his hands. He writes that at the Requiem Mass in the Seminary for the Holy Ghost victims of the *Afrique* disaster, there were present a Cardinal, two Patriarchs, six Bishops, and several Generals of Religious Orders. From his letter we can see that he cherishes a fond memory of the students at the University.

WE congratulate EUGENE F. HOFFMANN on his recent marriage in St. Philip's, Crafton, to MISS MIRIAM KUMER. Rt. Rev. Bishop Donahue and Rev. O. H. Moye, V. G., LL. D., of Wheeling, graced the occasion with their presence.

DURING the past month JOHN H. MOORHEAD and MABEL COOK were united in the holy bonds of matrimony; likewise BERNARD WINKLER took as his bride MARY SEDOSKY, and ANTHONY J. SORCE took MARGARET F. BROPHY for his life partner. We felicitate the brides and grooms alike.

HUGH KELLY, JOSEPH MONTEVERDE and HERBERT TERHEYDEN were members of the chorus in the Knights of Columbus production of Victor Herbert's operatic success, "Princess Pat".

M. N. GLYNN, '20.

Duquesnicula.

AFTER-DINNER TONIC. Kohler (disgustedly)—The preliminary game at Westinghouse Club was a tea party.

Clougherty—Well, the 'Varsity tiff at Montefiore Hall was a "Coffey" party, wasn't it?

UNSAFE FOOTING. Moran (on sick list)—Why didn't the team win the game at Montefiore Hall?

Alibi Mono—Because they played on Coffey grounds.

AND ICY STREETS. "What makes good shoes?" quizzed the instructor in Commercial Geography.

"Why, the skins of horses," promptly replied O'Neill. "And what makes good slippers?" "Banana skins," came back the quick reply.

THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE PRESUPPOSED. In the Civil Government exams, some described the Prohibition Party, as if their other answers were not dry enough.

SALT OR FRESH? New Teacher—What's your name, boy?
Victor—Friday.

N. T.—That sounds fishy.

TO CONTINUE. A boarder was asked if he liked codfish balls? He said he never attended any. Who said Doyle wasn't witty?

A GENTLE HINT. Razzy—Stop cutting my piece of bread.

Kaveny—Is that your piece? Why, I thought it was the loaf.

INFANTILE WIT. Murray was telling an old joke. Said Ed Kelly: "The last time I heard that pleasantry I almost fell out of the cradle from laughing." "Yes," rejoined Murray, "I remember telling you that joke day before yesterday."

MORE OF THE SAME SORT. Senior—My goodness, Frank, when so-and-so was your age he was in the Fourth High.

First High Giant—Yes, and when he was your age he was vice-president of the University.

SCIENTIFIC INFORMATION—Prof.—What happens when gold is exposed to the air?

Thomas—Stolen.

Prof.—Why do clocks go faster in winter than in summer?

Moll—Because the days are shorter.

Prof.—Where do people go for Anthracite coal?

Wissenbach—To our coal shed.

Prof.—How many ribs have you?

Bruggeman—I'm too ticklish to try and count them.

BY PROXY, AS IT WERE. "What kind of sin did Adam commit?" Powers was asked. "Original sin," he replied, with much assurance. "Did you ever commit an original sin?" pursued the quizzer. "No," came the ready answer, "Adam committed it for me."

IF YOU INSIST ON EXACTITUDE—Just what a clandestine marriage is, was clearly explained. Conti was asked to repeat the definition. "A clan—clanderous marriage is a wedding with one witness." "That's only half of it," suggested the kindly instructor. "Oh, well then, with two witnesses," airily finished the self-satisfied theologian.

Prof.—Julius, see me at 3 o'clock.

Julius—(*Sotto voce*) Not on your life. I see enough of you during class hours.

Ricketts. What's that noise?

McManus. That's Doc. O'Donnell taking his exercise on the piano.

R. For goodness' sake, tell him to get his exercise some other way.

Waiter—Where is the plate I gave you with the pie?

Razzy—Was that the plate? I thought it was the crust and ate it.

Neuner—A dime's worth of Castor Oil; and don't give me full measure.

Dr. Wall—Why not?

N. I have to take it.

Obermaier—Say, don't you see that sign at the end of the car, NO SMOKING?

O'Connell—I'm not smoking.

O.—You've got your pipe in your mouth.

O'C.—Be gorrah, I got me shoes on me feet and I'm not walking.

W. J. STEBLER—V. O. FRIDAY.



Exchanges.

WE acknowledge with thanks the February issue of the following Exchanges: *Abbey Student*, *Ariston*, *St. John's Record*, and *St. Vincent College Journal*. What has become of a score of others which were always welcome? Were they lost in the mails, or have they suspended publication owing to the high cost of labor and of paper?

St. Vincent College Journal has a valuable contribution on "Peripatetic Vitalism". The writer deals at length with the various definitions of life, and the nature and bipartite division of action. The article is exceptionally able; it shows deep research, and promises to be of surpassing value to students of psychology. Our worthy contemporary's songsters are not mute: they warble sweetly in "The Skater's Song" and "December Afterglow". "The League and the Peace Treaty" is a clever skit on the *impasse* at which our legislators in Washington have arrived. Kevin J. Guinagh gives us a good example of the mock heroic in prose in favor of Lady Nicotine. The editorials are thoughtful and deserving of consideration. "A Practical Antidote" commends the efforts of the Knights of Columbus in securing positions for returned soldiers and thus combating unrest. "The Kreisler Concert in Pittsburgh" defends the artist musician against the attacks levelled against him on account of his nationality. "An Appeal for Aid" pleads the cause of the starving people of Germany and Austria: it is but the purest and most disinterested charity to relieve the wants of the indigent in the crowded cities of the conquered countries. "Travesty in a House of Worship" excoriates the "smiling matrons" and "pompous ministers" who mocked the decorous funeral services of the Church in celebrating the obsequies of the Hon. John Barleycorn, D. C. The "Chronicle" is exhaustive and interesting; the "Personals", varied and detailed; the "Alumni" suggestive of the sterling service St. Vincent's has rendered to education, and "College Comment", pointed and humorous. "Exchanges" evidences a conscientious effort to do justice to literary efforts. A novel and interesting frontispiece is a "yard of skaters," otherwise, "Our Students on the Lake, January, 1920". There is nothing like a lake, winter or summer, to make life attractive at a boarding school. "The Skater's Song", which appears opposite the picture, emphasizes the lesson. The *St. Vincent College Journal* is well-balanced, and each department is in competent hands.

J. A. O'DONNELL, '20.

Lead Kindly Light!

DUQUESNE MONTHLY



DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Duquesne Monthly

APRIL, 1920



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JAMES J. MCCLOSKEY, '22 (Law)		Law
J. BRILEY WALSH, '20 (H. S.)		Athletics
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Resurrexit.

THY glory, blest Lord, is our gladness,
We joy that Thy triumph appears;
Enough was the pain and the sadness,
Enough the willed shrinking and fears :
With Beatitude's dawn Thy pierced Body now thrills,
Thy Manhood complete the due Vision now fills.

To Thy Mother, *laetare* we're singing—
As need were to bid her rejoice !
Thy Angels white garments are bringing,
Their part in our joying to voice;
Their sitting triumphant on rolled-away stone,
But tokens Thy conquest, that seat being a throne.

How gladsome Thy Magdalen's running
To herald Thy glorious life
To Apostles who, fearful, were shunning
The Sanhedrim's death-dealing strife !
Yet glad Thyself makes them, ere ends the great day,
With sight of their Lord, now living for aye.

G. L.



Food and the H. C. L.

PROBABLY the most vital factor in bringing the World War to a successful conclusion was the care and economy practiced in the use of food. Not only did the peoples that were our associates in the war see the necessity of conservation, but we, likewise, abounding in supplies and rich in resources, felt the need to conserve. That our ideas along this line might be unified and directed, the President selected Herbert C. Hoover as Food Administrator, and he in turn enacted drastic food laws and regulations as a military necessity.

The success of the Food Administration did not, however, depend entirely upon Mr. Hoover or any other official, but largely upon the people, for at this time their purchasing power had greatly increased and, had they desired to do so, they could have consumed a vastly greater quantity of food. Not even the rigid enforcement of the food laws could have prevented them from using enormous supplies if they were unwilling to conserve. But the strong patriotism and self-denial with which they freely forfeited many of their daily requirements, brought about success. So again at this period of reconstruction is it necessary for the people to continue their willingness to conserve in order to bring about a return to normal living conditions.

As everyone had expected, the first important sequel of the armistice on this side of the Atlantic was the material reduction of incomes. The only thing then remaining for the people "back home" to do was to continue the habit of saving acquired during the conflict, and to control for a considerable length of time their desire to spend. This of course was a difficult task for the average person, for the great desire of the people is to be relieved of the hampering food laws and to be protected against the high cost of living.

There is no further need for enacting new laws against profiteering. Perhaps it would be well to enforce more energetically the laws now in vogue; but the remedy is already in the hands of the consumer. Were the middleman to be prosecuted for profiteering, the profits would automatically revert into the hands of the producer. Only voluntary conservation on the part of the people and the unalterable law of supply and demand can bring prices down to a level that is reasonable and tolerable.

The real solution for the reduction of the high cost of living is, therefore, substitution and conservation. The great lesson of substitution learned during the war should be continued now during the days of reconstruction, which, we repeat, owing to the size and complicated structure of our economic machinery, must necessarily be considerably protracted. Were we any the worse off for the meatless, wheatless, sugarless meals to which we confined ourselves, and which, let us confess, we found quite palatable? Did not these abstentions really benefit us, physically and morally? The American people apparently have not yet learned the proper value of food-stuffs, for although the Food Administration has formulated a system to educate the housekeepers regarding the relative food value of victuals, yet its instructions appear to pass altogether unheeded.

Then, again, conservation must be furthered. A wise proverb for the present time has come from the lips of Vice Food Administrator J. S. Crutchfield, who said, "He that controlleth his own appetite and adapteth his taste to what the market affords is greater than he that deviseth many laws against profiteering." For the man who is clamoring for new laws against profiteering would find it more profitable were he to devise a system of dieting and conserving. The fact that 20,000,000 of the Entente Allies were fed owing to our conservation and substitution shows that the sacrifices were by no means fruitless.

Indisputably, the way to reduce the cost of living is simply to produce more and consume less. If one-half the people should cease to produce, while all the people continue to consume, what would be the result? Pay the producer an attractive price and he will invariably produce more. On the other hand, to check consumption, control the demand by voluntary conservation. These two factors working hand in hand will bring successful results.

We have said little about the extent to which sacrifice on our part will help war-stricken Europe. If a realization of the demands of necessity and solidarity impelled us to make sacrifices for their sake while the contest was on, should not common humanity still urge us to give of our superfluity to supply their absolute need? Although our own demands may be somewhat curtailed, yet the joy we experience in feeling that some poor life may have been saved through our action should be a motive for renewed efforts to control our appetites. At the same time we shall help America get back on her feet, increase our food supply and reduce the cost of living.

CHARLES A. WARD, '21.



Metaphors, Mostly Mixed.

“**F**IGURATIVE language is a departure from the ordinary mode of expression for the purpose of adorning style.”—Quintilian, *Inst.*, IX. I.

Figures enrich language, bestow dignity on style, afford pleasure by presenting to our view two objects at once, and impress a truth more forcefully on the mind. They owe their origin to the inadequacy of language to express thought or feeling: the vocabulary of bodily sensations is drawn upon to supply the deficiency. They play an important part in our daily conversation. Even the uneducated, like Monsieur Jourdain, in Molière, who had spoken prose for forty years without ever knowing it, unconsciously draw figures from the fields in which they labor or from the machinery with which they are familiar.

Of all figures, metaphor is the commonest. It indicates a resemblance between two objects by ascribing the name, attribute or act of one directly to the other. Thus we speak of the bitterness of sorrow, or the stings of conscience, or the flame of love, though sorrow is not supposed to be literally like gall, nor has conscience a material sting, nor does love burn; to express strongly the effect of sorrow, or of a guilty conscience, or of love, we have recourse to those bodily sensations which are alike familiar and vivid.

The best storehouse of figurative speech is an intimate knowledge of nature. To have watched the “falling verdure” of the early summer rain; to have been awed by the impressive phenomena of storm, earthquake, and volcano; to have traced in the laboratory the marvelous operation of molecular affinities;—all these are means to charge the mind with imagery both powerful in itself and ready to crowd into the mind on fitting occasion.

In the following selections, some of them notable for their remarkable beauty, the rigid rules of rhetoric are observed. We shall direct attention, however imperfectly, to the beauties that underlie the expression.

Homer speaks of “the darts eager to taste of flesh.” How aptly he describes them! An arrow or dart, from its flying with a spinning motion, quivers violently when it strikes its target,

here the human form, and thus suggests the idea of a person trembling with eagerness.

What vivid impressions, and what a striking contrast are conveyed in Ossian's description of a woman: "She was covered with the light of beauty, but her heart was the house of pride!" Her beauty is represented as a becoming garment, but her heart betrays in her actions her proud and haughty sentiments.

The language of Edmund Burke abounds in imagery. He drew his comparisons and illustrations from the whole range of human knowledge. His writings are a vast treasury of figurative gems, with here and there a counterfeit. Thus he pictures the Queen of France as the "glittering morning star, full of life and splendor and joy;" friendship as "the soft green of the soul, on which the eye loves to repose;" Lord Chatham's administration as "pigging together in the same truckle-bed," and Mr. Dundas with his East India bills as "the imperial sow of augury, lying in the mud with the prodigies of her fertility about her, as evidences of her delicate amours."

Shakespeare, in his *Julius Caesar*, IV, 3, presents human life as a voyage at sea.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current while it serves
Or lose our ventures."

In the life of each of us golden opportunities present themselves; if we seize them, we advance to fortune and to fame; if we neglect them, we languish in poverty and debasement. The present moment is most auspicious; a little later, and the circumstances which now favor us shall be past beyond recall. Failure will confront us.

In his *Remarks on the History of England*, Lord Bolingbroke stated that Charles I. had hastily dissolved Parliament and as hastily repented; he continues: "Well might he repent; for the vessel was now full, and this last drop made the waters of bitterness overflow." Here we have an appropriate and striking metaphor continued throughout several expressions. The "vessel" represents the exasperation of the people due to former oppressions and wrongs; the "last drop," the further provocation received by the premature dissolution of Parliament, and the

"overflowing of the waters of bitterness," the uprising of an indignant and thoroughly aroused people.

It is no wonder that, under the influence of passion or confused with the rush of ideas, some of our greatest authors, if not all, occasionally mix their metaphors. *Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus*. In the fourth book of the *Odyssey*, Penelope speaks of the loss of her husband and then of the abrupt departure of her son, Telemachus:—

"Long to my joys my dearest lord is lost,
His country's buckler and the Grecian boast.
Now from my fond embrace by tempests torn,
Our other column of the state is borne
Nor took a kind adieu, nor sought consent."

In the first two lines, Ulysses is aptly described as the protector of his country and the pride of his people. In the succeeding lines, Telemachus is represented as a column torn away by the tempest of war, and departing without bidding her farewell or asking her consent; she thus speaks of him at the same time as a person and a column, and ascribes to that column the actions and properties of a man.

"The greedy flames drink his heart"—Met., IX, 172.

Ovid justly represents fever as a flame, for a fever by heating the body resembles fire; a flame, however, consumes but does not drink.

Shakespeare, in his *Tempest*, has the following:—

"The charm dissolves apace,
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clear reason."

Here the Bard speaks of persons slowly recovering from the influence of enchantment and regaining the use of their senses. He attributes to the morning two inconsistent actions: that of stealing upon darkness and so overcoming it, and melting it so that it disappears—morning pursues darkness and also melts it! The senses chase fumes, ignorant fumes, fumes that mantle!

"There is a time," says Bolingbroke, "when factions, by the vehemence of their fermentation, stun and disable one another." Factions may be said to be in a state of fermentation, and thus they are described as liquids, but the operations of solids should not be predicated of them; they can not be said to dismember one another by forcible collision.

Addison, in his *Letter from Italy*, writes,

"I bridle in my struggling muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain."

In the first line the muse is represented as a horse, and, as such, may be bridled; in the second line it is represented as a ship. It cannot be both at the same time, and bridling the muse will not prevent it from launching.

Despite his care, Pope has not failed to trip and fall. In *Abelard to Eloisa*, is the following couplet:

"All then is full, possessing and possest,
No craving void left aching in the breast."

A void may be said to crave, but surely it can not ache.

In the following passage in his *Reflections on the French Revolution*, our very greatest master of figurative speech, Edmund Burke, becomes confused from the very richness and energy of his imagination:

"In this situation they have purposely covered up all they ought industriously to have cleared with a thick fog; and then blindfold themselves, like bulls that shut their eyes when they push, they drive by the points of the bayonets their slaves, blindfolded no worse than their lords, to take their fictions for currencies, and to swallow down their pills by thirty-four millions at a dose."

Here there are at least four distinct metaphors: thick fog, people blindfolded (scarcely necessary in a fog), bulls shutting their eyes as they push, paper pills swallowed by millions! Evidently Burke was carried away by the rush of his ideas.

If the brighter lights of literature sometimes grow dim and faint, what Cimmerian darkness must envelop the fitful gleams of the uneducated! It is especially when the latter are surrounded with the lime light of higher civilization that their glaring inconsistencies are most easily noted. To use a nautical figure, they launch into a sea of troubles and quickly lose their bearings. A colored preacher is reported to have said: "Brethren, the muddy pool of politics was the rock on which I split." The uncertainties and trickeries of politics he compares to a muddy pool and next to a rock. Consistently, he might have been submerged in the pool or split on the rock, but he could not have been split on the pool or submerged in the rock. And again: "We thank Thee for this spark of grace; water it, good Lord." Watering a spark would tend to extinguish it rather than increase it.

An Irish barrister crowded several mixed metaphors into the peroration of his address to a jury. "Gentlemen," he said, "it will be for you to decide whether this defendant shall be allowed to come into court with unblushing footsteps, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and draw three bullocks out of my client's pocket with impunity."

An English judge addressed this pompous apostrophe to a butler accused of stealing his master's wine:

"Prisoner at the bar, you stand convicted on the most conclusive evidence of a crime of inexpressible atrocity, a crime that defiles the sacred springs of domestic confidence, and is calculated to strike alarm into the breasts of every Englishman who invests largely in the choicer vintages of Southern Europe. Like the serpent of old, you have stung the hand of your protector. Fortunate in having a generous employer, you might without dishonesty have continued to supply your wretched wife and children with the comforts of sufficient prosperity, and even with some of the luxuries of affluence; but, dead to every claim of natural affection and blind to your own real interest, you burst through all the restraints of religion and morality, and have for many years been feathering your nest with your master's bottles."

The butler's bed feathered with bottles must have been very uncomfortable.

A politician, addressing his electors, laid down this principle of economy, "When you have laid an egg, put it away for a rainy day." If the electors could perform the impossible feat of laying an egg, why should they put it away for a rainy day?

When delivering a speech to the Vienna students in the troublous times of 1848, Justice Minister Hye declared that "the chariot of the revolution is rolling along and gnashing its teeth as it rolls." He compares the revolution to a rolling chariot and at the same time to a human being gnashing his teeth with rage!

The mayor of a Rhineland corporation addressed Emperor William I. shortly after his coronation at Versailles. In the course of his speech he exclaimed: "No Austria! No Prussia! Only one Germany! Such were the words the mouth of your imperial majesty has always had in its eye."

A captain enumerating the casualties sustained in a naval engagement, reported: "One of my hands was shot in the nose."

In the House of Commons, Mr. O'Connor Power, hearing the Chancellor of the Exchequer unwittingly acknowledge that he

was obstructing business, jumped to his feet and triumphantly exclaimed: "Mr. Speaker, since the government has let the cat out of the bag, there is nothing to be done but to take the bull by the horns." To let the cat out of the bag is to disclose a secret. It was formerly a trick among countryfolk to substitute a cat for a sucking pig, and to bring it in a bag to market. If any green-horn chose to buy a "pig in a poke" without examination, he had himself to blame, but if he opened the sack, "he let the cat out of the bag," and discovered the trick. To take a bull by the horns is the safest protection against his attack; hence it means to grapple with a difficulty and try to overcome it. These two figures, of course, should not be introduced into the same sentence.

Mr. Shaw, member of Parliament for the County Cork, and and leader of the Home Rule party, held a meeting one Sunday to discuss the land question. Usually he expressed himself very clearly and correctly, but on this occasion he launched out into the sea of figurative language and soon found himself stranded on the shallows of a metaphor much to his own surprise and to the amusement of many amongst his audience. "They tell us," he said, "that we violate the Sabbath by being here to-day. Yet, if the ass or the ox fall into the pit, we can take him out on the Sabbath. Our brother is in the pit to-day—the farmer and the landlord are both in it—and we are come here to try if we can lift them out." His likening of the farmer and landlord to the ass and the ox was most unhappy; it was better qualified to appeal to the risible faculties of the laborers than to the sympathies and intelligence of their employers.

Like Boyle Roche who rarely "opened his mouth without putting his foot in it," a Mr. William McMahon was wont to confuse metaphors somewhat strangely, designedly, it was believed, to produce a favorable impression and sway his audience. When addressing a jury he once said: "Gentlemen, I smell a rat, I see him floating in the air, I'll nip him in the bud." To smell a rat is a phrase which conveys a suspicion that mischief is brewing. The allusion is to a cat or dog smelling out vermin. The metaphor of the rat is not sustained; the rat immediately becomes a noxious vapor floating in the air, and then a pernicious flower to be nipped in the bud.

Dryden, though a master of style, has perpetrated the following in speaking of seraphs; they

"unguarded leave the sky,
And all dissolved in hallelujahs lie."

"I have heard," says a critic, "of anchovies dissolved in sauce, but never before of an angel dissolved in hallelujahs."

A writer in the *Saturday Review* finds an extraordinary confusion of metaphors in Longfellow's *Psalm of Life*. He selects the following stanzas:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

"Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

He subjects them to a merciless analysis in these words:—

"Even if one can conceive of life as a 'solemn main' bordered by the 'sands of time,' how can the mariners on the main leave their footprints on the sands? And what possible comfort can footprints on the sands be to a shipwrecked brother who, despite his shipwreck, still keeps persistently sailing o'er life's solemn main? The brother must have very sharp eyes if he could see footprints on the sand from his raft, for his ship is supposed to have been wrecked long ago. Perhaps Mr. Longfellow was thinking of the footstep which Robinson Crusoe found on the sand of his desert island. But Robinson was not sailing when he detected that isolated phenomenon; nor, when he saw it, did he 'take heart again.'"

H. J.



Luck.

I.

I'M wished for by most everyone in every undertaking,
From building mighty sky-scrapers to ordinary baking,
And when my spell is absent there looms failure in the making.

II.

If hopes prove unsuccessful I am bitterly bemoaned,
But should they be accomplished, by the doers I'm disowned,
Although my magic influence to help them I have loaned.

III.

Their friends proclaim I'm nothing; to their enemies I'm all:
Of me there is no image in Fame's vast and stately Hall,
And yet it is by my decree that projects stand or fall.

IV.

I'm blest and caress'd,
And I'm cursed with the worst;
I'm praised and I'm dragged in the muck.
I'm hated, berated,
I'm toasted and feted.
I'm the Goddess of Fortune, I'm "Luck."

PAUL G. SULLIVAN,
High School, '21.



Ingenious Bob Has An Idea.

PROBABLY none of you heard how a Duquesne boy planned to help the American soldiers win the war. There may be some excuse for this as the Government did not permit the story to leak out sooner lest enemy agents might decide to end the career of our hero.

Bob——, now a prominent member of the Freshman class and a resident of Emsworth, liked to tinker around the work-bench of his brother ever since he had the use of reason, if you can figure out when that was. He used to model little contrivances of his own fancy, and invented many small mechanical attachments to improve them; so you see the inventive genius in him was aroused at an early age. Continuing his hobby as much as possible during his spare time while attending grammar school, he was ardently devoted to invention in his senior year at high school. So enthused did he become that he had a small chemical laboratory set up at home for his own personal use. He also read all the mechanical magazines that he could buy; those to which his brother subscribed found their way to his room, where

they were treasured and pored over during the time he could spare from his school work.

At the time of which I speak, America had already sent over a million men to stop the onrush of the German hosts invading France. They found themselves at Thiaucourt entrenched in a strong position to threaten the large city of Metz, which was fifty-five miles away. When Bob picked up a daily paper and read of the great advances of our American boys, he was filled with pride. He was eager to see them advance still farther, and he could hardly wait until they would cross the border into Germany. Consequently he cudgelled his brain with the hope that he might find a way to help them win with a minimum loss of life. This was indeed a big problem for a youth to solve. Nevertheless, having finished his supper one evening, he retired to his room to think it over. Here he figured out a solution of the problem (as he thought) just as if he were General Pershing, and responsible for the movements of the army. Late in the evening he emerged from his room, holding in his hand a letter addressed to the Secretary of War. He had heard that numerous suggestions had been received by the War Department, so why should he not make known his idea? Very quietly he left the house and slipped up to the mail-box; here, with a sigh of relief, he dropped his precious letter into the slot.

The next three days were fraught with surprises for Bob. He read of how the American forces had advanced steadily within five miles of the German border where they held a strong position. He went to bed on the third evening with a brain overworked from concentration, and as he dozed off, he pictured himself over in France in the presence of General Pershing. He saw the great commander coming to him, and said, "General, to-day we shall try out my plan to capture Metz. We have twenty-five small airships of the Zeppelin type, each having a limited amount of gas, so that they may remain at a fixed altitude of 2,000 feet. Each one is equipped with an automatic steering device connected with a compass regulated to point at Metz, and so eliminate the need of a pilot. Everyone has also the exact amount of petrol that will carry it there and no farther. There is also in each a thousand pounds of T. N. T. as well as a time-bomb regulated to the speed of the dirigibles. The charge is attached to each gas bladder, set and ready to explode at a fixed time, ripping the silken bag and setting it on fire. This burning, plunging mass, when it hits the ground, will blow everything in the vicinity to atoms and rock the earth for miles around."

At Bob's command, willing hands rolled out the cigar-shaped dirigibles from their hangars; the mechanics started the motors, and the riderless planes glided off with a roar, at different intervals. The twenty-five rose rapidly till they reached the required height, at the same time proceeding in the direction of Metz. A crowd of soldiers and mechanics watched with interest the fleet of airships riding unpiloted through the sky, while Bob looked on anxiously through powerful field glasses to see if everything worked out as he had planned. The airships were now over German soil and still going steadily onward. But what was that cloud of smoke? A shell bursting directly below the silken bags? Yes, and there was another a little closer. This was something Bob had not foreseen, something he had overlooked in his extensive planning. The Germans, thinking some of the enemy pilots were coming to bomb them, were now speedily getting the range of the gas bags. The dirigibles proved an easy prey to the anti-aircraft guns. All but five of the airships dropped in flames on an empty field many miles away from the city of Metz. The T. N. T., exploding, made huge holes in the ground and hurled earth and rocks high in the air. Shock followed shock. Boom-m-m, boom-m-m, drowns the voices of the men as the other five ships are shot down and fall in tangled masses into a large forest.

Bob jumps somewhat startled by the sound of a familiar voice in his ear.

"Robert, get up right away for school; I won't call you again."

WILLIAM E. BOGGS, '23.



Prevaux versus Cairo.

TOM MARKLEY, entering Prevaux College as a Junior, achieved, after six weeks' presence, the position of class president. This unusually rapid rise to prominence was due to qualities which marked him as a leader from the day of his entrance.

One bright Saturday afternoon in early October, Markley and a small crowd of his school fellows went for a walk along the river road that skirted the college property. On rounding a bend flanked by a deep thicket, the party came in sight of a group of buildings which could easily be identified as a school.

"Is that a college over there?" inquired Tom. "Yep, or at least it is supposed to be," returned Harry Blake, an old-timer, indifferently.

"What school is it then?" asked Markley, interested.

"Well, you might as well know all about it," spoke Johnston, another student of former years, "that is Cairo Institution, our most deadly yet inactive rival. For some years there has been a tense rivalry, in fact a feud, between Prevaux and Cairo. Athletic relations were severed some three years back, following a mob fight between the two student bodies, and ever since the quarrel has remained."

"Yes, and be careful never to step on the Cairo property," cautioned Jack Winters, seriously.

"Why?" questioned Markley.

"The Egyptians—that's what we call those Cairo fellows—will throw you out bodily, and perhaps into the river," returned Winters with a shrug.

"Why don't they reestablish athletic relations, and give each school a chance to put one over on the other in a clean and sportsmanlike way?" suggested Tom.

"That listens all right," spoke Johnston, "but who is going to take the chance of a ducking?"

"Telephone," Tom ventured. "Call them up and make arrangements for a conference."

"They would ring off as soon as you told them who you were."

And thus ended the discussion.

Several days passed, but the subject of sports with Cairo was still in the ever busy brain of Tom Markley. He was thoroughly in favor of the resumption of sport meets between the rival colleges, but how was he going to work it? He did not know. On his way to class he met Blake.

"Say, Harry, who is manager of the Athletic Association?" he asked.

"Dormant is the old manager, but next week we elect a new one. The fellows say that they are going to run me for it, but I couldn't say for sure," replied Blake, blushing slightly.

"Bully for you! I hereby elect myself to help get you in. By the way—this is the day that we pick our roommates, and I'm inviting you to share my humble quarters."

"Thanks, Tom, old man. I'll be delighted to room with you; and I'll be glad to have your co-operation in the coming election," returned Blake meaningly.

Blake moved in with Markley and Tom began his campaign. He was joined by Winters, Johnston and others. The election resulted in Blake's favor, leaving him manager of all athletics of the school.

"Listen, Blake, old top, and you shall hear; otherwise I'll pull your ear. Basketball time is just about here, and we are going to arrange a game with the Egyptians," declared Tom with emphasis during one of the infrequent intervals that they were left to themselves in their room.

"I certainly would like to, but"—here Blake broke off and shrugged his shoulders to signify helplessness.

Tom hitched his chair a little closer to Blake's and spoke with earnest determination:

"Harry, you run down and see if it is all right with the Prexy, and I'll have the Celestials booked for a game by the time the schedules go to print."

The other gasped a little, and asked a trifle weakly, "You are not jesting with me—you really mean it?"

"I do," retorted Tom solemnly, imitating a man taking out an auto driver's license.

"I'll fight it out with Wallace then. It will be a battle, I know, but I am all-fired enthusiastic for your plan." So, shortly afterward, President Wallace was waylaid by the student manager of athletics. At the end of a long siege, he saw the point, but did not give in. He sent for Markley. That was the beginning of the end.

Without preliminaries, the president came to the point.

"Well, Thomas, I understand that you feel you can make successful arrangements for a game between Cairo Institution and our own college."

"Quite so, Mr. Wallace. You have been properly informed," he replied with dignity.

"How do you intend to go about it? Are you sure that your plan is in accordance with the rules and understandings of both schools?" Mr. Wallace inquired.

"Positively, sir, though I would rather remain silent as to my plan. Give me the chance to do it and trust me, sir, and I promise to be true to the trust," declared Tom, meeting the president's gaze squarely.

"Very well, you may do it, and in your own way. But remember, I hold you to your word," the president answered with unmistakable admiration in his tone.

"Thank you, Mr. Wallace," breathed Markley and Blake with one voice.

When the pair were again in their room, Blake turned to Tom and asked in an anxious voice, "How are you going to work it, anyhow? Those Orientals are sure down on us Cowfields." "What's that? Cowfields?" Tom asked with a broad grin.

"Well," drawled Harry, a little impatiently. "Prevaux is French for meadow view, and a meadow is always pictured with a cow or two in it, so they call us Cowfields. But come tell me about your plan to approach the unapproached." "Now it's this way," Tom orated, with appropriate gestures. "John Harris is the manager of the Oriental floor team; and he, like most of us, acknowledges a certain degree of admiration for the fair sex, and for one Helen Phillips a few more degrees than for most of the others. I shall take it upon myself to speak to Miss Phillips and arrange for an accidental meeting with Harris, namely, at Miss Phillips's home to prevent the possibility of a fight. Therefore diplomacy will prevail." That would be great! But surely you are not acquainted with Miss Phillips; why, you have been to Newton only three times in your life," wailed Blake with deep regret.

"When I am playing for high stakes," retorted Tom, gaily, "a little thing like that does not daunt me."

"You win! There's no use arguing with you when you have your mind made up. When do you start your siege of terror?"

"Saturday afternoon."

"To-morrow, you mean?"

"To-morrow it is."

"Good luck to you, and I hope that you make good. Remember your promise."

"I shall, and thanks."

"There's the supper bell. Let's go eat."

"I'm right with you."

By special permission from the president, Markley left for Newton about an hour and half earlier than the rest of the students. Luckily he caught a machine bound for Newton and arrived in that metropolis at exactly twelve forty-five. A city directory furnished the address of Miss Helen Phillips. He rapped at the door twice, and a fine looking woman of about forty answered his knock. "Good afternoon. Is Miss Phillips at home?" purred Tom politely. "Yes, Helen is at home. Step into the parlor, and I will call her," answered the woman sociably.

After waiting for what seemed to be an hour, but was in reality only three minutes, Tom rose to greet a lovely young lady of about nineteen years. She seemed more like a dream girl than a real one. Tom took his courage in both hands.

"Pardon me, Miss Phillips," he said, "I know that you do not know me, but I assure you that I come to you with good intention. I am Tom Markley of Pittsburgh, Pa. I am a student of Prevaux College. I found that there is a rivalry, in fact I might say a feud, between my school and Cairo Institution, and that athletic relations do not exist between the two schools. I wish to start athletic meets between the two schools, so that the rivalry may be carried on in a sportsmanlike way. That is why I have come to you." "It sounds very interesting, Mr. Markley, but just how am I to help you?" replied Miss Phillips, with a little more dignity than the occasion seemed to demand. "Just this way, Miss Phillips. A thousand apologies for saying it—but I thought perhaps that you might influence Mr. Harris of Cairo to meet me half-way. I understand that he is an—er—acquaintance of yours." This speech taxed Tom's courage to the utmost, but he braved it manfully.

Miss Phillips reddened a little and spoke rather sharply: "Why do you presume that I could do such a thing, and why should I?"

"I humbly beg your pardon, Miss Phillips, it was headstrong of me, but I thought possibly that you would like to see a friendliness between the two schools of your native district. However," rising to leave, "I shall not bother you further."

"Wait a minute, Mr. Markley. Perhaps I have been a little hasty."

Tom sank back into the chair hopefully and waited for her to continue.

"Do you think a Pittsburgh girl would do that for you, Mr. Markley?" inquired the girl, her eyes twinkling merrily.

"I couldn't say for sure, but I believe a good percentage of them would," returned Tom, seeing that he was gaining a point.

"Then I will," the girl declared.

"Just what are your plans, Mr. Pittsburgh?"

Tom smiled at the name.

"Arrange for a meeting between Mr. Harris and myself for to-morrow afternoon at three."

At four o'clock the next day John Harris and Tom Markley shook hands. Harris had agreed to use his influence to develop Tom's plan.

Tom thanked Miss Phillips profusely and promised that he would grant her any favor that she asked, provided it was in his power.

"Then come and visit me next Sunday," she replied.

"Nothing could please me better," he said. "But Harris—er—Mr. Harris,—it would not be quite fair to him."

"It is for me to invite my own company. Remember your promise," she retorted, tossing her sweet head saucily.

"Very well. It shall be even as you say, Miss Phillips," quoted Tom weakly, not daring to look at Harris; but if he had done so, he might have noticed a half concealed smile of amusement on the latter's face. Tom went back to the school in an undecided humor.

The basketball schedules came out two weeks later. Much amazement and consternation arose, for the schedule was

Prevaux vs. Cairo, at Newton Town Hall, January 4.

The astounded students were not offered any explanation until the day after their return from the Christmas vacation. Then a mass meeting was held and it was all explained to them, omitting, of course, Miss Phillips's part in it. Tom Markley was called on to make a speech which he did manfully.

In the meantime Tom had called on Miss Phillips frequently, and had encountered Harris but twice in all his visits. At Christmas he had sent her a beautiful wrist watch from Pittsburgh, and she had sent him a wonderful stick pin that she ordered from Louisville.

January the 4th came, the night for the great game between the rival schools on the neutral floor. The town of Newton went wild over the prospect of the coming battle.

The line-ups of the opposing teams were published in the *Newton Weekly*. The circulation of that paper doubled in a single week. Line-up:

Prevaux College			Cairo Institute		
Blake, Man.	.	Forward	.	Anderson	
Welsh	.	Forward	.	Faure	
Markley, Capt.		Center	.	Harris, Capt.	
Johnston	.	Guard	.	Court	
McPherson	.	Guard	.	Sherrod	

The game began at 8 o'clock sharp. The hall was crowded to its fullest capacity. The cheering was deafening. The game had but three minutes to go and the score was 14-12 in Cairo's

favor. The Egyptians went wild with delight. The Cowfields cheered their men desperately. Prevaux scored a basket, tying the score, when only a half minute was left. An Egyptian fouled, and Markley was about to throw for a basket. A hush fell on the gathering. All waited for the tell-tale toss. Tom was weak and played out, for he had been hard pressed during the game. He was about to toss the ball when he spied Helen Phillips in the crowd. She caught his glance and shouted, her voice ringing through the hall,

"Score that point, Tom. The game depends on you."

Tom's drooping spirits revived, and a new energy took possession of him. He straightened and tossed the ball. It rolled around the rim of the basket once, and fell through, making the score 15-14 in favor of Prevaux. The Cowfields went wild. They cheered their school, Markley and the Cairo's. Then the whole crowd—Prevaux students, Cairo scholars, people of Newton, and strangers—cheered for Markley. Markley jumped upon the shoulders of his admirers, and held up his hand for silence. Once more a hush came over the hall.

Markley spoke: "Friends, do not cheer me. It was not I, but that young lady there who won the game." He pointed to Helen Phillips, who was making her way toward him.

Cheer after cheer went up for Miss Phillips and Tom Markley.

Next day a detailed account of the game came out in a special edition of the *Newton Weekly*. The paper offered a loving cup to the team that won the best out of three games counting the one already played.

Peace was established between the two schools, though, of course, the rivalry in athletics remained. Everybody spoke the names of Tom Markley and Helen Phillips in the same breath.

Tom and Helen sat on a bench under the mellow moonlight. Tom was saying:

"I am desperately in love with you, Helen."

"I loved my gallant Pittsburgher from the first hour that I ever saw him," she answered demurely.

"But what about Harris?" he spoke anxiously.

"Why, my dear boy, John Harris is my cousin."

The night after Prevaux College won the loving cup offered by the *Newton Weekly*, Cairo Institute gave a dance and reception to Prevaux College in honor of the engagement of Tom Markley and Helen Phillips.

Tom, as usual, was called on to make a speech. He made it in five words: "All's well that ends well."

T. A. CODORI, H. S., '22.



Mary's Happiest Hour.

SOMETIMES I think that night was happiest
When first she clasped the Babe unto her breast;
When, spite of cold, the shepherds' cave became
A palace for the world's expected King,
And Mary with a mother-love caressed
God's Son and hers, whose praises angels sing.

Sometimes I try to feel and understand
What rapture meant the pressure of His hand,
The kindling glance, the trustful boyish laugh,
As day by day He grew to manhood's years,
And Mary knew her Jesus could command
The worship and obedience of the spheres.

There broke at last a dawn all rosy-white
After the woe of Calvary's cruel night,
And that, O Mary, was thy happiest:
'Twas when to Death a death-blow had been dealt;
When Jesus, risen, burst upon thy sight
And thou, His Mother-love, adoring knelt.

LUKE O'BYRNE.



Laying the Mission Ghost.

"It sho' es abomanatin' teh'ble!"

"I think so too, Uncle Carana. And you say the bell really rang?"

"It sho' did, Marse Frank, es sho' es Ah see dat little pickanninny."

"Wot's dat?" exclaimed a little coal-black darkie, who was lying on the cabin floor, near the rough pine table where Frank Whitney and old Uncle Carana were seated.

"Why, Jefferson Davis Lincoln, you worthless nigger! Ain't you heard?"

"Naw, I's sleep."

"You tell him, uncle."

So the old darkie began.

"Wal, et war thes way. Ah went ovah to de dock yes'day, fo' to buy some cat fesh. Wal, et done comè da'k fo' Ah stahted back. So Ah lowed Ah'd come home by a sho't cut pas' de ole church. En when Ah come pas thet church Ah hea'd a soun' laik somfin wislin' en flyin'. Ah think 'twas only a bird. But jus den when Ah's stahtin ter move on, thet ole bell wotts in de towah stahted ter ring. Den Ah's pow'ful scairt, so Ah runs."

"Lawdy! Lawdy! thes yeah niggah ain't goin' out nights no mo."

"Shut up, Jeff, and come with me!" And young Frank rose from his seat by the table. He was a fine looking boy with well-tanned cheeks, black hair and large snappy black eyes. He was dressed in cotton trousers and shirt, the shirt, open at the neck, showing a sun-browned throat. He walked to the cabin door, his bare feet making no sound. "So long, Uncle Carana," he called from the door, "I may be over to-morrow."

"Goo'bye, honey!"

Then Frank set out across the fields towards the old church, black Jack trailing after.

The ancient mission church, you must know, was a building constructed of Coquina rock, by Spanish missionaries in the sixteenth century. It had been unused for years, but the material of which it was built, had stood the ravages of time wonderfully. In its tall tower was a magnificent bell, which had been brought from Spain when the church was built.

Frank walked on. Jeff had now caught up with him.

"Wheh yo-all goin', Frank?"

"To the old church. Why?"

"Golly! I's goin' back."

"Come on, you monkey! There is nothing to hurt you. Ghosts don't come out in the daytime any way. And we've got to find out what this is."

With this encouragement, Jeff moved on. But he wasn't altogether at ease.

At last they reached the mission, and walked through the arched doorway past the old oak, iron-studded doors. Everything was quiet, the dust of years rose in clouds from under their

feet. Frank made a survey of the entire place, Jeff following in a scared manner, clutching at his companion every time they turned a dark corner. When they again emerged into the open air Frank said,

"Jeff, I know what we'll do. Let's get Arthur, and come over here to-night, and see what the thing is."

Jeff shook his kinky head. "No sah! This ye niggah ain't goin' one step out o' his mammy's cabin to-night. En Ah wahns yo-all tuh keep away too, 'cause dese nights am moonlit, en' de debil always walks in de light ob de moon mo' dan en de da'k. En' 'nother thing—Ah done lose ma snake rattle, so Ah ain't got nothin foh to keep away de ebil spirit."

"All right, Jeff, have your way. But I'm telling you you'll miss a good time."

Then the boys parted for their respective homes, one to the lowly cabin on the edge of the swamp, the other to the fine old colonial mansion of the Whitneys on the main road to St. Augustine.

At last the sun sank below the cotton fields to the west. Then two boys came softly out of the old manse by the back door. They immediately set out through the fields towards the church.

One of the boys was Frank Whitney, our little friend of the day. The other was his playmate Arthur Hale. Arthur was a few years older than Frank, but a good companion.

"Frank, I'll bet a Yankee dime the old nigger was lying to you."

"No, I don't think he was, Art. He's never yet told me a lie."

"Well! It better not be a lie, or I'll ruin him for life!"

At length they reached the old mission. Now it surely did look black and gloomy in the pale moonlight.

"Gee! Let's go back."

"Nix! Now we're here we might as well find out what it is."

So they entered and hid themselves behind the great oak door.

They waited for a long time in silence. All at once there was a rustle, a rush, and something large and white glided over their heads.

The boys were scared by now, in fact too frightened to move. Then they heard the axle of the bell-wheel creak in its ancient socket and the bell sent forth a half-hearted, muffled appeal. It

stopped for a minute as if poised on end and then dropped, sending forth a loud "dong." At last Frank gained courage to speak.

"Ye gods, Art! what do you think it is?"

"Dunno. Let's run."

So they crept quietly from behind the door and out into the church yard. Here they sat down at a safe distance from the gloomy building. Frank did not notice at the time that he was seated on a little grass-covered mound.

"I'll tell you what it is, Frank," said Arthur.

Frank remained quiet.

"It's the ghost of old Father Dominic. Don't you remember? He was killed here by the Seminoles."

"I sure do. Great guns! Let's go home."

Saying these words, Frank put his hand down to help himself to rise. It rested on something cold. He looked down and there was a small tomb-stone. He was sitting on Father Dominic's grave. That was enough for Frank Whitney. With a whoop, he jumped into the air, and cut a "bee-line" for home closely followed by Arthur Hale.

The next morning we find our young friends lying in the grass under a spreading oak in front of the old manor house Jeff was now present.

"Ah sho' thought yo-all 'ud nebah come back. Uncle Carana en Aunt Pruneey 'low dey done hear thet bell las' night."

"Ah, shut up! I'm thinkin'. Frank, we were boobs last night. Let's go back to-night, and stay till we do see something."

"But we did see the ghost last night."

"Yes, but we didn't see him ring the bell."

"All right, I'll go. But let's take a flashlight and your 'twenty-two' to-night."

"Sure. Are you coming along, Jeff?"

"No-o-o-o *sah*! Ah ain't goin' in de da'k no mo'."

The day passed speedily by, the larger part of it being spent in preparation for the coming night. Finally the time came, and darkness rose on the heels of dusk in the eastern sky. The two boys then set out in the same manner as the night before. They established themselves in a corner as near the bell-rope as possible. They crouched there, one with the unlighted lamp pointed at the rope, the other with the gun held in readiness for any emergency.

Presently the white thing glided in through the door, and

sailed over their heads. They watched it until it rested on a beam above them.

"Aw-aw—right, F-F-Frank, t-turn on the l-light."

And Frank did. There, seated on the beam, blinded by the light, was a huge white owl.

"Well—I'll—be—jiggered!"

"Yes, but who rang the bell?"

"Keep quiet. Let's wait and see."

So the light was turned out and they waited as before.

In a few minutes the bell-axle creaked—the rope shook.

"Now, Frank, let her go!"

"Wait a minute!"

Then the bell sent forth a loud peal, and something hit the floor and scampered away. Both boys were startled, and Frank forgot the light.

"Hey, Frank! Wake up, get him the next time."

Again the bell creaked and rang.

A beam of light cut through the darkness, and there, midway on the rope was a dumpy, fussy thing of grayish black, with a hairless tail, a sharp nose and small ears. Arthur fell back with a laugh.

"Sweet Patootie! A possum!"

Frank sat staring at the possum while it scampered away, causing the bell to ring once more. Then the ringing laughter of two very much relieved boys awoke the echoes of the ancient bell-tower.

"Those two old fellows have got a nest up there, and that accounts for it."

"Gee! Won't I kid old Uncle Carana!"

That night Frank Whitney went to sleep with a smile on his face, while the sound of darkies singing came up from the quarters,

Et rained all night, de day Ah lef—

De weader bein' dry.

De sun so hot Ah froze ta deaf.

Susannah! Don' yo' cry.

J. F. McKEOWN, H. S., '22.





SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

Ouijmania.

THE latest craze in our country is the ouija board craze. Side by side with the spiritistic religion,—or fad, which ever you choose to call it—the use of the little lettered board and its accompanying three-legged planchette has gained adherents by the thousands. It is impossible to buy a ouija board to-day. They are being made in homes and carpenter shops all over the land, and yet the demand can not be supplied.

Now, if the new fad were nothing more than a harmless amusement, we would have nothing to say against its phenomenal growth. But the fact is, that the blind credulity of its devotees and their excessive indulgence in its use have produced most unfortunate results. Ouija is responsible for many foolish acts. It has caused men and women to follow the wildest whims, to disregard law and decency, to set aside reason and religion. Nay, there are on record authentic cases in which the use of the board has been directly responsible for the loss of reason. Following their arrest as insane subjects as the result of a twenty-four hour séance with the ouija board, four women of Martinez, California, were committed to State hospitals for the insane by the Superior Court. The findings of the lunacy commission that handled their case, and of others, impelled State Senator Sharkey to prepare a bill to bar the "spirit switchboard" from the State. These events have happened only a month ago. The possibility of dementia as a result of the use of the ouija board is corroborated by one of America's leading psychopathologists, Dr. William J. Hickson, director of the Chicago Psychopathic Laboratory, whom Duquesne University is proud to number amongst her Alumni (B. A., 1903). Dr. Hickson was recently quoted as saying, "We've been getting dozens of Spiritualists in

here, as well as ouija-board 'fans' and séance habitués. The advertising that Spiritualism has received is slowly turning the attention of all the praecox victims to it; and if it keeps on we shall find practically every demented, semi-demented, under-developed and praecox case in the country 'talking with the other world'."

While we are convinced that the father of lies sometimes intervenes in the transmission of messages through the triangular planchette, we concur in the belief of those who have examined the matter thoroughly, that most of these "messages" are traceable to animal magnetism in the persons using the board. Excessive stimulation of this sort will have the same sequel as too frequent subjection to the influence of hypnotism: it is liable to have a deranging influence on the nerve-centers, and consequently a tendency to upset the mental equilibrium. Unhappily, the devotees of the ouija-board cannot foresee the evil consequences of their obsession.

C. J. KRONZ, '20.



State Reforestation.

SURELY and steadily the silent sentinels of our vast timber lands are being singled out and felled as the need for home consumption and exportation demand. Forest fires, soaring infernos, have destroyed miles upon miles of valuable timber.

As a result of this reckless consumption and frequent destruction, the price of lumber makes it impossible for moderate wage-earners to construct homes. The price and scarcity of wood-pulp have already placed newspapers in a very serious situation. Numerous periodicals throughout our land have been discontinued on account of the scarcity of print paper.

We have been too recklessly consuming our wood inheritance. It is time that forest conservation should be intelligently taken up by the State.

Recent reports state that the forestry department of Pennsylvania has four million seedlings to be planted this year by private persons. The young trees may be had for the asking. Although this is a commendable plan, it will scarcely refill the thinned ranks of our woodlands. The only power that can adequately manage reforestation is the State. The returns are too slow for private capital.

Forests have been carefully conserved for centuries in Europe, and it is high time America should imitate this example.

Great Britain is to spend \$17,000,000 in a ten-year campaign to replant as forest areas 25,000 acres of land to replace timber used during the war in France. How much are we going to spend to replant the three and one-half billion feet of logs which alone were exported to France and Belgium during the war?

Not one penny has been appropriated, not one attempt has been made to restock our timber lands. Are we to continue our characteristic reckless policy? The law makers of our country can do no greater service to the people who elected them to office, to the government under which they live, than at once to take heed and press forward a national forestry policy. We must perpetuate our forests, to prevent a future serious timber famine.

The time is ripe. Thousands of acres of rich vacant land are yearning for the saplings that they may nourish. Discard your policy of inefficiency, and legislate for an essential industry.

C. J. KRONZ, '20.



Alumni.

THE Alumni Smoker held in the University hall on Tuesday evening, March 9th, was well attended. As an attraction for the occasion, a basketball game had been scheduled with the team representing Creighton University. The visitors from the middle west had an unbroken record of victories for the last three years. They had to play their very best to preserve their record, and the Alumni were treated to a first class exhibition of the game; had our foul shooters been able to convert just five of their many chances into goals, our past students would have had the satisfaction of seeing their colors triumphant.

A substantial lunch was served. Several speeches were delivered: the Very Rev. President dwelt on the development of the University, and agreeably surprised the audience by stating that we now have an enrollment of 2,050 students; Rev. J. R. McKaveny made a strong plea for funds for the erection of buildings; John P. Egan, Esq., on the grounds that he could not give the Association the time its importance deserved, urged the Alumni to select for its president an active young man of ability and enthusiasm. The elections resulted in the choice of the following officers: President, Paul J. Friday, Esq.; Vice-Presi-

dent, Mr. Dennis J. O'Connor; Treasurer, Mr. William Weiss, and Secretary, Rev. Henry J. McDermott.

REV. HENRY J. GILBERT has been transferred from St. James's Church, Wilkinsburg, to St. Paul's Orphan Asylum. As superintendent and chaplain of this institution, one of the most important in the diocese, he will have a large field for the exercise of his tact, initiative, and zeal. We are pleased to hear that his efforts so far have been characterized by a well-directed enthusiasm and love of the work.

REV. JAMES O'CONNELL, as chaplain of Mt. Gallitzin Academy, and pastor of the neighboring church, finds his week diversified with a congenial round of duties. When assistant rector of the Epiphany, he distinguished himself for untiring devotion to parochial duties, unusual success as a pulpit orator, and painstaking efforts to build up a thoroughly representative Lyceum. The change to the country has had a favorable influence on his health.

FOR the last twenty years the BRIGGS family has been well represented in our class-rooms. We are pleased to hear that those who have already gone forth from our halls are a credit to the school, and a source of pride to their parents. CHARLES B. has the largest store in West Point, Kentucky; he is interested in hardware and drygoods. WILLIAM A. travels the Great Lakes for a Detroit firm. ADRIAN J. is metallurgist for the Mesta Machine Co., West Homestead. CYRIL M. is draughtsman for the McClintock-Marshall Co. What is JOSEPH F. in First Science going to be?

IN the middle of the month HERBERT DYSON paid us a flying visit. He holds the very responsible position of investigator in buying for the U. S. Steel Corporation. His headquarters are in the Colonial Building, Philadelphia. On the occasion of a recent trip to Boston, he ran across RICHARD BOWEN, who is proving a distinct success as a theatricul proprietor and manager in the "Hub of the Universe".

EDWARD M. MURPHY, LL. B., graduate of our first law class, has had a signal honor conferred upon him. After a hard fight in the Erie Council, long controlled by the old political ring, Mr. Murphy has been appointed Assistant City Solicitor of Erie, Pa. During the early months of the war, our fortunate graduate was in charge of the Department of Justice activities in the northwestern part of the State. Later he gave them up to enlist in the field artillery branch of the service.

CHRONICLE

College and High Schools.

The steady, consistent winter weather has been favorable to good, solid work both in and out of the class-room during this long quarter. As we write, preparations are

The Third Quarter about complete for the third term examinations. Attendance has been excellent at the basketball games; and the playing has deserved such patronage. The weekly concerts, too, have been given with enthusiasm and received with appreciation. The most faithful among our entertainers are the members of the orchestra and their director, Professor Weis. Of the dramatic numbers on the March programmes, precedence must be given to "The Challenge", three scenes from Richard Brinsley Sheridan's brilliant comedy, "The Rivals", which a large cast of Freshmen presented on March 7. On the same evening a duologue entitled "At the Recruiting Office" was given by other first-year college men. On the 21st, the Sophomore theatrical troupe achieved another pronounced hit in the farce, "Suspended Animation." This class counts among its members some of the best character actors in the school. Earlier in the month a quartet of Third High B lads made a good showing in "Wanted, a Valet". The debates, too, have been uniformly interesting. The Third High B discussed restriction of immigration; the Freshmen, compulsory military training, and the Sophomores, enlargement of the navy.

The annual sodality reception took place on March 19, feast of St. Joseph. Rev. Jos. P. Danner was celebrant at the Solemn High Mass, and also gave the instruction

Sodalities preceding the ceremony of reception, which took place just before the closing hour. Two hundred members were enrolled in the Holy Angels' Sodality, forty-six in that of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, thirty-two in that of the Blessed Sacrament, and seven in that of the Holy Ghost.

The work of the R. O. T. C. corps has shown decided

improvement. Captain Rowe is much pleased. By May he expects to issue rifles and belts to the

R. O. T. C. members of the different companies.

Activities The introduction of motion pictures to illustrate different phases of infantry work has proved a great success. So far they have dealt with the bayonet, gas mask, rifle grenade, artillery in action, military discipline, courtesy, signalling and infantry equipment.

The unit was inspected on March 16 by Lieutenant Colonel A. G. Hickson, Infantry. The colonel commented favorably on the work accomplished. Another inspection will take place in May or June.

Sergeant Clarence J. Sharp, Infantry, reported on March 17 to Captain Rowe as his assistant. He will be in charge of the gymnastic exercises.

It is intended to send at least thirty men to the summer camp near Boston. As the best men will be selected from amongst the applicants, proficiency must be the watchword of aspirants.

R. G. REILLY, '23.

Law School.

Preparing for their final examinations, which will take place the last two weeks in May and the first week of June, the third year men are making good with a vengeance. The series of Lectures that are being delivered by Messrs. Bain (Evidence), McKenna (Orphan's Court), Loeffler (Sales), Swearingen (Equity), and Stambaugh (Corporation), are attracting the students' assiduous attention to a greater extent than the text books. Mr. Stambaugh has taken the place of Hon. W. A. Magee, whose connection with the Public Service Commission requires that he pass most of his time in Harrisburg.

The second year men, contrary to expectation, were not obliged to undergo the rigors of a mid-year examination. However, the lectures of Messrs. Bain (Evidence) and Lacey (Common Law Reading) keep them busy. Judge Reid, of the Common Pleas Bench, has the class for Pleading and Practice and the excellent strides made by the class of '21 are due to the untiring efforts of the noted jurist.

The first year students are in the throes of a very hard campaign. The addition of Domestic Relations in place of Criminal Law has tended somewhat to enliven interest in the class-work. Mr. Lacey has assumed the reins in this class, both on the text

and lectures. He succeeds Judge Way, who during the last several months has been in ill health. Mr. John E. Laughlin, Vice-Dean of the Law School, has taken over the Lectures on Real Property, heretofore given by Judge Swearingen, whose recent illness caused him to retire temporarily from the Bench, and makes it impossible for him to devote to teaching any time other than that given to the upper class men.

A word about the faculty of what is reputed to be the State's best Law School, would not, I think, be amiss here. So little is spoken of this branch of education that we are liable to let it pass unnoticed. Not so, however, with the men who frequent the Law Rooms of Duquesne University, for there can be heard on all sides nothing but praise as to the excellent manner in which the school is conducted. One big asset which all the instructors possess is practicality. Every one is a man whose ideas have been tested by experience in the law courts, and the student is assured only of the best when it comes from the mouths of such men as these. I am sure that when the final reckoning comes, and the students now attending the school are practitioners, they will give no little credit to the men who form the faculty of Duquesne University's Law School.

J. J. McCLOSKEY, '22.



' VARSITY BASKETBALL.

The 'Varsity has just closed the most extensive and most difficult schedule a Red and Blue team has ever undertaken. Our progressive graduate-manager, J. J. McCloskey, cannot be praised too much for the caliber of teams that the Bluffites have met. His team has been beaten only by the slightest margins and by some of the classiest clubs in both the East and the West.

The Dukes went down to defeat before the West Virginia

Wesleyan passers, 34 to 29. The battle abounded with thrilling plays, and the enthusiasim of the Duke students was a feature. The visitors' scoring machine started working in the first few minutes of play. In the second half the Dukes took on a new lease of life, and threatened to tie the score. The Wesleyan guards pressed our forwards closely, and this enabled them to pull away with victory. Kendricks, Vebelunas and Harrison garnered the most field goals.

The undefeated Creighton University five of Omaha, Nebraska, champions of the West for three years, defeated the Bluffites, 31 to 27. The passing of both quintets in the first half was spectacular, but the visitors were more accurate in shooting. McGrath and Vebelunas by exceptional floor work aided the Dukes in getting started in the second half. Harrison, Davies and Evans started the ball down the floor and garnered three field goals by flawless team work. With two minutes to go, Kendricks and Shaw rung up four points for the Bluffites. Kearney, the visiting center, registered a foul and a field goal in the last minute of play.

The Dukes triumphed over the Juniata College passers, 45 to 29. A minute after the first whistle blew, the Dukes started off in whirlwind fashion, and Kendricks dropped two fouls through the net and tossed one from the floor. The Juniata lads repeated his performance, tying the score. Another foul and a field goal by Livingood put the visitors out in front. Both teams battled like tigers. Joyce and Evans, the Duke guards, displayed wonderful teamwork and kept their opponents on edge all during the first half. By accurate shooting the Dukes forged ahead and the first half ended 18 to 15. Shaw, McGrath and Harrison were injected into the line-up and brought the capacity crowd to their feet by increasing the Dukes' lead by ten points. Captain Davies's floor work during the entire contest was creditable.

The Waynesburg College team was defeated 49 to 36. The final score is no indication of poor work on the visitors' part, as the score was deadlocked on five occasions. In the first half the clever floor work and passing of Joyce, who fed the ball to Captain Davies and Kendricks, kept the Dukes in the running. The Bluffites led at half time, 18 to 16. Early in the second half the count was tied twice, but McGrath and Harrison insisted on breaking loose again, each garnering three baskets. Shaw and Evans started a running guard attack which culminated in five more baskets, giving the Dukes such a tremendous lead that the

visitors could not overtake them. Vebelunas and Kendricks played their usual snappy game.

J. BRILEY WALSH, H. S., '20.

UNIVERSITY HIGH.

The University High won four of their last five games. The single defeat suffered was administered by a margin of only one point.

The husky "Stubbers" from the Steubenville High School were defeated by the little Dukes in a fast and interesting game, 37-16. By some clever shooting and floor work on the part of Finn, Cain and Cingolani, our boys led at half time by ten points. The injection of Gall in the second half added pep to the team, and the Bluffites romped away to an easy victory. The foul shooting of Cain was excellent, while the air-tight guarding of Wilinski and Sullivan kept down the Ohio score.

At Ambridge the fast-going Dukes succeeded in downing the high school of that place, 35-28. The score was tied no fewer than four times. However, the superior all-around team play and sensational shooting by the Dukes in the last quarter proved the undoing of the down-river lads. Cherdini and Cain were the leading scorers with four baskets each; the latter's foul shooting was a big factor in the team's victory. Finn played a neat game at center, while the guarding of Wilinski and Cingolani stood out prominently.

Next, the "Hi" boys trimmed Carnegie High School on the latter's floor by the score of 26-12. Gall, who had been out of the line-up due to illness, returned to his old post, and the little High machine worked smoothly. Gall was the chief scorer; the impenetrable guarding of Sullivan and Wilinski was responsible for the meager twelve points made by their opponents.

Freedom High was our next opponent. After nosing out our boys by one point on their home floor earlier in the season, the Freedom boys came up on the bluff, overconfident and pretty cocky. The result was that they were severely trounced in a one-sided game by the score of 43-16. Our boys proved their superiority from start to finish.

With four successive victories to their credit, Capt. Cherdini and his men went to Connellsville in an attempt to make it five straight. The contest turned out to be the best seen in Connellsville for many a moon. With their old pep and team-work, the little Dukes took the lead. At half time, our boys were leading

by two points. Some excellent foul shooting of the home boys in the last quarter gave them the victory by a one-point margin, 41-40.

JOSEPH A. RITTER, Sc., '21.

THE JUNIORS.

Since the last issue of the MONTHLY the Juniors have won four and lost three games.

The little Dukes met their first defeat at the hands of the Beth Eden Baptist passers, 36 to 28. In the second half, clever shooting on the part of opponents, left the Duke quintet on the short end of a 36 to 28 score.

The Red and Blue came back strong and downed the crack Mt. Washington High School five, 35 to 9. The Bluffite machine immediately took the offensive at the first whistle when Ritter and Keefe each tossed two from the floor. Capt. Witt scored frequently. In the second half the Bluffites played a fine defensive game, Titz and Ibitz excelling at guard.

The Troy Hill Juniors were the Dukes' next victims. They went down to defeat, 41-10. A combination of clever teamwork and accurate shooting on the part of Conti and Thornton kept the Duke machine far out in front.

Our boys twice suffered defeat at the hands of the Shadyside Tigers, 27 to 25 and 32 to 15. At the start of the first contest the little Dukes were swept off their feet by the whirlwind attack of the Tiger quintet. Monahan tossed two from the floor in the third period. The defensive play of Keefe was spectacular in both games.

The Bluffites downed the Marquette Club to the count of 15 to 9. Ritter pressed his heavier opponent continuously. McQuade proved very valuable both at the foul mark and in tossing from the floor. Thornton's work was excellent.

In their last game of the season, the Duke Junior machine defeated the St. Rosalia five, 29 to 6. Conti's passing was an outstanding feature of the game.

As a result of their season just closed, the little Dukes can be looked upon as the classiest little five in this section. Their floor work throughout the entire strenuous season of twelve victories and three defeats is one of which their followers may be proud.

J. BRILEY WALSH, H. S., '20.

THE ALL-DUQUESNE BASKETEERS.

From an occasional peep at the inter-class games the following basketeers, not on any of the representative teams of the University, may be considered the All-Duquesne team. In several instances it was rather difficult to make a selection of the better player; hence some classes have two representatives on the Pan-Duquesne outfit. From the College department: Diranna, McIntyre, Caye and Braun; Pre-Medics: W. Doyle and Sciotto; School of Economics: Sigler and Bradley; High School: Rozenas, Joseph Murray, Davis, Savage, Brumbaugh, Good, Cleary, William Murray, Davies, Sheran, McCarthy, Wilson and McGrath; Commercial: Baier, Tamborini, Loeffler, P. Walsh; Scientifics: Schlarb, Balcerzak and Timney.

AN OBSERVER.



Exchanges.

THE February issue of *The Stylus* comes to our sanctum with one of the finest arrays of literary talent that could be assembled in so small a compass. The opening number "The Mad-God of the Vickey" is a meritorious short story dealing with a tragedy whose unusual setting is the sandy wastes of the Great Victorian Desert, Australia. The plot is simple and well worked out, and the interest is maintained to the end. Then follows an instructive essay dealing with the psychology, character and worth of the "Good Mixer." The author in no uncertain terms condemns and denounces him as a parasite of humanity, a shallow-brained weakling. But before concluding, allow us one remark. According to this conception and definition of "good mixer," every versatile, tactful, diplomatic man or woman, is a deceiver of self and a bluffer of others. Applied to such an immense number of people, among whom are to be found men learned in the sciences, proficient in the arts and professions, is not the term "Good Mixer" a misnomer? "Shearing the wolf" is an excellent short story full of interest and vim. Vocabulary, style and character-drawing are consonant with the plot. The two following numbers are biographical as well as educational essays. In the first, the good and evil, the brilliant and sordid, the genius and delusion, the practical and impractical sides of Maurice Maeterlinck are laid bare. That the author of the "Blubird" is a genius cannot be denied; but his genius has won for him defeat as well as victory. The essay on Paul Deschanel gives a lively, brief outline of the rise of the new French president, a self-made man. Deschanel is of the open-minded, fair play stamp of character, and for this reason is hailed as a

liberator by all classes of his countrymen. The future alone can tell, but let us join our good wishes with those of the French, and in the meanwhile patiently wait and hope. The editorials are good and appropriate to the time. They show careful analysis and deep study. They come to the point and do not hide opinions behind a forest of verbal camouflage as do so many of the leading periodicals of the day. Americans are not afraid to face truth. They do not want the press muffled or free speech impaired. So it would do no harm if our worthy editors would lift the veil and give us a peep at the truth.

The March issue of *Loyola* affords profitable and pleasurable reading. A fanciful, scintillating verse, "The Brook", is the initial number that greets the reader. It is powerfully suggestive of spring, and one can almost feel the enchanting, seductive call of the waters as they

"fret and gyer over a pebbly shingle
And list to my chatter and liquid clatter
Cast back by dale and dingle."

"Readjustment" is a well planned and earnestly written essay on the present social and labor unrest. It, too, advocates a cure; but alas! this, like many others, cannot be termed practicable. It is not a panacea of ideas, formulas or investigations that the tired world wants; but it is action—quick, adequate, powerful action—that will relieve the painful pressure and force events back to the well-oiled grove of safety and contentment. "Uplifting Bill", a miniature drama, is lively and interesting. The plot is briefly this: A wealthy family is presided over and dominated by a mother who wishes to climb the social ladder. She succumbs to the fever of liberating and putting on his feet a prisoner of the state. Accordingly, "Bill" is brought home, whereupon the rest of the family promptly gives him the "cold shoulder." One of the young men of the family is reduced to desperate straits through gambling, and needs four thousand dollars at once. Finally he begs Bill to do another "job" and get him the needed cash. Bill, mindful of the taunts and insults suffered at the hands of young men, refuses to do the work, but eventually agrees. As soon as he is by himself he promptly forces the family safe, gets the needed amount, leaves it where the young man can get it, and makes his escape through a nearby window. A "Defense of Homes" concludes the literary programme. This is a clear and convincing discourse on the why and wherefore of studying Greek, and especially of reading Homer. Modern colleges and universities are dropping this subject, and unless a Homeric wave is started, the grand old classic is due to oblivion.

CLEMENT STROBEL, '23.

Lead Kindly Light!

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The Snow's Way.

JANUARY

Decking every branch of the trees that silent stand,
Making all the landscape a real fairyland.

FEBRUARY

Blinding the traveler till he knows not where to look,
Blocking every highway and choking every brook.

MARCH

Sting us with sleet, and disgust with slushy tide;
But by the crocus and the robin you're defied.

APRIL

Striving all in vain to assert Old Winter's claim;
Filling the air, but on earth dissolved in shame!

MAY

Can it be the snow that decks yon hill-side trees?
Nay! but cherry blossoms that sway with every breeze.

LUKE O'BYRNE.





A Symposium on Play Reading.

The Junior class has been making a study of Hamlet. The students were given one class-period to put in writing the reasons why the reading of great plays should be part of their course. The following paragraphs are extracted from the themes thus composed, and form an interesting though of course inadequate treatise on the subject.

ALL literature is a reflection of life; but no form of literature portrays human activities, ideas and emotions so vividly and so truly as does the drama. The college student, therefore, while giving to the ancient classics, to mathematics, and to the physical and mental sciences the attention that is their due, seeks to enrich his own life by sharing the experiences and the emotions of the very real people of the world of plays.

What more, in effect, are the great classical plays than a representation of everyday life, sublimated and idealized, if you will, but still genuine? In them are truthfully depicted the struggles, failures, successes of mankind, its sadness, crime and folly, alongside its gayety, ambition, and wisdom. When Ben Jonson said of Shakespeare

"He was not of an age but for all time"

he meant that the Bard of Avon does not exhibit some popular conceit which is merely the fashion of the hour, but that he voices those truths which appeal to the people of all ages. Lear's despairing grief over the dead Cordelia, Shylock's bitter resentment, the loves of Rosalind and Juliet, the questionings of Hamlet, have for us of to-day as deep an interest as they had for English folk of the Tudor age. And what is true of Shakespeare is also true in a measure of Sheridan and Phillips, Barrie and Yeats.

Moreover, the reading of plays is a very substantial help to the understanding of psychology. The keen analysis of character, the development of motive, that mark every worth-while play, illustrate the theory of his text book most lucidly; action and reaction of one personality on another, causes relentlessly moving

on toward their effects; queer turns of fortune too, exceptions that prove the rule—all this gives life and meaning to otherwise barren psychological theories.

The reading of plays will therefore enrich the student's mind by acquainting him with varied human emotions, and it will render more practical than it would otherwise be, the study of psychology.

LEO J. MCINTYRE, '21.

REMOVE from the college curriculum every play now on the student's reading list, and what indispensable elements of culture you at once withdraw from his grasp! Every educated man should have an intimate knowledge of at least a few remarkable plays. The most obvious reason for this contention is that education supposes an acquaintance with the classics, and among the classics must certainly be reckoned great plays like *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Twelfth Night* and *Julius Caesar*. Like the great ancient classics, but in a more entertaining manner than they, the reading of such plays gives us mental exercise, and brings into play our critical and judicial faculties. Like the other classics, the drama broadens our mind, sharpens our wit, and enlarges our sympathies.

Again, information of various kinds, but especially historical information, is absorbed, almost unconsciously, by the student of the drama. Every play of Shakespeare abounds in historical allusions; most of them portray historic periods or characters with remarkable fidelity. The reader enters with understanding into the feelings of Brutus and Cassius; he gets an insight into the motives that swayed Antony and Cleopatra; he understands medieval feuds like those of the Montagues and the Capulets; he appreciates the attitude of Christendom toward Jew and Moor; he sees a just fate overtaking a cruel Richard and a sycophantic Wolsey; and so on.

To resume: The reading of plays makes for mental discipline and culture, and stores the mind with information that is easily retained because pleasurably acquired.

REGIS WEHRHEIM, '21.

WHAT doth it profit a student to absorb knowledge if he cannot make use of it? It is here that the utility of the intensive study of literary masterpieces is seen. Analysis of phrase after phrase, attention to strikingly beautiful passages,

memorizing of couplets or quatrains here and there, will infallibly enrich the student's own vocabulary. Later on, in social gatherings or when opportunity for public utterance presents itself, many a happy allusion, many an apt illustration, many a wise and spicy saying, that fits in his speech just where there is most need of it, will spring to his lips. The educated man who has strong convictions, and wishes others to share them, will not despise such means of gaining for himself attentive hearers.

The student, therefore, who looks to his future, reads the plays on his list not for the sake of the plot alone—be it love or revenge, fairy-woven or witch-concocted; but he aims at something else besides the momentary entertainment of the imagination: he gathers for his own storehouse words and ideas of which he hopes to make, later on, a profitable use.

LEO S. WATTERSON, '21.

THE general tendency of the theatre at the present time is to replace the serious drama with the light, shallow comedy, usually the musical comedy. This change from the serious, deep plays of the past to the light, flimsy productions now current, is due not to a dearth of authors able to compose more plays of real literary and artistic merit, but rather to the demand on the part of the people for something gay and frivolous. In glancing over the list of plays actually on the boards at the present moment, we find that fully seventy-five per cent. of them are either musical comedies or farces containing the inevitable bed-room scene from which no recent play seems to be exempt. Wit, humor and thought have departed from the stage and in its place vulgarity and nonsense hold sway.

That the theatre must return to its former standard of morality and decency is imperative; but the question is, who shall so restore it? It is here that we turn to the college student and earnestly beseech him to study and examine, not so much the plays of to-day, for they require little or no examination, as the masterpieces of art produced by Shakespeare and his contemporaries, that by studying them he may benefit not only himself but also those with whom he comes in contact. The college student of to-day will be the author of to-morrow and should be able to sway opinion by the use of his pen. If he interests himself and acquires a taste for clean, instructive drama, he can in turn convert others from the frothy, unstable, harmful shows of

to-day to the clean, moral and none the less entertaining plays that are at the present time ignored.

Whatever New York may believe to the contrary, it is quite within the range of possibility to concoct a farce or a comedy abounding in rich humor and quite free from the vulgarities with which our modern plays abound. Shakespeare produced comedies; indeed every play that he wrote contains some humor, but it was real, rich humor and not of that forced unreal variety featured in our modern comedies. Where in all literature is there richer and at the same time cleaner humor than in Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer", and Sheridan's "Rivals" and "School for Scandal"? These three eighteenth-century comedies have never been performed without success, not even by amateurs. They are occasionally—too rarely—seen even in our own twentieth century.

Therefore it is hoped that the college students will become more thoroughly acquainted with the wholesome and eminently worth-while plays of Shakespeare and those like him, that they may benefit not only themselves but also the remainder of the country's theatre goers.

VINCENT M. RIELAND, '21.



Congregation of the Holy Ghost and the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

Congregation of the Holy Ghost.

The Congregation of the Holy Ghost was founded in 1703 by Claude Francis Poullart des Places.

Claude des Places was born in Rennes, France, on February 27, 1679. He achieved marked success in his studies, and was about to enter on what promised to be a brilliant career as a parliamentary lawyer when the whole trend of his life was changed. During the course of a retreat, he recalled the many graces God had bestowed upon him, and he felt that all worldly success paled into insignificance contrasted with the love of God merited by a life entirely His and consecrated to His service. From the moment of his decision to sacrifice his prospects of success in the legal profession, there were no half ways with him, and he resolved to live for God and the spiritual welfare of his fellowman. Though delicate, he mortified himself to such an extent that his director had to intervene; though insufficiently supplied with this world's goods, he shared even his very meals with the needy; though surrounded with distractions and cares, he was constantly united with God, praying even in the crowded streets as well as in the seclusion of the sanctuary; though only an acolyte, his zeal had gathered around him a following of seventy students, and had inspired him to draw up those regulations (approved by ecclesiastical authority in 1734) that were to be for a century and a half the guiding principles of the society he founded. The infant Congregation came into existence in 1703. Its purpose was to form disinterested, learned and zealous priests and missionaries ready to evangelize the poor and the infidel, and to fill the humblest and most laborious positions for which it is hard to find ecclesiastical volunteers. He was ordained priest in 1705. Two years later he succumbed to an attack of pleurisy, mourned by persons even of the highest rank in the city of Paris.

His successor, Father Garnier, survived only two and a half years, but the providence of God watched over the youthful society, and, in the persons of Fathers Bouic and Becquet, gave it wise and holy rulers who presided over its destinies for a period of seventy-eight years. It was during their administration that France suffered most from the violence of the Jansenistic attacks

and saw its faith wilt and wither under their baneful influence. The crafty followers of Jansenius taught that the efficacy of grace is irresistible, and that God's will is limited in regard to the salvation of men; they were rabid enemies of the Jesuits and of all religious orders that maintained the authority of the Roman Pontiff. The Holy Ghost Society presented a united front against all innovations, supported the Holy See in its opposition to error, and consequently incurred the unforgiving hatred of the Jansenists. In this struggle for existence and the preservation of the faith, it was triumphant. Louis XIV's minister pronounced the highest eulogium on its seminary and promised the royal protection. Cardinals of the Church entrusted to it the direction of the seminaries of Meaux and Verdun. Religious communities applied to it for chaplains. French colonies clamored for its missionaries, and the Minister of the Navy besought it to send experienced priests to the French immigrants in North America. In obedience to the rules drawn up by its saintly founder, the members were ready to accept the charge of rural parishes, to relieve the poor, to console the sick in the hospitals, and to carry the light of faith to idolatrous nations.

It may be well imagined that the Society was pinched and straitened during the crises through which it passed. Yet God always came to the rescue. When its finances were at the lowest ebb, its procurator, Father Bouic, sallied forth for succor. As he passed through one of the streets in the city of Paris, a gentleman, when shaving, noted through his looking-glass the dejected appearance of the good father, and had him invited into the house. On being asked the cause of his dejection, he said: "I have eighty children to feed, and I have but one ounce of bread to give them. It is for alms that I am wandering through the city." With the utmost simplicity he explained the nature of the Society, and was gratified to have thrust into his hands by the unknown benefactor the handsome donation of a thousand francs.

The withering blast of the French Revolution swept over France, strewing the land with the ruins of temples and the bones of martyrs. The Holy Ghost Society went down before it, but not ingloriously; its members chose the crown of martyrdom in preference to sullying their souls with the crime of apostasy and the stigma of impious oaths. The building where peace with love of God and mankind had reigned, was wrested from its lawful owners and turned into a factory. For a time might had

conquered right, but right eventually prevailed. Religion was restored, and the Holy Ghost Society revived.

Father Bertout, its new superior (1805-1832), had survived all manners of vicissitudes: on his way to a mission in the Antilles, he was shipwrecked near Cape Blanc; he fell into the hands of the Moors, was led captive through the Sahara, was sold as a slave in Senegal, expelled by the English, and seized by a French pirate. Eventually he succeeded in returning to France. Despite his earnest efforts to restore his Society to its former footing, Father Bertout was but partially successful. The shock it had sustained and the opposition it encountered from the State owing to its favoring the abolition of slavery—notwithstanding the very cordial support and advocacy of the Duke de Broglie and Admiral Duperré—together with the scarcity of vocations to religious life, crippled its effectiveness and left it in a languishing condition. When prospects brightened with advancing years, the Revolution of 1848 dealt it an almost fatal blow, but it was saved from extinction, to assume a more vigorous and potential life, not, however, as a distinct entity, but as an insert on a more robust and youthful stock.

Father Monet, friend and protector of the blacks of Bourbon, was chosen Superior of the Society in 1848. This zealous missionary had an intimate knowledge of the Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary: he revered its rules, admired its members, and commended its work. He had even cherished a desire to enter its ranks. No sooner had he been chosen head of his own Congregation than he realized the advantages to be derived from a union of the two Societies. The matter was discussed and approved of; overtures were made and welcomed; the Holy See was consulted, and the necessary sanction obtained. A decree dated September 26, 1848, authorized the two religious bodies to unite in one institute bearing the title of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

The Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary owes its origin to Francis Mary Paul Libermann, a native of Saverne, Alsace.

Jacob Libermann, for such was the name he received at circumcision, was the son of a Jewish rabbi, and was born on April 12, 1804. He was brought up according to the sternly strict tenets of the Talmud, and it was the father's ambition that

this child should succeed him in the spiritual post of distinction he enjoyed amongst his co-religionists. With this view he was from his earliest years imbued with a special horror of Christians, and when he had reached the years of incipient manhood, he was sent to Metz to study the Talmud together with the Hebrew and Chaldaic languages. His masters were harsh and unsympathetic. His studies failed to interest him, and he found delight in the society of a few intimate friends and in the reading of books of a varied character. The sacred writings had a special charm for him. Whilst studying the works of the Old Testament, he was astonished at the frequency and signal character of the miracles wrought in favor of his people and he was surprised that God no longer favored them with such remarkable proofs of his love and protection. Gradually he ceased to believe in them altogether. The New Testament fell into his hands; the numerous miracles it records still further accentuated his unbelief, and the light of his faith flickered to the point of extinction. In his darkest hour, a book that was a stumbling block to others was to him a stepping stone to better things. In his *Emile*, Jean Jacques Rousseau discusses the arguments for and against the divinity of Christ. After stating his reasons for the Christian's conviction, he naively asks what counter arguments could a rabbi of Amsterdam advance. The impression made upon the doubting Hebrew was disquieting but lasting. Conversations with converts who had been harrassed with similar misgivings, correspondence with his three brothers who had already been received into the bosom of the Catholic Church, the study of Lhomond's *History of Christian Doctrine* and *History of Religion*, and, above all, light from on high, dispelled his doubts and convinced him of the truth of our holy religion. Studies pursued in the College Stanislaus at Paris confirmed him in his resolve to renounce Judaism and to embrace the religion he had been taught to hate. At the baptismal font (1826) he took the Christian names of his godparents, the Baron Francis de Mallet and the Countess Aglaé Mary d' Heuze, together with that of Paul, the staunch defender of the Mosaic Law and the zealous apostle of the new dispensation. The graces he received with the regenerating waters of baptism flooded his soul with joy, and he immediately determined to consecrate himself to God's service in the sacred ministry.

As a student in the College Stanislaus and St. Sulpice, his progress in the sacred sciences kept pace with his acquisition of piety and the knowledge and the love of God. He was advanc-

ing with rapid strides to the goal of the priesthood and was about to be ordained subdeacon when epilepsy, occurring at an age (twenty-five) when it is deemed incurable, seemed to present an impassable barrier to holy orders. During ten years he was subject to that terrible malady, but instead of the melancholy its victims manifest, and instead of the mental weakness that invariably increases with its duration, he daily became a more accomplished master in the spiritual life, a more experienced director of aspiring souls, and a more reliable authority in deciding questions of mystical divinity, manifesting at all times and even under the most trying circumstances, a sweetness, a gentleness, and a cheerfulness possible only to one whose vision rises above the paltry things of earth and is fixed serenely on the sublime truths of eternity.

The years 1832 to 1837 he passed in the peaceful retirement of Issy, a picturesque village situated on the left bank of the Seine and a few miles from the city of Paris. There the élite of the French priesthood destined for the Society of St. Sulpice made their novitiate and philosophical studies. Amongst them Mr. Libermann was by no means idle. His best efforts were directed towards counteracting the worldly spirit prevalent owing to the political disturbances of 1830-1832. His influence was powerfully yet sweetly exercised to restore the best traditions of former times, and to animate the students with a lively faith, a steady fervor and a true sacerdotal zeal. The means he adopted to this end were pious meetings. He began with a little band of seven. Soon groups were formed that took in three-fourths of all the students. In their weekly excursions they discussed fundamental principles of Christian perfection, and proposed for their own advancement the practice of self-denial, love of crosses, union with God, devotion to His saints, mildness of manner and peace of conscience. Abundant fruits of grace resulted. In one year, fifty seminarists entered strict religious orders or embarked on apostolic careers in infidel countries.

Possessed of a marvelous insight into the operations of grace, and gifted with a rare intuition of the disposition of souls and the means to be adopted to enable them to advance in the way of perfection, he was consulted both personally and by letter. His correspondence increased as the circle of his acquaintance widened, and resulted, when he had passed to his reward, in the publication of three octavo volumes of his *Spiritual Letters*. His searching gaze penetrated into the very depths of

souls; he discerned the difficulties they labored under and the obstacles that retarded their progress; he prescribed counsels of practical asceticism wherein he reduced perfection to its simplest form. To all he proposed the acquisition of humility; with an infinite variety of detail, he recommended peace of mind and heart, interior and exterior modesty, distrust in self, confidence in God, and a great spirit of abnegation.

On the recommendation of Father Lestroan, a Jesuit, who knew him well, he, though a mere acolyte, was invited to occupy the supremely responsible position of novice master to the Eudist Fathers of Rennes. Believing that it was the will of God, he accepted. Here (1837-1839) he continued the good work he had done at St. Sulpice and Issy, to the great satisfaction of those who had reposed an unlimited confidence in his wisdom and sanctity. His thoughts, however, often reverted to conversations he had held with two seminarists at Issy, Messieurs Le Vavas seur and Tisserand, both of whom were filled with an ardent desire for the evangelization of the ex-slaves in their native islands of Bourbon and San Domingo. The more he reflected, the more positively he felt called by God to found a religious society for the conversion of the negro race. After fervent prayer to his patroness, Our Lady of Victories, and consultation with his wisest friends, he severed his connection with Rennes, and proceeded to Rome, to lay his project before the Holy See. Whilst waiting for a decision (1840-1841) he drew up the provisional rules of the new institute, and occupied himself with writing a remarkable *Commentary on St. John's Gospel*. His patience and zeal were rewarded with the approbation of the Propaganda. To crown his joy, a pilgrimage to Loretto cured him of his epileptic fits, and he was permitted to advance to higher orders. He was ordained priest at Amiens on September 18, 1841. Nine days afterwards, he opened the novitiate of the Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary in the neighboring village of La Neuville. To his first two associates, Father Le Vavas seur and Father Collin, others were quickly added. Missions in Mauritius, Bourbon, Hayti and Africa were offered to the infant society. Though the first volunteers paid with their lives for their heroism, others filled their places, and laid the foundations of the prosperous missions now so flourishing in those previously neglected lands.

During the seven years of its separate existence, Father Libermann was the heart and the soul, the father and the model,

of the community he had founded. His holiness and his reputation as a wise director of souls attracted numbers of aspirants. Their piety, their zeal, and the success that attended their labors attracted the attention of the depleted Congregation of the Holy Ghost, and inspired in the breasts of its members a desire for union with the flourishing younger community. A petition to that end, forwarded to the Holy See, was received most favorably, and Father Libermann, who most cordially approved of the project, was requested to combine the two Societies. His exquisite prudence, profound wisdom, consummate tact and condescending gentleness triumphed over all obstacles and so united the congregations that their members became of one heart and one soul in the observance of the Rules and Constitutions of the Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

Works of the United Congregations.

After the union of the two Congregations, Father Libermann, who had been chosen Superior General, a position he occupied until his death on February 2, 1852, organized the religious service and administration of the old French colonies on a solid basis. Through his influence with the French Government and the Holy See, he secured the establishment of bishoprics and provided for the supply of religious and secular clergy. But it was Africa that he most dearly loved, and it was thither that he sent the most devoted of his missionaries. Strange to say, it was from two Irishmen in America that he received the impulse. As early as 1833, Dr. England, Bishop of Charleston, had called attention to the inroads heretics were making in that benighted land, and the Rev. Dr. Barron, Vicar-General of Philadelphia, having been appointed by the Council of Baltimore to undertake the work, and having been consecrated bishop, applied for assistance to the holy founder who supplied him at once with seven priests and three coadjutor brothers. Through their efforts and the efforts of those that followed, a series of Christian communities was built up in Darkest Africa, and though privations, the severity of an unknown climate and their exhausting labors have claimed eight hundred of those apostles, the results have more than compensated for the sacrifices the order was called upon to make. God has blessed their devotion, and has inspired with all the fervor of the apostles hosts of ardent young clergymen to go forth into distant and neglected lands, to spread the light of the Gospel by their ardent zeal and to establish the spirit of the

Gospel by their eminent sanctity. Besides one hundred and sixty-five stations in Africa, the Holy Ghost Fathers established missions in Mauritius, Réunion, the Islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, the Rodriguez Islands, Trinidad, Martinique, Guadeloupe, Haiti and Amazonia (situated twelve hundred miles up the Amazon River); they conduct most successful educational institutions in Rome, Switzerland, Monaco, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Portugal, England, Ireland, Canada and the United States.

It would be a pleasing task to record the virtues and the deeds of so many missionaries, to number the churches, colleges and schools they have erected, and to speak of the thousands of souls that, through them, have peopled Heaven. It must suffice in the present notice briefly to chronicle their activities in the United States.

The province of the United States was founded in 1873. The Fathers first settled in Piqua, Ohio. In the following year they came to Pittsburgh. During the forty-six years that have elapsed since, they have administered parishes, directed schools, and conducted institutions in Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Michigan, Wisconsin, Virginia, South Carolina, Arkansas and Louisiana. They have founded fifty-three houses, including a university, a novitiate, a theological seminary, and an apostolic college. In their parishes and missions they minister unto 59,922 souls, 17,977 of whom are of the colored race. In their schools they have 11,929 children, 3,116 of whom are colored.

The works undertaken by the Congregation, even those that are now most flourishing, were all of an abandoned character—such as with difficulty find volunteers amongst the secular and regular clergy. This is especially true of the missions in the South. Fort Smith, Arkansas, may serve as a typical example. Of its population of 33,000 souls, 5,000 belong to the colored race, and of these only thirty-six are Catholics, who preserved the faith of their slave forefathers. On his arrival in 1917, Rev. John M. Lundergan (Duquesne University, Ex. '10) rented a room twenty feet by forty, and there said Mass for his few parishioners. In the following year he purchased sufficient property on which to erect the necessary buildings. A two-story frame house on the lot serves at once for church and priest's residence. The church is already too small, and his rooms are inadequately furnished; he has to cook his own meals and serve

himself as best he may until contributions warrant the employment of a housekeeper. Catholics and non-Catholics alike impatiently await the opening of a Sisters' school. The children, with the grace of God, will quickly be won over, and their parents are sure to follow. In the course of time, through the devotion of the pastor and the generosity of the faithful, this work, we feel confident, will prosper as have the many others founded by the Provincial, Very Rev. Eugene Phelan, and blessed by the Superior General, Right Rev. Alexander Le Roy.

Notwithstanding the heavy toll caused by climatic conditions, volcanic eruptions, the Great War, shipwrecks and other causes in late years (since 1914 the losses have totaled over three hundred), the Congregation now numbers 1665 members, including twenty-one bishops and prefects apostolic. Statistics taken last December show that there are six hundred and one aspirants to the order. Of these the United States supplies one hundred and twenty-five. Devastated Europe will not soon recover from the losses inflicted on life and property since 1914. The burden of supplying missionaries and funds for the evangelization of pagan countries should be shouldered by the more favored and prosperous nations. Though we have liberally contributed men and money, we are still rich and our loss in man power is negligible in comparison with the French and German fatalities. We should step into the breach and fill the places of the dead and wounded. We have prospered in commerce and the professions; we have won renown on land and sea; we enjoy all the luxuries that wealth can procure, but we have not, as a nation, in commensurate numbers, tasted the joy of consecrating ourselves on the altar of missionary sacrifice.

With our population and resources, with the zeal that comes from piety and devotion, we could go forth and win the modern world to the faith. This undertaking, so vast, so holy, so exalted, is worthy of our best efforts and our noblest aspirations. Let our youth pray for the grace of vocation; let them sanctify themselves that they may sanctify others; let them, like the Crusaders of old, fearlessly attack the strongholds of infidelity, and win, God willing, a martyr's crown, if not by the shedding of their blood, at least by the sacrifices, the weariness, the privations, the unremitting labors, the daily self-renunciation of the apostolate.

H. J.



Father And Patron.

HOW high, O Joseph, high thy place!
Ineffable the choice
That sealed thee spouse of her whose grace
Makes Heaven and earth rejoice.

Most worthy thou the Father's trust,
To guard His Daughter's fame;
The word of Scripture calls thee Just—
A full expressive name.

"Of Holy Ghost thy Spouse conceived,
Her Son's Name must thou call;
Be blest with one who has believed:
Let not thy rank appal."

Paternal thou, of Fatherhood
That dwarfs paternity
As known 'mong men; but understood
In Christian Mystery.

Thy Foster-Son, the Father's own—
By Virgin's tongue called thine!
Gave father's name to thee alone,
Revered thy word or sign.

The Church's Patron, still thy care
Are Christlike children all;
With thee in sight, none may despair,
Whatever ills befall.

G. L.





When Charlie Dixon Pitched.

FELLOW members of the Knibberkobber Club: I have been asked to tell a baseball story. I suppose very few of you have ever thought that I, staid old broker that I am, ever wore a baseball uniform. Well, I did, for many a year in the old Southern League.

In my last year of baseball I was captain of Savannah's team. At that time Jimmy Dixon was manager. He was one of those jovial, good-natured fellows, and an excellent manager. Like everybody else he had his weak spot; and that weak spot was getting the worst in a business deal.

The year previous to that, New Orleans had captured the championship of the league from us; Dave Borden managed it. Well, to put the whole situation in a nutshell, Dixon loved Borden as much as a soldier loves a cootie. Borden had put a raw deal over on Dixon, which of course the papers knew nothing about, and I felt deep down in my heart that Dixon would repay Borden with interest, and there was sure to be some fireworks this year.

Our team was in a bad financial condition the year I became captain. New Orleans had a fellow to back it, who, it seemed, had money to burn, but in fact he was so tight that it took a stick of dynamite to dislodge a dollar from his roll; still, knowing a good thing when he saw it, he had invested his money to get a double haul. Therefore as you can see Borden decidedly had the jump on Dixon.

Our training quarters were in Camden, a small town just out of Savannah and about thirty miles from the N'Orleans camp. We were just starting to train and brush ourselves into condition for the coming grind, and were showing up fairly well. No, I'll have to amend that statement. Our pitching staff was poor, for we had lost two of our twirlers to the Eastern league on account of a matter of money which Dixon could not meet.

One day, about three weeks after we had been in camp, Dixon called me into the dressing-room, while the players were still playing a scrub game. "Tom," he said, "you know we are in a pretty bad condition in regard to pitchers. Well, don't

worry any longer. I got my scouts on a young fellow who just pitched his first game for Hale College; he looks like the real goods to me."

"That sounds good, Jimmy. Please proceed."

"Our scout will be up there this afternoon at four; he'll get this boy signed up. He's a dandy; with him on our roster we'll grab the pennant. I'm sure no other team has seen him play yet, because this is his last year at college and his first year on the team, and he is anxious to be given a show this summer on some league team."

"Just a minute," I interrupted. "Where's all the money coming from? You must think old man Rockefeller died and left you his estate."

"Where do you get that money stuff? Just leave it to me; and I'll have this boy down here for practice within a couple of weeks. I'll admit it, the least dent in our pocketbook would lay us out flat. But even if I do have to pay a big price for him, I must have this boy. I'll get the money by hocking the family heirlooms; just so I can win the pennant this year from N'Orleans and knock that pie-faced Borden."

"All right," I said. "You're boss. It will not be my funeral if you bankrupt the club."

"By the way," said Jim, "the funny part of it is—his name is Dixon—Charlie Dixon."

"Dixon," I repeated, as I strolled into the corridor of the dressing quarters just in time to see a young fellow slide out the back door and start running in a bee-line for the town.

A strong suspicion came to me that he had been in the dressing-room next to the one where the manager and I had been speaking. Then my suspicions turned to alarm as I realized that he had probably been eavesdropping on us and had heard every word of our conversation. I turned back to Dixon and told him what I had heard and of my strong suspicion.

"Don't get excited," replied Jim. "Just keep cool and don't say a word to anyone, not even the players. Mum's the word."

Well, I never was much for gossiping, so I let it drop there, as I changed into my street clothes. Besides, I had other business to attend to in town at ten o'clock that morning.

An hour later, as I was afterwards informed, the same young man whom I had seen making the hasty exit from our training quarters was sitting in Borden's office, reporting the entire conversation he had heard.

"So he called me a pie-face," growled Borden. "Well, Johnston, just you watch me fix that sap-head's clock. You get over to your boarding-house, rig yourself up in your best duds, make a record jump to this boy Dixon's rooms, and grab him before that Savannah scout does."

"I follow you," said Johnston.

"Go sky-high to get him—as far as \$5,000. But don't come back without his name affixed to this contract; here it is with my signature on it. I can stand a loss some time. Five thousand is an awful high price for a new boy just making his entry into the game; but I can stand it to get a whack at that rotten manager, Dixon. By the way, if you pull this through there's fifty dollars in it for you. Tell this fellow—after you have his signature, mind—not to let the Savannah scout know that he's signed up; tell him to put him off, and my revenge will be sweeter. I'll let Dixon know myself."

That afternoon at three, Johnston met Charlie Dixon and introduced himself, lunging promptly into the business for which he had come. Once in Dixon's rooms the scout began to lay before him the advantages of signing his contract with the New Orleans team.

"You can readily see the advantages of joining our team," said Johnston. "Last year we won the championship of the Southern league, thereby gaining a reputation that is not disputed by a team in the league."

"I know," agreed Charlie Dixon, "but I've already consented to join the Savannah team, and I would not like to go back on my word. Besides, their scout will be here in half an hour, and I will sign his contract."

"I'll give you \$3,500 to join our club. You don't want to join a one-horse club like Savannah; why, they haven't won the championship for four years. Think of it! Success knocking at your door and you won't take \$3,500 for the season. Besides, you're new in the game, and that's a rather high salary for a chap with no 'rep'."

"Three thousand five hundred," muttered the astonished Dixon.

"All right then, \$4,000. Man, think of it!" yelled Johnston.

"But—" gasped Dixon.

"\$5,000!" exploded Johnston. "Here's the contract. Wait till I get two fellows for witnesses."

"Take it or leave it," he raved, as he came back from the

door with two of Dixon's classmates.

"But listen," protested the young collegian.

"Sign your name right here," said the excited scout as he thought of losing the promised fifty; and he shoved a fountain-pen into Charlie Dixon's hand. Slowly the boy signed his name at the spot designated, astonished and dazed at the sum of money he was to receive.

The two witnesses affixed their signatures, and after they had departed, Johnston shoved the duplicate contract into Charlie's hands.

"When that Savannah scout comes, tell him you have decided not to sign up. Don't tell them you have joined our club. Report at our camp for practice at three o'clock tomorrow. It's Saturday and you will have no class."

"Listen!" said Dixon, as the scout slammed the door and was gone. "I played only three innings in that game."

The next day as I strolled into our dressing-rooms the manager hailed me. "Tom," he said, "that N'Orleans scout has beat us to it. Just keep your clothes on; we're going over to see that practice game with my namesake pitching this afternoon."

At about a quarter to two, Jim and I climbed over the board fence that enclosed the New Orleans practice diamond, and hid beneath the bleachers, lest we might be recognized by some of their players. Soon the team came out on the grounds and began to warm up. The new man was there; he began to pitch a few to their catcher, and I noticed many defects in him, because the best man to judge a good pitcher is a catcher. His deliveries lacked speed, and he was a little clumsy in his movements. I thought this might be due to the earliness of the season and his not being in shape.

Well I hate to mention what that New Orleans batting order did to him; they hit him to right and left field and over the fence, till in the third inning they took him out because their supply of balls would soon be reduced to nothing.

As he walked off the diamond, Borden met him. "Well, you big hunk of cheese," he yelled, "do you mean to call yourself a baseball player? Why, for two pins I'd—" Here he stopped, for his rage so got the best of him that he couldn't speak.

"I attempted to tell your scout three times that I wasn't much of a player, but he insisted that I sign his contract. So I complied with his request," said Dixon.

"Well, I'll be hanged if you'll get a cent off me," exploded Borden.

"Don't be hasty, Mr. Borden. I kind of think you'll give me my money at the end of the season, because you must remember, I have the contract. Besides I'm liable to carry it into court."

"All right. I'll see you in my office after you're dressed, and we'll fix this affair up," Borden replied gloomily.

"Well, Jim," I said, "you see you just barely escaped having a 'boner' on your hands."

"Oh, I guess he looks bad to you," said Jim. "But he's a valuable man to me; so now don't say a word and I think I'll have him in a couple of days."

That was enough; it took my breath. Could it really be possible that Jim Dixon, a man of reputed sound judgment, was going to buy a "boner" like this one?

Sure enough, two days later the manager came into camp with this namesake of his.

"Tom," he said, "I want you to meet Charlie Dixon, one of our new players. He's in college, so he'll not join the club for about three weeks."

I was too dumfounded to speak.

Then Dixon left on a business trip and did not return for about a week. When we saw him again, he had two more fellows with him. He introduced them as our two new pitchers.

"Jim!" I said, "whose safe have you robbed? Where have you found the money to pull off these deals? It's too much for me."

"Now, Tom," he replied, "just hold your patience till the end of the season and I'll explain to you how a friend of mine gave me the money."

These two new men were excellent pitchers. Between them, they won practically all our games, and at the end of the year we copped the championship by a wide margin from New Orleans. It was always a puzzle to me why Jim, who acted like a father to Dixon, never once permitted him to pitch a game.

The night of the last game, Jim held a banquet in his apartments. Several of his friends, including myself and Charlie Dixon, were present. At the end of the banquet we gathered in his spacious library, and as he had promised, he began to tell us how he obtained the money to purchase his pitchers.

"In the first place, I want you to meet my son Charlie. He has just finished college." This was a revelation for which we were wholly unprepared. But Jim calmly proceeded.

"As you know, our team was in a very bad financial condition. I had a small sum of my own, amounting to about \$7,000, in the bank. The team had been a continual drain on my account. I figured that with about \$2,000 more I could purchase two new pitchers."

I began to see light.

"Charlie here," continued the astute manager, "was in his last year, and I figured he could make the baseball team due to his record on the football and track teams, and he did.

"I knew that fellow was eavesdropping in the other room the day I revealed my plan to you, Tom, and it couldn't have worked better. He swallowed hook, line and sinker, and rushed to tell Borden what he had heard. Borden thought he could pull another deal over my head, and he fell right into the trap.

"But I didn't think he would fall so hard to get even, as to pay \$5,000 for a player he had never looked up or seen play. I had to have the money, so I purchased Charlie for \$1,000. Borden thereby had to pay the boy \$4,000." Here Jimmy burst into uncontrolled laughter, and when he could speak again he chuckled, "Borden still thinks I was the 'sucker' in that deal."

We all had a good laugh over this and then our host continued, "As soon as I had the funds so kindly donated by my rival, I hastened eastward to Harmon College and signed up their two star pitchers, whom my scouts had been trailing for about a month. We offered them a high price for new men, and they readily affixed their names to the contract.

"For once in four years our team is on good financial footing, and my own money, so long invested, has been doubly restored. But don't think I'm a daylight robber. Last year Borden got \$3,000 out of me by a raw deal. I'm a sport: here's the check for the thousand I owe him. He loaned me the money, although he didn't know it, so I'm returning what I owe him."

We gave three cheers for Charlie Dixon, pitcher, and nine for Jimmie, the peer of managers.

W. J. STEBLER, H. S., '22.





The Romance of Lucy and Lothair.

IN THE little town of Jasper, Tennessee, not far from Chattanooga, lived a maiden by the name of Lucy Robinson.

She was young, dark, and not bad to look upon; sweet, demure, a good cook and an enchanting singer. However, with all her natural graces and acquired accomplishments, she never seemed to inspire admiration in the heart of any young man. As a result she led a listless life, and began to fear she would end in unhappy spinsterhood.

When the great war broke out she conceived the idea of writing to one of the French soldiers. By devious ways she secured a name and address; she bought tinted, scented paper, and carefully addressed the envelope. Then she spread a pink sheet before her, and began:

My dear Marcel,

No doubt you will be sur—

She got no further. A far-away look came into her eyes; she puckered her brows, licked her lips, dropped her head on the desk, and burst into a flood of tears. Her dear (though unknown) Marcel did not know a word of English, and Lucy could not write a syllable of French!

'Twas a sore disappointment indeed. But time, the great restorer, eventually brought surcease of sorrow.

Then a miracle happened. The United States entered the war, and Lucy knew that the American soldiers, when they arrived in France, would be glad to get mail from anyone back home. In course of time she managed to find out the post-office address of a soldier of the A. E. F. whom she thought she would like. With great care she knitted socks and wristlets and sent them to this soldier. This was the beginning of her first romance.

After a while "that Robinson girl" became the envy of all the Jasper folk, when it was found she always received one

or two overseas letters each week. And a certain soldier over in France did not grow despondent for lack of reading matter. They became well acquainted. Lucy followed the history of the war from the point of view of one of its participants, and Lothair Webster was reminded of the country he was fighting for by sharing all the small town gossip of southern Tennessee.

The armistice was signed, and Lothair was among the men detailed to clear the battlefields of unexploded bombs. Suddenly the west-bound letters came to a stop. Lucy wondered if her soldier had jilted her, and what dark-eyed French lassie had supplanted her in his affections. One day during the spring of 1919 she received a large official-looking letter posted from Washington, D. C.

"Oh, dear," she said tearfully to herself, as she nervously broke the seal, "I know Lothair has been killed! I've been too hasty in accusing him of inconstancy."

With shaking hands she opened the crackling printed sheets. What she read gave her great relief.

"We desire to inform you, as next of kin, that Lothair Webster, Sergeant, Co. K., —th Engineers, has been accidentally wounded, and is on the hospital ship *Mary Jane*, bound for New York, where he will receive his honorable discharge. The ship is due to arrive on May 14."

Lucy realized she would have to make hurried plans if she wished to meet her hero on his return to New York. She secured transportation to the metropolis, and with much fluttering anticipation she made the long journey at whose end was happiness.

She was one of a great crowd of people as she stood on the dock waiting for her soldier boy. Eagerly she scanned their forms. Around her neck she wore a dainty white handkerchief, and she searched here and there for a man who also wore one, for it was the signal of identification upon which they had agreed. At last she saw him, and hurried to his side.

"Lothair!"

"Lucy!"

He was a giant of a man, splendidly proportioned, and carried himself with a grace and dignity that drew all eyes to him. Although he was not a southerner, he spoke with an unmistakable southern accent, for he was as black as night. But that did not bother Lucy a bit, for so was she.

THOMAS J. DEMPSEY, H. S., '20.



SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

Our Merchant Marine.

THE old adage, "Experience is a great teacher", has all the appearances of a failure when applied to the American merchant marine. From all present indications, the great lesson taught us by the recent war is going for naught; a period of almost complete inactivity has followed the short but effective spurt given to our merchant marine during our participation in that gigantic conflict.

Why this should be, in view of the fact that we are fitted by nature to be a maritime power, is hard to understand. The American merchant marine may be said to have originated with the Republic itself, and during the first half century of our national existence attained world-wide influence and reputation. The famous American clipper ships cruised on every sea, anchored in every civilized port, everywhere establishing a reputation for the young republic of the new world. Indeed, they contributed a notable share in laying the foundation of the nation.

With the advent of steam, our merchant marine was permitted to fall gradually into decay, while European nations jumped at the opportunity of securing landings in our fine harbors and of carrying the vast and ever-swelling tonnage of our imports and exports. The two nations to make the most use of this opportunity were Great Britain and Germany. Backed by the English government, the capitalists of the White Star, the Cecil and the Cunard Lines soon obtained the cream of America's landings and the greater part of her commerce. The only competitors able to offer any opposition were the North German Lloyd and the Hamburg-American Lines, virtually owned and

supported by the German government. These lines exercised practically a monopoly of our foreign trade.

The most humiliating feature of the recent conflict in so far as the United States was concerned, lay in the fact that the United States, with water on three of her four boundaries, possessing the world's finest harbors and having every conceivable means for owning a fleet of merchant vessels, should be entirely dependent on a foreign power to transport her troops and supplies to France. It is not to America's credit that an English Admiral could tell an audience of English workmen, "If it wasn't for English ships and transportation facilities, America would have been helpless in the war." We Americans are forced to admit the truthfulness of this statement, for the greater part of our troops and supplies were conveyed to the shores of France by English ships.

It was only when the advent of war caused an unprecedented demand for American products, and when German ships were either interned or blocked in their own harbors, that we realized how poorly equipped America was for distributing her vast export production. Only then did we raise a cry for a mercantile fleet of our own; and on a scale unheard of in the annals of history commenced the re-creation of the American merchant marine. With the pleas and entreaties of the Allies for men and supplies ringing in our ears, we smashed all records in the ship-building industry and bade fair to place the United States once more at the head of the mercantile nations of the world. However, with the cessation of hostilities the "spurt" seemed to have spent itself; English ships were once more ready and eager to resume their monopoly of American trade, and we again returned to our pre-war lethargy and carelessness. Once again we are allowing our commerce to be carried on by a foreign power.

Now that the mercantile power of Germany has been annihilated, the opportunity presents itself to the United States to acquire control over the extensive holdings of the German lines. We must not allow our interests to be subordinated to those of any foreign power, no matter how powerful she may be—no matter if she does reign over half of the universe—but must ever be mindful of our duty to our country and our fellowmen. We possess the capital, the materials, the men to build and man a fleet, and the trade to supply the greatest merchant marine in the world. Therefore, when opportunity knocks at our door, why

not welcome it with open arms and use it to the best of our advantage? Such an opportunity does not often present itself; let us hope that the good work commenced in building our merchant marine will not die of inanition, but that within the next ten years the "Stars and Stripes" may again be found in every port on the globe, from the Land of the Midnight Sun to the Straits of Magellan and from amidst the junks anchored in the Yang-Tse-Kiang to the Ocean Greyhounds in the Thames.

V. J. RIELAND, '21.



Britain's War With the Pen.

A FEW years ago Viscount Northcliffe, acting as an agent of the British government, visited the United States.

Before bidding adieu to our shores, he left the tidy sum of \$150,000,000 to bribe venal American editors to use their columns in favor of England's interests.

British propagandists have scoured the land and mobilized every conceivable agency to further their end. England cares little what ways and means her agents employ; she is only interested in the success of her schemes. You can be sure that her well-defined machinations are not beneficial to some class or nation.

Very many of our American dailies are "bought up" by England, and those that are not bribed are dependent upon strictly British sources for all the foreign news. Whatever bits of information are dished out to our papers, are flavored to suit English taste, and whatever items cannot be converted into palatable reading for British consumers are simply discarded.

It is time that the people of the United States should know just what happens across the Atlantic, not merely the events of which it chances to be England's good pleasure to inform us. It is the duty of our government to intervene, and simply to close up the shops of the pro-British American editors, who are rotten at heart, and to establish an agency through which we may receive the foreign news intact.

To-day England is fretting over the enthusiasm with which Americans of every provenience and every creed, who have a spark of justice in their bosom, are taking up the Irish cause, and in consequence the wheels of the propaganda factory are humming busily. Their efforts have been doubled; money is no

object. England's most recent step was the purchase of the American Book Company, and henceforth we must expect our school histories to be even more false and more pro-British than they ever were.

What will be the obvious result of all this? The destructive hand of England is seen high up in Washington; she is an irritating factor in our politics; and unless immediate steps are taken England's dream of a united British-American Empire will be a reality.

C. J. KRONZ, '20.



CHRONICLE

College and High School.

The results of the third term examinations held before the Easter recess were announced on the day of the reopening. The following students obtained first place in

Results of their respective classes: (College Department) R. E. Wehrheim, H. J. Heilman, E. J. Examinations Caye, G. B. Hudock, Z. E. Novicki, B. Sciotto; (Academic Department) J. B. Walsh, P. G. Sullivan, W. Jacko, A. A. Radasewich, F. R. Harrison, D. De Silvio, T. J. Quigley, H. R. Wertz, H. A. Goff, G. R. Fasiczka; (Commercial Department) T. J. Burch, F. J. Hamill, J. C. O'Donnell; (Science Department) T. J. McGrath, A. M. Heim, F. J. Emig. Two hundred and seventy honor cards were awarded. The highest percentages were attained by J. B. Walsh, F. R. Harrison, T. J. Quigley and R. A. Ackerman. Other students who distinguished themselves by exceptionally high totals are Thomas Burch, Joseph Rozenas, Florian Starzynski, Oliver Keefer and Zenon Novicki. The final examinations for undergraduates are scheduled for June 16.

On April 18 the Fourth High covered itself with glory in its final entertainment of the school year. The features of the evening's programme were a motion-picture

Entertainments comedy "Almost Neighbors", with Herbert Haberl, a member of the class, at the crank of the machine; a dramatic sketch entitled "The Peasant Boy's Vindication", and a debate on the question of newspaper sensationalism. The playlet was acted with convincing power and

appropriate pictorial accompaniments in the way of costuming and lighting. The new dimmers, also installed by Herbert Haberl, produced a perfect gradation from daylight through sunset to night. Messrs. Ackerman, Conley, Hoffmann, Rozenas and Sheridan had the speaking parts, whilst a well-coached crowd of Junior boarders filled in the background. James Doyle was chairman of the debate; Raymond Foerster, John Kettl and Lawrence Quinn argued convincingly for the suppression of the details of crimes and of criminal trials in newspaper reports, and Joseph Downey, George Ihrig and Harold Patterson maintained the contrary view.

On April 12, the Freshman Class held a reception in the K. of C. building, Duquesne Council, in honor of the 1920 classical graduates. The committee in charge of the Social Activities arrangements are to be complimented on the success that attended their efforts.

The Glee Club entertained the patients of Mercy Hospital with an admirable programme on Sunday afternoon, April 18. The orchestra rendered a variety of selections; the vocalists were heartily applauded, and the elocutionists elicited most favorable comments.

We are glad to note that the reputation won by the orchestra under the very efficient direction of Professor C. B. Weis, is recognized throughout the city and beyond the city limits. It has been invited to supply the music on the occasion of the Florence Nightingale celebration in Memorial Hall on May 12.

J. A. O'Donnell, W. J. Turley and their associates are to be commended for their intelligent and self-sacrificing assistance rendered to the prefects of discipline in Efficient Help presiding over the library, game-rooms and entertainment hall during what in some institutions prove the dreary recreation hours of the dismal winter months between the Christmas holidays and the Easter recess. We trust that the admirable example they have set, will be emulated by their successors of 1920-1921.

On the fourteenth of the month, at the request of his former classmates, a solemn high Mass of Requiem was offered up for the repose of the soul of the late John Remembered McGonigle. Rev. B. McGuigan, his spiritual adviser, was celebrant; his former teachers, Rev. J. F. Malloy, Rev. E. N. McGuigan and Rev. J. A. Rossenbach

were respectively deacon, subdeacon and master of ceremonies. M. N. Glynn and J. A. O'Donnell were acolytes and C. J. Kronz was censer bearer. Rev. F. X. Williams presided at the organ, and the students chanted the Gregorian Mass for the dead.

On April 21, Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, Rev. Edward B. Knaebel, C. S. Sp., '04, National Director of the Holy Childhood, delivered an eloquent appeal in

The Missions behalf of missionary effort in pagan lands.

We are pleased to say that his appeal elicited a hearty response. We congratulate Father Knaebel on the remarkable success that has attended his efforts during the five years he has had charge of the Holy Childhood. The receipts, when he assumed charge, amounted to \$28,000; by yearly increments they have increased to the magnificent sum of \$118,000 in 1919. What joy and consolation to the missionaries to see that their labors are appreciated, and that the moneys appropriated will help substantially to build and equip churches and schools!

The annual contests for medals in Oratory and Expressional English will be held on Friday evening, April 30. The following students have qualified for the Oratorical

Contests for Contest: J. J. Laffey, T. J. Mahony, J. A.
Medals O'Donnell, V. J. Rieland and C. Strobel. In

the Public Speaking Contests, there will be two divisions; the competitors in the first will be J. A. Deasy, C. J. Hoffmann, J. S. Nee, L. J. Quinn and J. M. Rozenas; in the second, A. J. Blieszner, J. J. Carney, F. J. Grunder, C. C. Moran and P. G. Sullivan.

Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to William Jacko, student of the Third High B Class. His father, after a long illness borne with a truly admirable Christian patience, passed away on April 14.

May God grant him eternal rest!

R. G. REILLY, '23.

School of Law.

With the ending of the last semester of the school year less than six weeks off, and the final examinations to take place within the next month, the students of the Law School are busily engaged in preparing for the banner tests of the year.

The first year men have already completed their text-book programme with the exception of Domestic Relations and Cor-

porations. Blackstone, Torts, Negotiable Instruments and Contracts have already been covered, and the men have begun to review these subjects.

This repetition is exceptionally advantageous as it tends to bring out the subject matter more clearly; it is not to be expected that the freshman can be as conversant with the fine points of the law as are the upper-class men. However, it can be safely said that, even though no repetition were scheduled, the great majority of the class would come through with colors flying. In as much as the instructors themselves are desirous of having the students see the book a second time, and since it is in harmony with the policy of the institution, it was deemed best to give the students an abbreviated review, so as "to put them on edge for their examinations to qualify for second year work."

The Junior Class is in much the same position as the first year men. Their work, however, is not confined primarily to text-book matter as is the case with the first year men. More time is devoted to case hunting, while only certain periods are given to book matter. The test, at the end of the year, will begin on May 24th, and will end with the close of the school year, June 9th.

As regards the men who will take the State Examinations during July, and who will, if successful, become members of the Bar, it can only be said here that they are doing their bit towards the accomplishment of their life's work. Every evening is spent in the library after school hours in reading cases and briefly reviewing the work of the last three years. Duquesne is confidently awaiting the results of the examination for admittance to the Pennsylvania Bar. Let us hope that Duquesne's clean record will be maintained inviolate.

It was announced after a board of directors' meeting of the School of Law that a new policy will be followed in the matter of passing students to higher grades for the next school year. Heretofore, the custom has been to pass students on to higher grades on the knowledge shown by the students in their written examinations. It is the intention of the directors to pass only those men who exhibit the necessary ability to do higher work by their standing in the various class recitations, as well as in the examinations, during the final semester of the school year.

J. J. McCLOSKEY, '22.

Military Department.

APRIL 23, 1920.

With the arrival of spring, there has been increased interest in the R. O. T. C. activities. A change in the schedule for Military Instruction was made during the month, and at the present time the periods are from 8:50 A. M. to 9:30 A. M. on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays. Captain L. B. Row, the Professor of Military Science and Tactics, stated that the results of the examinations for the Third Term were very satisfactory, there being deficiencies in only a few cases. The following students were the eleven highest in the examination; Richard Ackerman, 4th High; Cecil Bittering, 2 Sc.; Walter Conley, 2nd High C; Eugene Conti, 3rd High A; William Jacko, 3rd High B; Oliver Kiefer, 4th High; Patrick McGrath, Freshman; Francis Riley, 3rd High A; Robert Reilly, Freshman; Paul Sullivan, 3rd High A; Thomas Quigley, 1st High A. The highest grade (93) was made by Walter Conley. The following appointments were made on April 23rd: (Company D) C. Wilinski, Captain; F. A. Riley, Lieutenant; Thomas Thornton, 1st Sergeant; (Company E) L. J. Quinn, Captain; T. J. Dempsey, Lieutenant; J. B. Walsh, 1st Sergeant. The following have assisted in the Military Instructions during the month: Father McGuigan, marching; Sergeant Clarence J. Sharp, extended order and calisthenics; Patrick McGrath, military courtesy; Francis Bielski, 1st Aid. It is the plan to have either a Parade or Review each week beginning the first week in May.

School of Social Work.

In connection with the classes conducted by the School of Social Work, a case conference is held each Wednesday morning in the offices of the Conference of Catholic Charities. These conferences are led by Mrs. Claire McQuaide Siedle, who until her marriage last fall was Assistant Supervisor of the Field Work Home Service Training Course of the American Red Cross in Pittsburgh.

These meetings are attended by all the students in the School, and by the members of the staff of the Conference of Catholic Charities who are engaged in actual field work in the various departments conducted by that organization.

At these meetings two or more active cases are presented by the workers handling them, and their various phases discussed

from the standpoint of the principles of social case work taught in the School. The problem of the case is outlined, and various plans of solution are offered and their merits discussed. Or should a worker find herself at a loss just how to proceed, plans are suggested for her consideration.

The object of these conferences is to obtain, from as many sources as possible, constructive criticism of the methods of handling cases, and to present for the benefit of students and workers alike the combined experiences of all who may attend them. New workers may obtain an idea of the scope and possibilities of social case work, and the character and use of social agencies in the community.

In addition to the discussion of actual cases, a study is made of living expenses, budget planning, housing conditions in the community, and other features of social work peculiar to this locality, bringing to light all the sources and resources of the section in which the workers operate.

These conferences are intensely interesting to the students and workers, and it would be well if all Catholics engaged in social work could formulate some plan by which regular discussions of their problems could be had at frequent intervals.

JOHN O'CONNOR, Jr.

School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce

The School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce reports that the most successful year in its history will close on May 29. About twelve hundred and fifty young men and women have enrolled during the year, most of whom are still in attendance.

A large summer enrollment is expected in both the day and evening sessions, as many students wish to improve their time and opportunities during the long vacation period. The office will take registrations any time during the day or evening after May 1st.

HARRY LEROY DARNER.





' VARSITY.

The 'Varsity nine this season is in the capable hands of Father Rossenbach and Professor McCloskey. Judging from the energy displayed by this untiring duumvirate, we may expect the 'Varsity to enjoy a successful season. The pitching corps, Marecki, Vebelunas and McGrath, is exceptionally strong. Sciotto and Doyle are excellent catchers. The infielders are Davies, Joyce, Evans and Kramer. The first two need no introduction to the undergraduate body. Kramer and Evans proved their worth in the floor game, and will make good in baseball. Kettl, Erlain, Carl, Caye and Kendricks are good outfielders. When Kettl was chosen as captain by his teammates, good judgment was exercised and unusual ability was recognized. Graduate manager McCloskey has arranged the following attractive card: April 17, Carnegie Tech, abroad; April 22, St. Bonaventure, home; April 23, Indiana Normal, abroad; April 24, Juniata, abroad; May 1, Tyler Tube, abroad; May 6, Juniata, home; May 8, Grove City, home; May 13, St. Francis, home; May 15, Waynesburg, abroad; May 17, open; May 19, Carnegie Tech, home; May 27, Muskingum, home; May 28, Grove City, abroad; May 29, St. Bonaventure, abroad; May 30, Johnsonsburg, abroad; May 31, St. Mary's and Ridgway, abroad; June 4, Waynesburg, home; June 5, East Liberty, abroad; June 7, Indiana Normal, home; June 12, St. Vincent, abroad; June 19, Tyler Tube, abroad; June 23, St. Vincent, home.

FRANCIS X. FOLEY, H. S., '22.

UNIVERSITY HIGH.

Last year's champion Juniors have advanced in a body to the University High. Professor Campbell has consented to coach the high school stars; his knowledge of the game coupled with his devotedness is sure to bring the University High into the lime-light. Paul Sullivan, the popular student manager, has games carded with Pittsburgh Academy, Monaca, Elizabeth, Greensburg, New Brighton, Kittanning, St. Mary's, Sacred Heart, Oakmont, etc. Cherdini, an honest-to-goodness diamond star, was elected

captain. Bielski, Walsh and Gallagher will catch; Sullivan or Monahan will hold down first; Hoffmann and Vitullo, second; "Billy" Titz, short, and Cherdini third. These make a rattling good infield. Absalom, Snyder and Beck are speedy men in the outfield. McQuade, Menz, Zubol, Finn, Rozenas and Haberl form abundant material for a good pitching staff.

JAMES F. McCAFFREY, H. S., '22.

JUNIORS.

John Witt will captain and pilot the Juniors. Witt is the sole surviving veteran and holds down the shortstop job quite acceptably. The stokily built Miller can be used on any infield position. With Boyle or Brumbaugh at first, Regan or Cleary at second, and Bullion at third, the Juniors have a strong infield combination. Julius, Gunde and Meyers are speed merchants in the outer garden. Savage and Wissenbach, also outfielders, are improving at the bat. J. Curran and F. Titz will do the catching. C. Titz, Paul Walsh and Clapper are reliable hurlers. Tom Kaveny has arranged a very good schedule.

With Clapper on the mound, the Dukelings had an easy time downing the St. Mary's Juniors of Lawrenceville, 8 to 6.

WM. P. KOHLER, H. S., '22.

DUKUMS.

Father Rowe, the genial and indefatigable manager, has the juvenile stars in line, and an excellent record is in the offing for the Dukums. Leo Laughren and Bill Murray are the catchers. O'Brien and Friedrich are good twirlers. Fleck or Funk on the initial bag, Lennox or L. Shiring on the keystone sack, Kichta or Davies on third, and Zaph, at short, are the infielders. Connelly, Kilkeary, Horrell and Bridge are taking care of the outfield. The Dukums dropped the opener, by the narrow margin of 5 to 4, in a well-played game with the Agnetian Club of Oakland.

JOSEPH M. MAXWELL, H. S., '22.



Exchanges.

VARIETY is the spice of many a banquet, but especially so of a literary banquet. At last the clogged mails have yielded us in considerable numbers the long-delayed journals of our sister colleges and universities. It is with delightful interest that we have read and enjoyed their literary efforts, but it is with doubtful and misgiving thoughts that we now endeavor to set down these few lines of literary comment.

Two issues of *The Setonian* have reached us, and we are glad to welcome the organ of Seton Hill, Greensburg, Pa., recently raised to the rank of a college. The friends of the school should find this new paper brimful of interest, as its copious local notes and alumnae gleanings are handled in extremely interesting fashion. Full of information well digested is the essay on "China and Modern Education". Briefer but also thorough are the essays on "Then and Now", treating of Carlyle's and Ruskin's views regarding labor troubles; "Fenelon", referring to the great French prelate's views on the education of girls; "The Educational Value of Imitation, and "Rival Sugars". The one short story, "Iega" is an Indian tale of absorbing interest, indicating talent for narration on the part of the writer. We appreciate the compliment implied in the reprinting of the article, "Shall Schools Survive?" which originally appeared as an editorial in the DUQUESNE MONTHLY for January, 1920.

The February issue of *The Dial* has a well-balanced and varied table of contents. The opening essay on Wilson's fourteen Peace Points is novel indeed in conception. The author represents the fourteen issues as fourteen jewels, and Wilson as a benign old king who takes his jewels to foreign courts and advertises them as a panacea for the world's aches and pains. Foreign diplomacy and intrigue steal the jewels from the unsuspecting king and in their stead supply artificial ones. The king returns to his people, still believing he has his original treasure, and is chagrined to discover that his wise men reject his advice and refuse to believe in his jewels which they see have been tampered with. Then follows a good short story, with plenty of interest but a hazy plot, "It's an Ill Wind—". There is a well-planned, convincing paper on the divine guidance and protection that unifies and strengthens the Catholic Church. "Lady Cataret's Necklace" is a clever short story dealing with the disappearance and reappearance of milady's necklace. Apparently, however, the original plot is forsaken before the ending

of the story and a new one is substituted. "Davy's Plan", another meritorious short story, concludes the literary programme. Among the timely and interesting editorials, the one dealing with "Ireland" takes precedence.

The *Villa Sancta Scholastica* is welcome in our den, but we scarcely know how to receive her. To be sure she is feminine and to be sure she is mysterious. Much talent is displayed throughout the contents, but, if we may be pardoned the expression, in a "will-o'-the-wisp" manner. "That Easter Bonnet" is an interesting short story with a fine plot, faithful characterization and plenty of "plot developer"—we mean conversation. The portrayal of life's little surprises and the fine comparison of wealth and poverty are very charmingly handled. "A Midnight Feast" is a rollicking short story whose plot is laid in the dormitory, corridors and club rooms of the college. The adventurous girls have their "feed" but must suffer the consequences. However, these are light and easily borne in comparison with the fun enjoyed. We share the editor's feelings regarding that indefinable but eminently useful quality or group of qualities called "Charm".

Saint Thomas Purple and Gray may well be styled a literary magazine. The issue before us opens with a carefully planned essay on the "Elizabethan Novel". It brings out distinctly some characteristic features of that period of literary history and presents a rather neat and compact mass of worth-while information. Then follows a fine piece of verse styled "Winter Evening by the Fire", which deals with the beacon lights of English Literature. "Poetry and Life" is a serious essay treating of the decline of poetry as civilization advances. The "Ode to Washington", and the oration "George Washington", are splendid tributes to the illustrious Father of Our Country. "The Grandy Dancer", the only short story in the whole issue, is interesting; we would suggest that the plot, besides being just a trifle old, should have been revealed by direct conversation or by action. The editorials are well done and are of local interest. We note with pleasure the extensive Exchange Department, and are grateful to the exchange editor for his sincere and kindly criticism of our Christmas number.

CLEMENT H. STROBEL, '23.

Lead Kindly Light!

DUQUESNE MONTHLY



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PITTSBURGH, PA.

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JUNE, 1920



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Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXVII.

JUNE, 1920.

Number 9

Heart To Heart.

HEART of Mary, Virgin Mother,
Heart of white, of pearly fire,
Thou dost love as can none other,
With fruition and desire,
The Heart called Deep, the Heart of God,
The Rose that crowned thy lily Rod.

All the Treasure of the Heavens,
All the Father's full delight,
All the Grace that creature leavens
In the Spirit's teeming might,
Is thine, thy own, thy heart's true Son
Whose birth of thee Thy merits won.

Thou hast then a ceaseless yearning
To that Heart all hearts to bind;
In a Mother's love discerning
How It draws, divinely kind;
Thy wonder still is men to see
Who love thy Jesus grudgingly.

Take, loved Mother, at this season,
All our hearts and them inflame
With that love which faith and reason
Sign for Him who said He came
To cast His fire on earth, and willed
Believing souls with it were filled.

Now His friends exult at hearing
How His Church proclaims her Saint
Who long since, nor false nor fearing,
Echoed strong His Heart's complaint:
Let Alacoque, beside Thy throne,
Thy Son's great love still make more known.

G. L.



Bring Back Our Honored Dead.*

AS THE dark clouds of war threatened us and the whole nation marked time to the martial strains of Mars, the eyes of the people turned in hopeful expectancy toward our soldiers. Oh! how we loved and trusted them. And as the tide of war turned in our favor and a mighty foe was being hurled down to defeat, with hysterical joy and relief we spurred our home troops on to Europe, eager for a quick and victorious peace. Then came the armistice. Shortly after, the glad news flashed across the country that our boys were coming back. And is it necessary to ask: how were they received, when they did come? The whole nation threw off the dark gloom of the great catastrophe, and the best in the land was none too good. Every village, every town, every city and every state in America suspended the pursuits of industry and feasted and toasted our glorious conquerors. And they deserved it—they, our gallant heroes, the pride of a continent.

But what of the dead? What of those who never came back? Those who also were heroes and conquerors but who fate had decreed must pay the price! What have you done for them? Are they to lie in everlasting oblivion, neglected and forsaken? Will you doom them to lie as outcasts in a foreign land, forgotten and unmourned? Has the fire of your patriotism burned so low or is national honor so dead that you would permit such a thing?

* Prize-Winning Oration.

Oh, no! You must bring them back! They are ours. They come from us. They fought for us. They died for us. This is the land of their fathers. Bring them back to their native shore. You have loved them in life, why should you forget them in death? As we honor and cherish the heroes of Bunker Hill and Valley Forge, Gettysburg and Antietam, of Santiago and Manila, so, too, we honor the heroes of Chateau-Thierry and the Argonne; we must bring them back and list them among the brave and heroic dead. And perchance some future Webster will dedicate a towering shaft befitting their noble service and priceless valor, and in a clarion voice eulogize the great work they accomplished,—their generous sacrifice in behalf of the holy cause of liberty, their incomparable bravery on the field of battle and in the face of almost certain death, their heroic martyrdom for the principles of democracy and in defense of the land they loved. They have earned a priceless heritage that will defy the hand of time and that shall endure forever in the memory of man.

Yes, you must and will bring them back. Thousands who have mourned are watching and waiting and hoping that ere long their boys will be sleeping in the home-land—the land for which they gave their lives. You must not disappoint them. You must answer the appealing call of the heart-broken Mother, for after all her fight was as bitter as his.

How can I describe the infinite sorrow that wrings her soul as she says that last good-bye? Oh, the agony of that final farewell! How she holds her boy and tries to shield him from some unseen danger. With one last tearful caress she releases him. Soon the transport is slipping quietly down the ways. And mother! Does she know that the disappearing liner is carrying him out of her life forever? Does she realize that her boy-man is gone, never to return? With a breaking heart and saddened countenance she retraces her weary steps.

Night comes on but she cannot sleep. She lies awake and visualizes his whole life. It was not so long ago that she held him, a weak, little infant. She recalls the days of his helpless babyhood. She had watched him grow day by day. Yes, she had built her air castles about him. He, too, was to be a great man and do great things. How he had come to her in all his childish troubles! Ah! if only she could help him now! Does he want her, she wonders. Then, burying her face in her arms she prays to God to spare her boy and send him back. He is *all* she has. She *can't* lose him. He means *so much* to her.

Time goes on. He lands safely, and begins to train for action. A brief interval and he is called to the front. Days go on, and then comes the word, "Over the top at the zero hour!" With the rest he faces death, but bravely follows. And then—it comes so swift—he stumbles forward, falls heavily and lies quite still.

Some weeks later a little gray-haired mother receives an official telegram. With ashen face and nerveless fingers she opens it and reads. Like a lily broken by the storm, her whole body sways and breaks. Tears dim the loving eyes and with quivering lips she sobs, "My boy! My boy!"

This mother heart so sorely wounded, time alone can heal. It may require a long period, but it will work its way the better. And thus the little mother patiently waits and hides her grief. The war is now over and she confidently waits till they bring him back. Surely they will not refuse her that. He has done his work and done it well. In life he had belonged to the nation, in death he belongs to her. Even though life is gone and the soul has sped, she feels that she still has him. This is a mother's appeal. . . . And you! Would you deny her that?

And whether a noble shaft of granite or an humble cross mark his final resting place, the mother of each dead hero will have something in common. Each knows that she has given her best. Each knows that her country called him to defend the sacred rights of God and nation, and that he answered most faithfully that call. And in the soft hush of the twilight hour, as each visits her dead, a sweet peace is found that can be found nowhere else. It is as if the immortal Lincoln were standing beside them, and his arms outstretched over the gallant dead, pronounced once more the benediction of those prophetic words:

"But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. . . . It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

CLEMENT M. STROBEL, '23.



A French View of the Irish Question.

FOR several centuries Ireland has proved a devoted friend of France. Irishmen have generously shed their blood on many a battlefield in defence of her rights and in the extension of her boundaries; they have added lustre to her court and graced her pulpits. Yet, in return, their country has not received that aid it merited in its prolonged struggle against oppression. It is true that in its wars with England, France endeavored to land forces in Ireland, in order to strike a blow against her hereditary enemy; but each expedition was ill-fated or ill-timed, and resulted only in strengthening the bonds that bound the two countries together. It is refreshing to find that, to-day, with pen and tongue, Frenchmen are championing the cause of Ireland and encouraging its people in their efforts to secure independence for their native land. A member of the Senate who signs himself R. L. C., has contributed an article to *La Croix* (41e Année, No. 11,329) which shows his familiarity with the Irish question, his sympathy with their struggle, and his hope for a favorable issue. It throws light upon the past and present British policy, and may prove instructive to our readers. Hence, we need make no apology for presenting the accompanying translation in the pages of the MONTHLY.

We are fully aware of the difficulty of treating the Irish question in view of the fact that Great Britain is a friendly nation, but the truth should be told even to our best friends. Now it seems that our friend England is absolutely in the wrong in its dealings with Ireland. She appears to withdraw with one hand what she accords with the other.

The Irish people are justified in claiming the application of the principle of the right of nations to self-determination, for Ireland is undoubtedly a distinct nationality from the point of view of its history, its geographical boundaries and its religion. Its people have been exasperated by the tardy and insufficient concessions of the government and its representatives in Dublin. That government promised much but granted little: hence the demands become daily more numerous and more insistent.

The English government to-day takes advantage of the Sinn-Fein political offences to shackle with ever lengthening chains a people who are eliciting by their consequent sufferings the sympathies of every nation. Thirty-five years ago Joseph Chamberlain, M. P., said: "I believe that the great majority of Englishmen have only a very faint conception of the system under which they are attempting to govern their sister country. It is a system founded on the bayonets of 30,000 soldiers permanently camped as in a hostile land. It is absolutely a centralised and bureaucratic system such as was Russia's in the case of Poland and Austria's at Venice. An Irishman can not take a step or raise a finger in any parochial, municipal or academic enterprise without finding himself face to face with an English official who interferes and thwarts him at every turn and who is appointed by a foreign government without the shadow of representative authority." Has the situation changed? Yes; the bayonets of 30,000 soldiers have become the bayonets, the rifles, the artillery, the quick-firing guns, the tanks, the aeroplanes, the hand grenades of 60,000 soldiers and 50,000 policemen.

The English government has raided the homes of 12,000 Irishmen. Courts-martial, for the slightest offenses, have passed sentence upon thousands of citizens, often without proof, condemning them to deportation and imprisonment in England. To inspire terror, it has stolen children from their parents. More than half of the representatives elected to the Irish Parliament are in jail. More than thirty newspapers have been suppressed. No opponent of the government is permitted to run an automobile or motor car. *America* describes the eviction of an old man and his family; as this old man refused to quit the house where he had lived for a long time, the soldiers killed him at close range; one of his eleven children came to his aid and was shot through the back. Last June the Gaelic League had arranged to hold a convention at Kilmallock; 3,000 soldiers were sent thither with quite a train of artillery and aeroplanes. In order to avoid the shedding of blood, it was decided not to hold the convention. Nevertheless, the troops charged the crowds and wounded a large number of women and children.

Has the mass of the Irish people deserved such treatment? They gave proof of their loyalty by sending 300,000 men to the various fronts; South Africa, Canada, Australia and New Zealand sent approximately 150,000 Irishmen as volunteers, without counting the enormous proportion of their countrymen in the American expeditionary forces.

Mr. MacPherson, Chief Secretary for Ireland, on November 28 introduced a bill in the House of Commons to regulate public instruction in Ireland. This project, which seems to consecrate the interference of England in the domain of public instruction, and, consequently, to subject the Catholics to Protestant control, cannot be tolerated by them. Moreover, Cardinal Logue, the archbishops and bishops of Ireland, in their meeting at Maynooth Seminary, condemned the provisions of the bill. They declared that, if enacted into law, it would be the most nefarious imposed upon the country since the Act of Union. That bill proposes to abolish the Board of Education and to deprive the clergy of their control of the schools. Recently Mr. Lloyd George, in his turn, introduced a Home Rule Bill announced a long time ago. We know its chief features: it provides for the creation of two Parliaments, one for the North, the other for the South; a mixed Council chosen from the members of the two Houses, to formulate a plan for the formation of a single Parliament for the whole country. Until that Parliament shall become effective, revenue duties, taxes on profits, surplus taxes, custom and excise duties, shall be administered by the English Parliament. Ireland is to be represented by a reduced membership of forty in Westminster Palace. Finally, each Parliament is to impose taxes to supply its needs.

A contemporary writer states very appropriately that Lloyd George's offer is suggestive of the morsel of dry bread which a rich man throws to a mendicant who has eaten nothing for several weeks. In fact, Ireland, which aspires to complete liberty, would not be satisfied with the shreds of autonomy which the English government disdainfully dangles before its eyes, and it is not yet certain that the Home Rule Bill will prove acceptable to the Commons and to the House of Lords. The project does not deserve serious consideration, for what can be said in favor of a Parliament that may not impose taxes or protective tariffs, nor control the excise, the customs, the police, the army or the navy, and whose decisions, already limited by statute, must still be subjected to the ratification of Great Britain? Truly, Ireland could not be satisfied with the mere shadow of independence. It prefers slavery to a camouflage of liberty. The bill in question or any other that does not guarantee complete autonomy will commend itself in the present crisis to no party in Ireland, nor will it command the support of any alignment of politicians.

It is high time that the English people and their government should be convinced of these facts. Whether urged by generous motives or actuated by self-interest, they should decide to gratify the longings and aspirations of the Irish nation.

H. J.

Snapshots of Life.

The following group of storiottes, contributed by members of the Fourth High, are like un-retouched photographs—true to life without the artificial refinement of studio productions.

Five Hundred.

"THE world certainly looks blue to me," I said to myself, as enveloped in a haze of worry, I sat down to straighten out my tangled plan of life. Here I was, James Montgomery Burman, son of that illustrious citizen and oil magnate of Burmanville, away at school, a respectable student, with but one dark cloud, a debt of five hundred dollars to Cohen, a modern Shylock, who lent money to the students of the university at a usurious rate of interest. The debt was due on the twentieth, and here I was on the afternoon of the nineteenth with but thirteen dollars as my total fortune. All hope of obtaining money from home had long since departed, for I had received—and squandered—my allowance for the next four months. I saw nothing but disgrace and ruin before me.

I was awakened from this reverie by boisterous talking in the hall, and, as the noise approached, I could distinguish the boasting voice of Jenkins, the gambler. He was loudly proclaiming his latest big winnings. A sudden thought rushed through my mind. Would I try it? I knew the grave consequences resulting from discovery, but on the other hand I remembered my "bond" to the Jew, so I decided to take the chance.

With my thirteen dollars in my pocket I walked down town. The streets were crowded with workers hurrying home. I boarded an east-bound car which was already packed with people. After emerging from the congested business district the car gradually gathered momentum and soon was speeding towards the suburbs. Suddenly there was a roar and a crash of breaking glass. Through the noise and din I faintly heard a far-away voice yelling about a broken rail, but that was all, for then dark oblivion spread over my senses.

When I awoke I found myself securely wrapped in many miles of gauze, and occupying a neat bed in the hospital. Presently, before I could take in my surroundings, I was accosted by a very business-like young man, who, coming up to my bed, said, "James M. Burman, I believe?"

"Yes," I mumbled through the bandages.

"Well, I am the claim agent from the Street Railway Company, and I have come to see if I can't fix up all the damages

without the inconvenience of legal proceedings. Would five hundred dollars be sufficient to cover all damages?"

At the mention of five hundred dollars, my debt rose out of subconsciousness to confront me. The offer was almost too much for my weakened nerves.

"Would it?" I cried, "it certainly would. But say, what date is this and what hour of the day?" I added, anxiety replacing the relief of a moment ago.

"Eight A. M. The twentieth of the month," he replied.

"Well," I shouted, "make that check payable to Isaac Cohen on University Street, and see that it is delivered to him at once, will you?"

He smilingly assented. With a long, deep sigh of intense satisfaction, I sank back on the pillow, and was soon asleep.

"Papers!" cried a boy's voice, and for a moment I thought I was back in the east-bound street car. I opened my eyes, and saw it was only the hospital newsy making his rounds.

"Yes, I'll take one. S'pose I'll see my name in the accident column."

Again I emitted another long and very deep sigh of relief, for on the very headlines I read, "Fashionable Gambling House Raided"—the very one to which I was bound when the accident occurred.

"Well," I thought, "this old world isn't so blue after all. Between the hospital and the lockup give me the hospital every time. Besides, I am thirteen dollars to the good."

JOSEPH S. NEE, H. S., '20.

Frustrated Heroism.

Arthur Severin knows he is a hero, and firmly believes the chance to show it will come some day. But it has not come yet. He wanted to fight for America, and he got as far as the S. A. T. C.; but the height of his heroism in that noble organization was marching to class in a November rain.

One afternoon this spring, he stood at that gap in the college fence where the old carpenter shop was pulled down, looking absently over the city spread out below, and wondering when the chance to prove his mettle would come. All at once his slumped figure stood erect, his hands came out of his pockets, and he peered intently at a building at the bottom of the steep street before him. From all the upper windows of the old lodging house at the right, smoke was issuing!

Arthur knew that men slept in those rooms day and night. His mind was made up at once. He would save the sleeping lodgers, turn in an alarm, and achieve everlasting fame!

Not waiting to go around by the college gate, he made the perilous descent down the muddy side of the bluff, clattered down the cobble-stones to the foot of the hill, pushed through the door of the rooming-house, and tore up the stairs. But his eyes, nose, throat and lungs were assailed by the most pungent smoke he had ever smelt. He faltered before he reached the top of the stairs. Coughing and sputtering, he reluctantly returned toward the door.

The house was absolutely still. Again the thought of the lives imperiled spurred him to action. Muttering self-reproach, he made another attempt to reach the doomed lodgers. But again that strange gray smoke with its sickening, stifling odor barred his way. He could still turn in an alarm. As he ran out the door, he collided with a corpulent woman, who, flushed with anger, was just about to enter.

"What d'ye mean, young fellow," she cried, in a strident voice, "breakin' into my house, and trackin' it up with mud?"

"Why—why—there's a fire upstairs!" blurted Arthur.

"Fire nothin'. Can't ye read?" was the woman's contemptuous answer. She pointed with a pudgy finger to a sign on the front door, which Arthur had been in too big a hurry to read. And this was the legend:

"Fumigating."

Arthur Severin knows he is a hero, and firmly believes the chance to show it will come some day. But it has not come yet.

FLORIAN M. STARZYNSKI, H. S., '20.

Old Clothes and New.

"Johnny" Naylor was too good a fellow at heart to keep at the crook business. Kind Providence saw to it that he didn't.

He had been sitting on a bench in Hamilton Square, when he read in a week-old newspaper about the coming marriage of the beautiful daughter of Henry Woodworth Saunders—Jane Woodworth Saunders—to young Judge Van Etten. From this bench he had made his plans. But let Johnny tell his own story.

"The paper had said that there would be a big feast at 11:30, and also it had given the names of some of the most prominent guests. And, take it from me, the 'best people' were there—millionaires, judges, lawyers, and even the governor.

So I reasoned that with such a bunch there must be some rich picking. I was right.

"At 11 o'clock on the night of the wedding I was in the grounds about the house. But I was in a fix. A large bull-dog lay asleep on the porch. However, I took my chance. A trellis in front of the porch was an invitation to go in a second story window. I started up, but that dog got a hold of my leg. I jerked away, but the dog still held part of my pants. A few seconds later, lying safe on the roof, I heard a man taking the dog away, meanwhile cursing cats, and also cursing the dog for chasing cats and raising such a rumpus.

"I entered by the window and then I said a prayer of thanks. I had entered the bride's room; and when I got through stuffing diamond necklaces, rings and such trifles, into my pockets to their capacity, I went out a door and into an adjoining room, the judge's.

"I was attending strictly to my own business when I heard some one coming. I stepped into a clothes press. But it was only someone to put the room in order. Then I was struck by the bright idea: 'If some of these clothes would fit, I could use a suit, for that dog has ruined mine.'

"I hastily made the change. The new suit was a perfect fit. When I heard the servant leaving, I stepped out and left my old suit lying on the floor. The dog did not interfere with my safe exit from the property.

"Two hours later in my own little room above Eddie May's place, I made the discovery which converted me. I had left my haul in my old clothes."

JOSEPH E. DOWNEY, H. S., '20.

The Ghost in the Glen.

Five young fellows and myself had been spending some weeks trapping in the Canadian wilds.

On the last night in camp—for we were then nearing Johnetta and civilization with it—we were sitting around the glowing embers of our campfire spinning yarns. One of the boys had just wound up the recital of a daring escapade. Tom Tracy picked up the water jug and turned the mouth to his lips, only to find that it was about empty. "Pleasing Jim" Bronson at once offered to go in search of some. We tried to dissuade him, but he argued that we would need it in the morning for breakfast, and that we would have not time to go for water then, for we had

been figuring on a bright and early start. This satisfied us, so we all judged that the best place to search would be directly north, for there the foothills of the high mountains came to an end.

With this advice Jim set out. He traveled about an eighth of a mile and then, winding in and about trees, he found himself in a beautiful glen surrounded by giant elms between which the bright full moon sent down a flood of silvery light. A cool northern breeze was stirring the tree-tops, all telling of the beautiful summer night. Here Jim stopped. He thought he heard the trickling of water; training his ears, he finally located the direction from which the sound came, and proceeded across the glen to find the source. He was just leaving the glen and passing between two sentinel-like birches when something very light and smooth struck him between the eyes, lightly, ever so lightly. Immediately he brushed it away from his face and retreated a step. He could see, for just a second, a faint spectre which looked to him like a thin white veil hovering in the air. Now Jim was not superstitious, neither was he easily frightened, so again he attempted to proceed; but again the spectre pounced upon his face. He put out his hand and beat it off, but it was insistent, and repeated its stealthy, irregular, ghost-like attacks. Jim suddenly became petrified. He put down his hands. He could feel the filmy veil rubbing on his face, and its protruding ends creeping about his legs. By this time Jim's imagination began to play tricks on him; the babbling of the water sounded like a faint, ghost-like voice crooning out, "You shall not pass—you shall not pass—go back, go back!" At this Jim struck viciously, deliriously, with both fists, but they seemed to pass through the veil. He shrieked, and, turning, darted back to the camp as fast as he could.

He must have made the distance in record time, for he came up to the fire panting and very nervous, constantly turning his head back towards the hills, as if he were being pursued. Questions were flashed at him from all sides. When we finally got him to speak, he related all that had happened. Some of the fellows made a joke of it, others had a serious look upon their faces.

When Jim had plucked up courage, we all set out, he and I leading, for the scene of his recent mysterious adventure. As we passed into the glen Jim pointed out the two birch trees. When we came within a hundred feet of the spot, we all saw, for just a

moment, as the moonlight struck it, a white, filmy spectre; but this moment was long enough to scare those recent jokers. On its second appearance I drew my automatic, on the third I fired. The spectre then appeared no more; we advanced close to the spot where we had last seen it, and on our hands and knees felt the ground.

Suddenly the tips of my fingers came in contact with something very soft and very smooth. I stretched out my hand another inch and felt it; it did not move! Another inch, I clutched it, and it yielded to my grasp. I jumped to my feet and shouted: "I have it, I have it!" And then I dashed back for the camp, the others close at my heels.

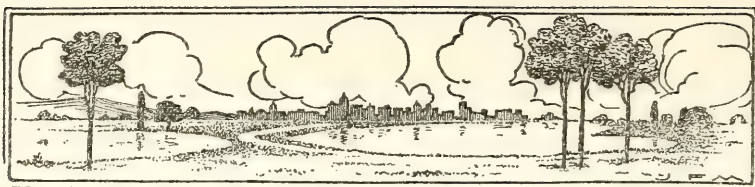
Upon reaching the camp-fire, I opened my hand before them all—and lo!—in it I beheld—a toy balloon, yes, a toy balloon with a string, attached to which was a small stone. All stood in amazement, especially Jim Bronson, and then we had a hearty laugh.

I offered the following solution which all accepted:

As we were nearing civilization, the glen had been used, probably a day or so ago, as a picnic ground. The children had had toy balloons filled with gas, with small weights attached to the strings to keep them from ascending. A child had lost its balloon, and when Jim went to get water, his face bumped against the captive balloon. Its repeated assaults were caused by that breeze from the north. The creepy feeling Jim had in his legs was caused by the string, and his imagination furnished the rest.

RAYMOND FOERSTER, H. S., '20.





Temperance vs. Prohibition.*

IT IS a surprising fact that, in the minds of many men, the terms temperance and prohibition are synonymous, being merely two different names for the same idea. This notion is utterly and entirely false, for the thought conveyed by the term prohibition has no necessary relation to temperance. Widespread temperance is a very desirable state of affairs; prohibition is one of several means suggested for bringing about this happy condition—a means, as we shall show, that is in itself unethical and in its application fraught with most unhappy consequences.

Temperance may be defined as the righteous habit which makes a man govern his natural appetite for the pleasures of the senses, in accordance with the norm prescribed by reason. It is the free and self-imposed control which a man exercises over his passions and desires. As opposed to drunkenness, it benefits a man not only physically, by safeguarding his health, but also morally, for through the practice of temperance a man strengthens his character, increases his power of self-control and rejoices in his liberty.

Prohibition may be defined as the law which forbids or hinders a man from performing an act. In reference to the liquor question it is the law which prevents a man from using his own free will in deciding whether or not he will partake of intoxicating liquor. It deprives a man of his noblest possession, namely, his personal liberty.

Almighty God endowed man with the faculty of choice. When man, in the exercise of this power, offended and abused the goodness of his Creator, did God prohibit him from further use of his free will? No! So much did He prize this gift that He sacrificed His own Divine Son in reparation of the offense committed by man, yet not the humblest of His creatures ever has been or ever will be deprived of his personal liberty. Our prohibition friends, however, think nothing of robbing their fellowman of this freedom of choice. They would decide for a man whether

* Delivered at the Oratorical Contest, May 7, 1920.

he shall drink or not. We, the American people, the models of liberty and justice, have not strength of character and manhood enough to determine our own actions! We are a nation of drunkards and degenerates, unable to restrain our passions or govern our inclinations, but must be bound and shackled by laws guaranteed to keep us, willy-nilly, on the path of righteousness! Is this the spirit of Washington, of Adams, of Patrick Henry? Is this the meaning of the Constitution as drafted by Jefferson and his noble colleagues? Our ancestors fought and bled and died that we might enjoy liberty and justice. Is this liberty? Is this justice?

They tell us that liquor causes thousands of deaths every year. Over-indulgence in eating kills thousands of people annually, but is that any reason why we should stop eating? Consider the number of people drowned every year while swimming, yet no one is moved thereby to prohibit the human race from indulging in aquatic sports. Because some men drink to excess, are we justified in depriving a hundred million people of their liberty?

Let us now address ourselves to another phase of the question. Is prohibition really accomplishing what its adherents claim? Have the churches been crowded every Sunday? Has the United States assumed a Utopian atmosphere of happiness and sanctity? Our prohibition fanatics have made even the moderate use of liquor impossible, thus driving from our shores many industrious, thrifty immigrants who look upon the use of wine and beer as the most natural thing in the world. Terrible evils exist in this dear land of ours, toward the curing of which the promoters of prohibition might well have devoted their energies. With our outrageous pagan divorce laws, old-fashioned family life is rapidly disappearing. In securing a home the French poodle or the poll-parrot has the preference over children. Marriage, which Christ saw fit to raise to the dignity of a Sacrament, outside of the Catholic Church has become a farce. The whole country is on the verge of an industrial and social eruption. On the verge, did I say? In places it is even now bursting forth with dreadful fury. And yet we have prohibition, which was, forsooth, expected to usher in the millennium!

It is the favored cry of a few bigoted, narrow-minded demagogues, that the Catholic Church favors the liquor traffic. Because she allows her members to exercise their own free will as long as they keep within the bounds of reason, she is an ally of

"demon rum"! No church has ever done more to promote real temperance, than the Catholic Church. Her priests realize the deplorable evils of which drink is the occasion far better than do the radical leaders of prohibition. Long before this movement originated, the Church was working, early and late, not only to save the unfortunate victims of drunkenness, but even to prevent in the little ones of her flock the formation of drinking habits. This she has been doing by the extensive application of the total abstinence pledge. The Catholic Church has always advocated temperance and always will advocate it; but any law that shackles the free will of her people and impedes them in the lawful exercise of their religious duties, she absolutely opposes. Under the existing prohibition laws, whether or not the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass shall be celebrated, depends on the justice and fairness of one man, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

We do not defend drunkenness—God forbid! We stand for temperance, first, last, and always. Prohibition is the deadly foe, both of the virtue of temperance and of its heroic form, total abstinence. Prohibition makes men law-breakers; temperance renders them law-abiding. Prohibition is the badge of tyranny; temperance, the symbol of freedom and justice. As a moral factor, prohibition has proven a lamentable failure everywhere. It is only by encouraging voluntary temperance that the evils of drink will be abolished. Would that humanity were one vast total abstinence society, by voluntary profession, not by the tyranny of law! Until these means have accomplished personal temperance on the part of our people, prohibition cannot justly be enforced; when they have accomplished it, prohibition will be unnecessary.

V. J. RIELAND, '21.



Crisscross Betting.

BUD JOHNSON lovingly adjusted a cravat of decidedly anarchistic hue, as he turned the corner of Fifteenth Street into Main Street. Bud looked pleased. He was.

Somewhat back from the street, stands a comfortable-looking little house. In the parlor, at the precise time Bud turned the above-mentioned corner, sat one of the belles of Littleton, deeply engaged in a novel.

Bud and his lady met with suitable ceremony. This over, the pair entered the sitting room.

"Well, Buddy boy, yo' done look happy." Thus did Ruby Harper, the "lady in the case," open the series of events related below.

"You all jes' bet yo' las' libahty bi'd on dat, Ruby gal. Ah suah does feel happy."

"In dat case, yo' is cumpletely different from me, Bud," said the fair one gloomily.

The happiness dropped from Bud's tobacco-hued countenance like a mask.

"Fo' why, honey?"

"Oh, muthuh's done fohbid me to go to dancin' class, an' ev'ything's gone wrong!"

"Oh gee, what's a li'l thing like a dancin' class, when yo' compah's it wif ——" but he had said too much, for the indignant Ruby was already, to descend into the vernacular, on the warpath.

"Robeht Jawnson," she raved, "What fo' yo' insult me, speakin' about my troubles so light? I don't believe yo' cares a bit what yo' say! I don' need yo' atall, if yo' gonna make fun o' me, I c'n git Titus Long anytime, an'—an'——!"

"But Ruby ——!" protested Bud, his face as long as the Mississippi.

"No Ruby 'bout it! lessen yo' proves yo' wo'th sumthin', I'se done wif yo'. Yo' good fo' nothin' niggah, now *git!* Yo' all ain't come back heah eithah, till I c'n see yo' do sumthin' wo'th while. G'by!"

Bud "got." As he left the premises, he was misery personified. The heretofore perky cigarette now drooped from his lips; even the fuzzy gray hat cried aloud, "Hard luck!"

He walked slowly down Main Street to the Littleton "General Store" and leaned against the wall. His languid gaze fell upon a sign which one of his own race was plastering on an ancient coal shed across the street.

BALL	ATHLETIC	PARK
FOR	MEET	MON.
NEGROES		JULY
		27
RACES	ATHLETIC CONTESTS	
BOXING	FOR	
BASEBALL	NON-PROFESSIONALS	
<hr/>		
A PROFESSIONAL RUNNER WILL MEET ANY MAN WHOSE MANAGER IS WILLING IN A TWO MILE RACE		
<hr/>		
GEN.	\$500 PRIZE TO	
ADMISSION	THE MAN WHO	DINNERS
50c.	BEATS THE	SERVED
	PROFESSIONAL	

Somehow or other, this little announcement had a curious fascination for Bud. Like a flash, his fertile brain saw a way to the adamant heart of Ruby.

Thoughtfully, he wedged his hands farther into his pockets and stared at the earth.

"Let's see," he muttered.

He brightened perceptibly as he strode down the street. He arrived at the shop where Joe Peck worked, and walked in. Joe was a little negro and speedy in whatever he did. He was employed in the "Empire Auto Repair Shop," and in his spare time, he went to the "Alabama Athletic Association" and boxed, hopped around the gym, or did anything that was on the night's programme.

"Hi, Bud!" greeted Joe.

"H'lo, Joe. I'se got some business proposishuns fo' yo', Joe," began Bud.

"Yeh?"

"Yo' has said it, bruthuh," confirmed the enthusiastic Bud.

"Explain yo'self, Mistah Jawnson."

"Fust of all, to get to de point, how does two hundred cool dollahs suit yo?"

This was a killer. Joe's orbs distended to the volume of a cup.

"Yo's kiddin' now!" he exclaimed.

"Kiddin' am de one thing I ain't doin' right now, bruthuh Peck. I'se simply offerin' yo' a magnisifent chanst tah make two hundehd dollahs."

"Shoot."

"Am anybody in eahshot?" Bud queried, cautiously.

"Naw!" came the impatient answer.

"Well, Ah guess yo's heahd ob de Athaletic meet at the ball pahk Monday?"

"Shuah has."

"Well, den yo' know bouten de perfeshunal, too?"

"Yeh."

"Would you do de runnin' ef I wuz to do de managin'?"

This almost took Joe's breath away.

"Ye gawds! Why, I wouldn' even have a chanst agin dat bird!"

"Oh yes, yo' would, an' yo' all am going to win, too."

"How?"

"Listen."

A whispered conversation followed, although there was no one near.

At last Joe promised to run under Bud's guidance and win the grand prize.

The only difference between Carp Williams, the negro "perfeshunal," and Joe Peck, was, that Carp had a reputation—and a little more speed. The names of Bud and Joe became great in the little town, however, and the training of Joe progressed merrily. Every morning he could be seen doing his roadwork, sprinting pantingly along Main Street, out through the country and back again.

And as he sprinted, his active-minded manager was doing, as he said himself, some "tall thinking." He knew it was impossible to frame the race with Spud Carver, Carp's manager. He also knew that Joe Peck could never beat Williams unless the latter worthy should die during the race. Bud's boast of brains, however, was not an idle one, and, also, there was Ruby in the background to be won.

* * *

A week or so before the race Mr. Spud Carver deemed it wise to send several scouts out on Bud's trail. Somehow or other, Bud calmly ignored this, though he knew it well. He walked daily in the streets of Littleton, smoking five cent cigars and telling those who cared to listen what a fine runner was Joe Peck.

Friday evening, Titus Long, Spud's scout, arrived at the Williams training quarters with an earful of news.

"Say, Spud, yo-all don' know 'at guy Jawnsing, now I'se tellin' yo' sah! He's got somethin' up his sleeve!"

"What's 'at?"

Becoming a little less excited, Titus explained.

"Dat niggah ain' gwine try to win 'is race, he jus' wants a pile o' easy money, 'ats all.

"Explain some mo', Tite."

"Well, I was hangin' round de gen'ral store dere t'night 'n' nobody war nigh dar. Purty soon, I wasn't thinkin' of anything when I heahs Bud's voice, and f'um de answerin' voice, I jes' kinda suhmise dat he am a-talkin' to Joe Peck. He was tellin' him to let Cahp win aftah dey done bet on Cahp."

"H'm," mused Spud.

The story was duly told to Carp, who, as Spud had been, was startled at first, and then musing. Evidently, two minds were running in a single channel.

"Say, Carp."

"Yeh?"

"Dis am a small town."

"Was a-thinkin' 'at, too, sah."

"Uh-huh?"

"Well?"

"It wouldn' huht yo' reputation atall ef yo' was to lose a race heah, would it?"

"Funny, Spud, but I was jest a-thinkin' that myself."

"So was I," broke in Titus.

"Well, listen, Cahp," began Spud, leaning forward in his chair and counting on the tips of his fingers in a confidential manner, "What say yo' do lose dis race foh a change?"

"An' clean up on it?"

"Shuah!"

The wily Spud knew that the gullible darkies would be willing to bet their last penny on the champion if only they could get "takers." Spud would see to that.

"Awright, Cahp, yo' jes' go ahaid an lose dat race, and we clean up big money, and nobody done knows it outside dis yere town. Den you c'n meet Cash Walters, the champ, an cop de crown. But foh heaving's sake, don' let it git out dat yo' lost a race, or de champyun 'll refuse tuh race yuh."

In the meanwhile, Bud Johnson bet big money. He went

around among his friends cracking up his man to them. He also sent a telegram to one of the bigger colored papers in the "big city," but no one paid any attention to this until after the race, and not many even then.

"Some bluff he's puttin' up. Yo' ahmost think he wuz tryin' tuh win," grinned Carp to his manager.

On Sunday evening, the night before the race, Bud had bet his entire fortune on the small ends of bets. He stood to lose six thousand dollars! If he won, he would have just exactly double that sum. He grinned comfortably and patted his bank-book, then he replaced it in his pocket and grinned some more. At the same time, Spud Carver, manager of one Carp Williams, professional racer, slapped the person of the second part on the back and promised big moneys before another sunset. Spud had had his agents working everywhere, betting on Joe Peck, and had in their hands, Spud's entire capital plus that of Carp, and again plus that of Titus Long, making a grand total of eight thousand cool, crisp dollars.

At precisely two bells, Monday afternoon, the most impressive person at the ball park was Mr. Robert Johnson. He hustled about the place in a business-like manner, carrying an official looking bunch of schedules in the left hand, while between the digits of his right could be seen a cigar of his own rich complexion. His clothes were spotless, his whole attire was gorgeous. I'm willing to lay a ten-spot to a pie that the knights of old had nothing on him. He noticed to his extreme satisfaction that Ruby was present, unaccompanied. He knew that this evening would bring much happiness and "kale" to him, at least.

The "pro" and his pilot trotted around as if it meant nothing to them. Every once in a while they would condescend to smile at some praise bestowed on Joe or Carp, sympathetically if for Joe, reassuringly if for Carp.

The race started. No handicap was given Joe and for the first half mile they ran together. Carp expected any minute to see Joe fall back, at which time, Carp was to give him the surprise of his life by falling or meeting with some accident that would impair his speed; then he would watch Joe's chagrin as he was forced to the honor of winning. At last Carp thought it was about time to fall back. As he did, he heard yells of encouragement to Joe, who was fast picking up an appalling lead. At last he began to wonder what was wrong. By all rights, Peck should have been trying with all his might to lose. As he rounded the

next turn, after passing three quarters of the first mile, he looked back to where Spud Carver was standing, and, immediately, he almost fainted. What he saw was horrible.

Spud Carver's rich face was ashen gray, and as Carp looked, he found the reason. Right behind Spud stood the representatives of six of the biggest city dailies, calmly eyeing the race! Carp stared wildly ahead, his knees trembled for a second, and his dark skin underwent precisely the same changes as Spud's had undergone. He was sick at the stomach. His crinky hair almost stood on end, but he struggled along.

He was in a frightful predicament. He had worked up for ages, it seemed, to get a chance to race with the champion, and now his chances were lost, no matter what he did. If he won, he would still have the chance to race the champion, but his money would be wiped out, along with that of his two friends, so he would not be able to pay any training expenses. If he lost, his friends would have, according to their figuring, about ten thousand dollars on the eight thousand they had on Joe Peck, making a total of eighteen thousand dollars, coupled with the necessity of starting at the bottom of the sporting ladder, thereby giving up a possible thirty-five or forty thousand if he had the championship.

His brain was whirling, and his feet were flying. He chose to lose the eight thousand and try for the championship. He chose in vain. As he passed the judges' stand, he heard only one articulate sound piercing the awful din. It was the panic-stricken voice of his manager, and it yelled, "Fo' Gawd's sake, man, beat dat niggah or weah ruined!"

These were Carp's sentiments exactly, but the fact that Joe was an eighth of a mile away and going strong, made all the difference in the world. It made Carp's ambition a day dream. Never before did his feet move so fast. The half-mile mark whirled past, but he still propelled himself vigorously. The only tough part of the thing was that Peck did likewise. The roar of the crowd grew in Carp's ears. Crimson specks flashed before his eyes. A mile and three quarters slipped by with Joe seventy-five yards in the lead. Carp's feet burned the road at a fearful rate. He was running much faster than Joe. Joe was now only fifty yards ahead, now twenty-five, now fifteen, now ten, now five, now—Joe Peck's victorious person breasted the tape at a dog trot, five yards in the lead, amid a continued roar from his admirers and an awful groan from the Carp followers. A second after Joe broke the tape, Carp Williams took a header and shot past him like an arrow into the dust.

Bud Johnson collected five hundred dollars at the judges' stand, and six thousand dollars' worth of bets. After he had given Peck his two hundred and fifty dollars, he had a total of twelve thousand, two hundred and fifty dollars, making him rich beyond his wildest dreams. Needless to say, he had proved his worth to the adoring Ruby Harper. Titus Long would bother him never more. He, Robert Lee Johnson, was actually engaged to the peerless Ruby Harper, the belle of Littleton!

But still, Ruby demurred. "Show me dat yo' somehow's got some brains, Bud. It was tol'able easy to pick a bettah man dan Cahp."

"Listen, Ruby. Brains is de one thing I ain't got anything else but." And he proceeded to tell Ruby about the way he had fooled Spud and Carp.

"But still, Bud, dey makes a lot o' money f'um bettin' on Joe, don't dey?"

"Listen Ruby——"

What Bud told Ruby you will understand as you read the rest of this story. Ruby's eyes grew, and her mouth opened.

It is easily understood that Spud could not do his own betting on a rival; therefore he had to have agents to bet on Joe Peck. The odds, of course, would be on the champion, and Spud's agents would get the odds, betting on Peck. With eight thousand dollars to lose, he stood to win about ten thousand, therefore he could have eighteen thousand dollars when he left Littleton. He called up Ratty Rodgers, the leader of his band of agents.

"Hello, Ratty?"

"Yeh," chuckled Ratty, "'at you, Spud?"

"Yeh—where's de winnin's?"

"What winnin's?"

"Why, on de race, of course."

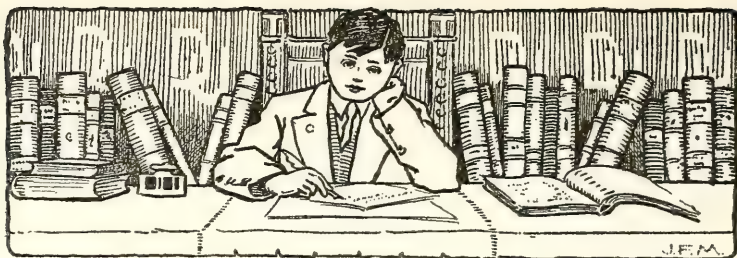
"Listen, Spud. Befoah Ah tells you about de money, Ah's goin' tuh tell yo' a lil' story. Does yo' remembah a few yeahs ago in N'Yowlins 'bout dat guy yo' gyped outen a thousan' bucks?"

"Huh!" gasped Spud.

"Yeh, 'huh' all yo' wants now, while Ah tells yo' dat Bud Johnson was de man you gyped, and dis war incidentally a lil' piece o' revenge, ya might say. We didn' steal yo' eight thousand; yo'll find it in yo' desk, but Ah din' bet a cent o' it. I war Bud Jawnson's pal, y'see."

Spud Carver was practically ruined. He had beaten Bud out of a thousand dollars in New Orleans at a horse race, in the same way Bud had beaten him. That's why Bud saw such a chance to regain Ruby, even up with Spud, gain prestige, and enrich himself enormously. So, after Bud had whispered this into her ear, do you blame Ruby for giving him credit for brains?

JOSEPH M. CAMERON, H. S., '22.



SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

Honor To Whom Honor Is Due.

IN CONFERRING upon him, at the Commencement Exercises in Memorial Hall, the degree of Doctor of Laws, Duquesne University will do honor to itself in honoring Eamon de Valéra, President of the Republic of Ireland. Many reasons have influenced the Board in arriving at the decision. President de Valéra was educated by the Holy Ghost Fathers in the sister college of Blackrock, Ireland; for several years he was a distinguished member of their Faculty; as one of the three most famous mathematicians of the present century, his reputation is world-wide; when the Irish people were lashed into rebellion by the flagrant oppression and long-drawn-out persecution perpetrated under the misnomer of government by a traditionally hostile nation, he took up arms in defense of the land of his adoption, and was signally honored with the command of the liberty-loving forces ready to do and die as did their ancestors for centuries; when the effort failed in the face of cavalry and infantry, machine-guns and hand grenades, aeroplanes and tanks, cruisers and battleships, his life was declared forfeit, and he was cast into an English prison. Though he was willing to die for Ireland, he was also willing to live for her. Under circumstances that have not been reliably explained, though many surmises have been ventured which do credit to the imaginative and romantic character of the writers, he escaped from jail, and, in a manner equally mysterious, eluded the vigilance of English police and Scotland Yard detectives, to ship for America, where, like the oppressed of all nations, he would find a haven of refuge and still be of service to the land he loved. Since his arrival on our shores, he has not ceased with voice and pen to plead the

cause of Ireland. He has toured the States, north and south, east and west, addressing audiences, dictating interviews, scotching calumnies, throwing light upon the dark deeds of English oppression, and appealing to the principles of self-determination nobly formulated, though ignobly ignored, by President Wilson. Everywhere he has been welcomed; everywhere he has been honored. Governors have entertained him with the attentions due to his high office; State Legislatures have invited him to address them; cities have granted him their freedom, and even the Senate of the United States, by an overwhelming vote, has expressed sympathy with the cause he represents. It is true, some narrow-minded sects in the South and in the West exerted all their puny efforts to belittle his claims and to excite opposition, but their lilliputian endeavors to produce bigotry and prejudice only served to bring into clearer light the justice of Ireland's cause, the magnanimous character of her champion, his amazing grasp of history, industry and economics; his statesman-like appreciation of the delicacy of his position, and his masterful tact in avoiding alike the whirlpools of local politics and the shoals of international jealousies. When Ireland takes its place amongst the acknowledged independent nations of the earth, we shall experience an added joy in recalling that we graced her President with the highest honor in our gift.

H. J.



Use the Right Word.

WHO OF US has not at some time or other had a definite idea which clamored for expression, but was unable to enunciate it owing to the lack of a proper vocabulary? We find this imperfection, not only among the uneducated, but also among the educated; frequently we meet college graduates who have gone through their course without training their minds to express their ideas clearly and intelligibly.

Indispensable among the requisites for a career as a writer or speaker is a thorough acquaintance with words. Without this no person can hope to express his thoughts clearly and vividly and hold the interest and attention of a reader. His bald, unadorned statements are sure to be crude, unattractive and unconvincing. A vocabulary is the mallet and chisel with which the writer carves and fashions out of the rough marble of his mind beauti-

ful, symmetrical images whose fidelity to his ideals appeal to every lover of the true and the good.

This art of using words with correctness and variety is not attained in a day or a week. It is only by diligent, persevering, well-directed effort that a literary style is acquired. The dictionary must be thumbed over and over, until one knows not merely the general meaning of words, but their various nuances; moreover the diction of the leading authors must be examined and imitated. Cardinal Newman, with his extensive vocabulary and logical reasoning power, could write a book-length treatise on a subject that most persons could not discuss enough to fill half a dozen pages. Cardinal Newman did not inherit this power or ability, but acquired it only by extensive and laborious application. He was his own most unsparing critic. He always made it a point to see that the word he used corresponded exactly to the idea he wished to express.

In this manner, we also should become more careful and circumspect in our choice of words. The number of words whose general signification is clear to us is far greater than the number of words that we know how to use. Use a new word five times correctly, says a certain author, and it is yours. If in daily practice we accustom ourselves to use the precise words to present our thoughts, we will soon acquire a clear, forceful style.

V. J. RIELAND, '21.



To One More Than Half Way Down the List.

YOU were the best boy in "that other school." You made a fine "spurt" when you entered here. Then basketball—or dramatics—or society—began to interfere, and at the last exam. you had just one solitary distinction. No chance of passing the finals can you see. You "guess you'll get a job."

Now look here, young fellow. The race is not lost till you quit. Are you going to give up your life's ambition because the work has begun to seem harder than you expected? Nobody imagines the whole class will come out first. You are just a quitter, and ought to be ashamed of yourself. Brace up. Stay and make good.

C. J. K.

The Coming Play.

DURING the last quarter of a century the "Red Masquers" of Duquesne University have presented attractions to delighted Pittsburgh audiences. It has been their settled purpose, year after year, to offer a more and more pretentious play to their patrons. In 1918, it was that unique comedy, *It Pays To Advertise*, by Roi Cooper Megrue and Walter Hackett; in 1919, *Seven Keys to Baldpate*, a mystery farce by Earl Der Biggers and George M. Cohan, kept our many friends on the *qui vive* and convulsed them with laughter until the final curtain descended on the Epilogue. This year the organization feels confident that their choice will surpass the successes of all previous offerings. The very name of the author, Roi Cooper Megrue, is sufficient in itself to intrigue interest; this distinguished writer has to his credit several of the biggest successes that have thrilled Broadway and the Rialto centres in every city in this country and in England. Last month, at the Pitt, one of his latest dramas, *Tea For Three*, played a highly successful and hugely enjoyable engagement. Mr. Megrue has never written a failure. Amongst his greatest achievements, *Under Cover* easily holds the first place.

The cast, selected from the various departments of the University, have the advantage of previous and favorably appreciated experience on the stage. Dr. Clinton E. Lloyd in the leading role, needs no introduction to a Pittsburgh audience; his beautiful production of *Hiawatha* still fresh in the minds of lovers of Longfellow, his staging of plays in the city and suburbs, his readings before the most critical audiences, and his masterful instruction in the classes of Oratory during the last nine years, have established for him a reputation of which Duquesne is justly proud. But his influence and worth are recognized far beyond the limits of Western Pennsylvania. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, the newspapers have sounded his praises as an actor who has achieved conspicuous position on the legitimate stage as one of the best Shakespearian interpreters, as "Mathias" in *The Bells*, in the heavy role with Carlotta Nillson in the *Three of Us*, and in his engagements with Henrietta Crossman and Nance O'Neill.

Though *Under Cover* is classified as a melodrama, it is more than that; it is a fascinating exponent of the most brilliant of comedy. The action is swift, cumulative and thrilling. The

characters are as perfectly real as any you may meet on the street, in the office, or in the drawing-room; and the story is exciting and surprising, ingeniously, suspensively and engrossingly told.

Wide-spread notoriety has followed the many cases of attempted evasion of payment of duty on jewelry brought into the country by wealthy and prominent Americans returning from the fashionable marts of European cities. The problems that have in consequence confronted the agents of the United States Secret Service attached to the customs department, have puzzled the keenest wits and baffled otherwise unerring instincts. With an intimate knowledge of the methods of the customs department sleuths, the author, in *Under Cover*, has written a story that has all the thrills of a detective tale with an underlying sympathy of conflict between heart and head.

The plot of the play grows out of an attempt to smuggle a two hundred thousand dollar necklace through the lines. The action starts in the office of Daniel Taylor, the deputy surveyor of the Port of New York. It develops that Steven Denby is coming home from Paris on the *Mauretania*, travelling with the wealthy Harrington family, and bringing with him the pearl necklace. For some apparently inscrutable reason, he is allowed to run the gauntlet of the customs officers without the usual careful scrutiny. He takes with him his treasure to the Harrington home. Here takes place a battle of wits for the detection of the smuggler and the recovery of the necklace. On the one side is Daniel Taylor with his two assistants; on the other is Steven Denby aided by a wealthy friend and confederate, Monty Vaughn. The central figure, however, is Miss Ethel Cartwright, a young lady born and bred in the best social set, in love with Denby, but through an entanglement with a burglar insurance company due to the financial transgression of a younger sister whom she wishes to protect, she is forced to play into the hands of Taylor through fear of exposure.

Ethel endeavors to trap Denby. He is at a loss to discover the reasons that impel her in her quest, but he avails himself of a delicate situation to induce her to explain. The denouement comes with a startling swiftness. From time to time mention had been made of a mysterious R. J., the cleverest of Secret Service men, who are on the trail of the biggest grafter in the

department. Denby assumes his latent personality; the grafter is detected, and realizes the fate destined for him though he places confidence in the influence of wealthy friends; the smuggling was but a trap to catch him; the necklace was valuable only as a bait to lure the guilty, and the love of Denby and Ethel Cartwright, tried in time of peril, finds its reward in the union of a happy twain worthy of each other.

The deaf and dumb Sarah, the hysterical Amy, the man-hunting Nora, the gossiping Gibbs, the bibulous Harrington, his coyly severe wife Alice, the emulous Duncan, the methodical Peter, the worldly-wise Lambart,—all contribute to the humor and unfolding of the story.

CHARACTERS

(In the order of their first appearance)

James Duncan	M. Noon Glynn
Harry Gibbs	Leo J. McIntyre
Peter	Vincent Noullet
Daniel Taylor	Michael A. Wolak
Sarah Peabody	Janet Milliken
Ethel Cartwright	Mary L. Dixon
Amy Cartwright	Hilda A. Seger
Michael Harrington	Kenneth A. Leopold
Lambart	Christian J. Hoffmann
Nora Rutledge	Mercedes M. Hoffmann
Alice Harrington	Lenita M. Leopold
Monty Vaughn	Richard H. Ackerman
Steven Denby	Clinton E. Lloyd

After the fall of the curtain, the Glee Club, under the direction of Rev. F. X. Williams, C. S. Sp., will render a charming part song, "Little Cotton Dolly" by Geibel-Beck.

In conclusion the audience will be treated to an admirable exhibition of gymnastic exercises under the direction of Rev. E. N. McGuigan, C. S. Sp. Two hundred and forty-nine students will participate in

Long Wand Exercises

Combination Exercises with Dumb Bells, Barbells and
Indian Clubs

Figures and Balances during Flag Exhibition

Tableaux on Roman Ladders.

PROGRAMME OF MUSIC.

The Students' Orchestra will render the following selections
(a) during the entertainment:

March	The Fadette	<i>Louka</i>
Novelette . . .	Dainty Dame	<i>Lampe</i>
Valse Lento . . .	Oui, Madame	<i>Herbert</i>
Trombone Solo . .	O Sole Mio	<i>Capua</i>
Bruce A. Sciotto		
One Step	Swanee	<i>Gershwin</i>
Selection	Lucia di Lammermoor . .	<i>Donizetti</i>
March	Duquesne University R. O. T. C. .	<i>Ward</i>
Waltz	Land of My Dreams	<i>Owen</i>
Selection	Il Trovatore	<i>Verdi</i>
One Step	Oh, by Jingo	<i>Von Tilzer</i>

(b) during the gymnastics:

March	Under the Banner of Victory . .	_____
March	General Pershing	<i>Vandersloot</i>
March	Emblem of Peace	<i>Meeg</i>
One Step	Howdy	<i>Josh</i>

MEMBERS OF THE ORCHESTRA.

Director, Professor Charles B. Weis.

Rev. E. N. McGuigan, C. S. Sp.

J. P. Benson	F. R. Harrison	F. X. O'Connor
J. J. Brumbaugh	W. J. Jacko	W. L. O'Shea
F. J. Doelbor	V. J. McArdle	B. A. Sciotto
J. J. Groetsch	E. C. Merkel	C. A. Ward



Public Speaking and Oratorical Contests.

THE annual public speaking and oratorical contests were held in the University hall on Friday evening, April 30th. The heavy rain with little prospect of cessation discouraged all but the bravest and the most interested from enhancing the occasion with their presence. But those who were there appreciated the treat that had been prepared. The selections for recitation were carefully chosen and scrupulously prepared; the

best authors were represented in the contrasting numbers; the pathetic, the tragic and the comic were voiced in turn, allowing no dull or flagging moments till the last notes of the exit march had died away amidst lowered lights. The competition in the advanced division of the public speaking contests was keen, and left the audience in suspense between rival aspirants for the coveted medal until the decision of the judges was pronounced and Christian Hoffmann was declared the winner. In the first division Jack Carney's interpretation of *The Organ Builder* won by a shade over Clark Moran's *Story Told by a Clock*. In the oratorical contest, the subjects were well worked out, pleasingly diversified, and gave sufficient scope for appropriate action. The selection of the winner was determined only after a lengthy discussion round the judges' table. Clement Strobel's appeal to the heart in behalf of Our Honored Dead eventually won out.

The orchestra under Professor Weis's direction elicited, as usual, well deserved applause. Of the vocal selections, Father Williams directing, "Whispering Hope" was most beautifully rendered, and touched a more sympathetic chord in the hearts of the audience than did that popular part-song "Lassie o' Mine".

In the name of the judges, Father McGovern complimented the participants, and volunteered the prediction that the speakers justified the hope that they would have the courage, the information, the facility, the training needed, effectively to make their point in the pulpit, the forum, and the public platform. He then announced that the gold medal for oratory was awarded to Clement M. Strobel, and that the silver medals for public speaking were won by Christian J. Hoffmann and Jack Carney.



ATHLETICS

THE ' VARSITY.

The 'Varsity nine has to this writing been playing bang-up ball. In the five games our boys have engaged, they have given a very good account of themselves, and should finish this season on the diamond with a most creditable record. Captain Kettl is playing commendably in the outfield, and is hitting at a terrific clip. Carl and Erlain, also in the outfield, are playing a consistent game, and rarely fail to come through with a hit at the

opportune moment. Vebelunas and Marecki should have a very successful season on the mound. "Pat" McGrath, the elongated slabman, is suffering with a sore pitching arm, but expects to take his turn in the box before the end of the season. Too much credit cannot be given Sciotto, the hard-working and dependable 'Varsity catcher; he has been behind the bat in all the games played thus far, and is proving a tower of strength both in the field and at bat. The infielders—Davies, Keefe, Evans, McGrath, Joyce and Cusick—are taking good care of their respective positions and are swinging the bat with telling effect. A record of the games played follows:

DUQUESNE, 5—JUNIATA COLLEGE, 6.

On April 24th, the Dukes engaged the well-balanced Juniata College nine, at Huntington, in a very intensive and well-played game. The Juniata boys finally won out, 6 to 5; poor base-running in the last frame was the cause of Duquesne's downfall. Vebelunas, Erlain and Carl starred in the season's opener. The score by innings:

	R. H. E.												
DUQUESNE	0	0	1	0	0	2	1	1	0—5	10	2		
JUNIATA	1	4	0	0	1	0	0	0	x—6	8	1		

DUQUESNE, 6—JUNIATA COLLEGE, 2.

The opening of the season at home was delayed by cancellations and rainy weather, but the Dukes finally played their season's first game on the campus on May 6th with Juniata College in the return engagement. Mareski was selected to twirl for the Red and Blue. He was in rare form, and let the Juniata boys down with two runs and nine well-scattered hits, while his team-mates put six runs across the rubber and garnered eight timely hits, many of them being of the extra-base variety. Captain Kettl and Davies performed advantageously for the Dukes, while Horton and Flory starred for Juniata. The score by innings:

	R. H. E.												
DUQUESNE.....	0	3	0	2	0	0	0	1	x—6	8	3		
JUNIATA.....	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0—2	9	4		

DUQUESNE, 3—GROVE CITY, 2.

Grove City College was the next team to be met by Duquesne at home. This game was fast and well played, and was one of the most pleasing exhibitions seen on the campus in many a day. Vebelunas was on the mound for the Dukes, and was master of the game at all stages. He had the Grove City batsmen baffled,

and had it not been for a few costly errors, he would have scored a shut-out victory. "Vebe" allowed only four scattered hits, all of which were singles. He was ably supported by Sciotto behind the bat, and by Jimmy Carl in the outer garden. Sellers and Graham played a consistent game for Grove City. The score by innings:

												R. H. E.
DUQUESNE.....	2	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	x	3	9	2
GROVE CITY.....	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	2	4	1

DUQUESNE, 0—WAYNESBURG COLLEGE, 3.

On May 15th, the Dukes travelled to Waynesburg College. The Waynesburg collegians had the number of the Red and Blue in this game, and handed them a neat whitewashing. The Waynesburg pitcher had a very peculiar delivery, and allowed the Dukes only three scratchy hits. However, the Dukes gave a good account of themselves in the field, coming through with several sensational catches. Evans and McGrath played a bang-up game for Duquesne, while Madigan and Jones played well for Waynesburg. The score by innings:

												R. H. E.
DUQUESNE.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	2
WAYNESBURG.....	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	1	x	3	3	1

DUQUESNE, 2—CARNEGIE TECH, 7.

Honus Wagner brought his Carnegie Tech tartans to the campus on May 19th for a game with Duquesne's well-oiled baseball machine. The Dukes, in the first inning, played a miserable game in the field. The Techites, as a result, put no fewer than five runs across the rubber. The Dukes secured two runs in the later innings, but could not rise to the occasion and were forced to accept a 7 to 2 defeat, for Tech put two more runs across in their half of the eighth inning. Captain Kettl and McCaw were the shining lights in this game. The score by innings:

												R. H. E.
DUQUESNE.....	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	2	7	6
CARNEGIE.....	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	7	10	1

THE UNIVERSITY HIGH.

The University High has an excellent roster of players. Jupiter Pluvius, however, seems to have their number, for whenever "Red" Sullivan, the manager, announces a game, "Old Jupe" puts in his appearance and curtails the cavortings of the "Duke Camels". Rain halted the Monaca contest when the Bluffites were leading, but only four complete innings were

played. Elizabeth High defeated our boys in a splendid 6 to 3 fray in $4\frac{1}{2}$ innings when rain halted the game. In the return, Elizabeth snatched a seventh inning affair, 4 to 2. Our star twirler, Wilinski, allowed merely two hits, but lost on account of the ten errors of his team-mates. We broke even with New Castle High and defeated Pittsburgh Academy in a tenth inning rally. With the strongest team in its history, St. Mary's of Mt. Washington, walloped us 12 to 5. Our boys vanquished St. Vincent's Lyceum, 20 to 14. The "Hi" pitchers are somewhat inexperienced, but better weather conditions will undoubtedly enable the players to support the hurlers in a more approved fashion. Bielski, our mainstay behind the bat, has been working like a Trojan and his coolness and agility have kept the team in the running. Titz, Snyder and Vitullo excel at bat. Cherdini and Sullivan have done the best fielding.

JAMES F. McCAFFREY, H. S., '22.

THE JUNIORS.

The Duke Juniors lost two seven-inning contests, each by a one-point margin, to the Westinghouse Seconds and to Riverside, respectively. St. Peter's High of North Side, also defeated us in a well-played game, 6 to 4. Captain Witt's players garnered two victories over St. Mary's High of Lawrenceville, overwhelmed the Crafton Seconds, 12 to 2, and in a return engagement got revenge by defeating the Westinghouse Seconds on the latter's field, 8 to 3. The 4 to 3 victory over the Harmony Cubs of Ambridge was a thrilling affair. The Dukelings have struck their stride and should have a good season. C. Titz, P. Walsh and Clapper are doing excellent mound duty, and are well supported by B. Walsh, F. Titz and Savage, backstops. Captain Witt and Regan at second, with Clary and Miller at short, make a strong combination around the keystone sack. Bullion is a regular Stonewall Jackson at third, and lets nothing get past him. Boyle and Kaveny play very well at first. Wissenbach, Rebhun and Myers are speedy in the outer garden. Gunde and Julius are strong with the bludgeon.

WM. P. KOHLER, H. S., '22.

THE DUKUMS.

The Dukums have made a good showing so far this season. Out of 10 games played, they dropped one by the score of 5 to 4. The team play is fast and aggressive. The batting of the club averages almost .600. Harry Fleck of 1 "A" was elected Captain;

under his guidance the team has romped away with many a fast nine. In the first game, Brookline bowed before the pitching of O'Brien and the heavy hitting of Miklo, Shiring, Funk and Kilkeary. The score was 10 to 5 in the Dukums' favor. St. Agnes defeated us 5 to 4. Tover of St. Agnes proved a little too strong a pitcher for the Dukums. The East Liberty Club collapsed before the curves of "Augie" Friedrich in a 17 to 3 count. The strong Mt. Washington team was the next victim of the tantalizing twists of O'Brien. The Warblers of the South Side were silenced completely by the score of 27 to 3. St. Agnes came again with a strong team, but were unable to cope with the team play of the Dukums. The game was fast and interesting. Lennox, Goff and Zapf played exceedingly well. St. Joseph's School of Bloomfield, scarcely grabbed 2 runs, while the Dukums put over 8. Maughn allowed but two hits in this game. Manchester fell before the onslaught of the Dukums, 18 to 0. Loughren, Davies and Funk played a bang-up game. O'Brien allowed only two hits. St. Richard's had to be content with one run, while the Dukums crossed the pan twenty times. James Murray, Bridge and Joseph McDonald used the stick effectively while the bases were filled. Friedrich allowed but one safe hit. St. Rosalia's Lyceum Minims, the strongest team so far to face the Dukums, lost by the score of 8 to 1. The batting of the visitors was very good, especially of the third baseman, Smith, a brother of "Jimmie" Smith of the World's Champs and a former student of D. U. O'Brien was well supported by the fielding of Bailey, Horrell and Loughren.

JOSEPH M. MAXWELL, H. S., '22.



R. O. T. C. Military Notes.

PREPARATIONS are being completed for a military field meet to take place on the University campus early in June. The competition will be among the companies. The company receiving the highest total number of points will be declared the winning company and receive the cup which is being offered. Army officers on duty in Pittsburgh will be asked to judge the events. The following events have been scheduled:

1. Best drilled company, close order.
2. Best drilled platoon, close order.

3. Best drilled squad, with rifles.
4. Best drilled soldier.
5. Best calisthenic drill, by platoon.
6. Best informed student in drill regulations.
7. Best informed sentinel.
8. Best Wig-wag signal squad.
9. Best Semaphore signal squad.
10. Best instructed student in First Aid.
11. Best position sketch.
12. Company having best percentage of attendance from
May 24, 1920, including day of field meet.
13. 2,000 yards' relay message race.
14. 100-yard dash.
15. Best gymnastic team.
16. Best company ball team.
17. Best wall-scaling squad.

The following students have been appointed by Captain L. B. Row, the Professor of Military Science and Tactics, to attend the R. O. T. C. Summer Camp at Camp Devens, Mass. They will enter the camp on June 19th, 1920, and will return to their homes about August 1, 1920: Marion Bostaph, Joseph Cameron, Herbert Haberl, Alvin Kontrick, Andrew Leskosky, Joseph Meise, Paul Miller, Frank Naughton, Martin O'Hara, Bernard Powers, Paul Sullivan, Thomas Sullivan, Regis Guthrie, Eugene Conti, Ivor Davies, Thomas Lynch, Joseph Call, Thomas Thornton.



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Liberty Is Obedience to Law.

IN OUR language there is perhaps no word which equals in popular appeal the word "Liberty". It is the corner-stone of the structure of our government; around it are built the institutions which we love and with which we come in contact in our daily lives. It is my purpose to show how our liberty was acquired and developed, and how it is dependent for its fullest enjoyment on government and on obedience to law.

To appreciate liberty as we understand that word to-day, we must turn our thoughts first to the time when there was no government and man was little better than a savage. He then knew no restraints on his actions or his passions. The freedom he enjoyed was limited only by his prowess, by the strength of his arm, and the cunning of his brain. This it is true was liberty in its natural state, when man consulted no one but himself, and did what he willed and when he willed.

It is apparent, however, that great inequality must have existed among different persons under such conditions. Compensation is one of the first of the laws of nature, and for every advantage enjoyed by one over others, the liberty of the others was diminished to a corresponding extent. But there was no law. There was no government. No right of property existed. What a man had acquired was his not by virtue of title but only so long as he could retain it against the encroachments of others. If another stronger than he appeared and deprived him of his possessions, he had no recourse except by force to deprive his weaker brothers of their possessions, or commence anew and acquire for himself that which theretofore belonged to nobody. What chance, then, had a weak man? It was, in short, the age

of the survival of the strongest, and its logical sequence was that the weak became weaker and that the strong became stronger,

With the passage of time, however, there was a gradual transition from this imperfect state of society to the period when order began to take shape out of chaos, and there was a change in the ways of men. It came to be recognized that what a man acquired by honorable means belonged to him and could not be taken away merely because the person desiring it happened to be physically stronger than the owner. Different customs sprang up among different peoples, as to what should be done under certain circumstances, and these customs were the beginning of the law as we have it to-day.

The history of the early development of the law is a story of innumerable struggles between the people and their despotic rulers. Driven to extremity by the impositions and exactions of their overlords, the people repeatedly revolted, and could be conciliated only by promises given by their rulers that they would no more encroach upon the privileges of their subjects. It was under such circumstances as these that Magna Charta came into being. Ground down by the overbearing despotism of King John the people under the leadership of the barons violently rebelled, and on the field of Runnymede wrested from their domineering ruler that great charter of English constitutional liberty. During the centuries that followed the rights thereby acquired were violated many times and in many ways, but each time the people compelled the rulers not only to acknowledge the rights they had theretofore enjoyed, but also to grant new ones.

It was by stages and struggles such as these that the early privileges enjoyed by the people were acquired and that their rights increased and their liberty became extended. The right of trial by jury was asserted and established; the law regulating the devaluation of estates had its birth; the right of the people to participate in the government by electing representatives to Parliament was secured.

When the colonists settled in America they brought with them their English-made ideas of right and wrong. They came here for various reasons, chief among which was to secure freedom from persecution. It was the violation of what they and their forefathers in England had been taught to look upon as their rights that called forth the Declaration of Independence, and in 1787 terminated in the free and independent republic of the United States of America. With the treaty of Paris and

the adoption of the Constitution of the United States there came into being the most perfect system of government ever devised by man; a government based on the fundamental proposition that all men are created free and equal; a government which knows no difference between rich and poor, and under which men's chances of success are limited only by their courage, ambition and strength.

Any system of government depends for its ultimate success on the contentment of the citizens governed, and the prime consideration of those at the head should be, and under our system always is, the peace, happiness and welfare of the citizens, from whom they derive their authority, and to whom they are always ultimately accountable.

Under our system of government, which we are prone to consider—and rightfully, too—the perfection of government, the end sought to be attained is the securing to each and every individual the greatest liberty and happiness that is consistent with the well-being of the nation as a whole. To further this end we have our wisely drawn Constitution, which embodies all the governmental wisdom of the ages, and in which it is solemnly declared that it and the laws enacted under it shall be the supreme law of the land. Under it laws are enacted to regulate the conduct of society; by reason of it and the constitution of the state every man is secure in his person and property; civil rights are safeguarded; religious liberty is guaranteed; commercial intercourse is regulated; and the evil-doer is apprehended and punished. Under it this nation of free and liberty-loving people has progressed from obscurity to first rank among the nations of the world. And this is the inevitable result when a capable people are permitted to govern themselves.

How was this enviable position attained? Was it by granting to some privileges that are withheld from others? Was it by licensing one class and restricting others? Was it by punishing some for crime and permitting others to go unpunished? No! it was not by any nor by all of these means. It was by exacting from all the same allegiance; by conferring upon all the same rights, and by enjoining upon all the same duties. For there can be no liberty where there is license, and it is when liberty degenerates into license that discontent arises in the hearts of men.

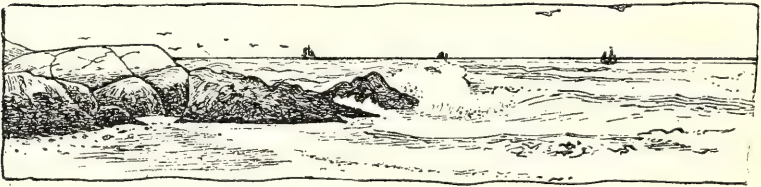
One last question. How can this liberty which we have acquired and now enjoy be guaranteed to continue? It is by

obedience to law. In a civilization so highly developed as ours. and in situations so complex as those which confront us to-day, it is apparent that without the earnest co-operation and support of all we cannot hope to hold that high position we have reached, to say nothing of gaining new laurels.

Let us remember that no man nor class of men is big enough to bid defiance to the law; that no man nor class of men is small enough to escape its notice. Beware of false teachers who, with the frenzy born of ignorance and covetousness, advocate the destruction of our present beloved institutions and the erection in their stead of those in which God has no place and in which man is supreme.

We recently have had a terrible example of what can come upon a nation when God is driven out; let us profit by that lesson and learn that where He is there is always peace and contentment; let us learn that in obedience to both the law of God and the law of man there is the key that will admit us to the most perfect liberty; and let us take that key of obedience and unlock, each for himself, the treasure-chest of the future.

JOHN L. ABER, LL. B., '20.



Ireland Deserves Recognition From the World.*

AT THE close of every war, when there are two or more nations on the victorious side, we find that the spoils are divided proportionately to the service rendered by the respective nations. We are also aware of the fact that great men are so acclaimed by the world because of some signal benefit conferred on mankind or on their own country. For instance the immortal Washington served his people in the stress of their

* Delivered at the Oratorical Contest, April 30, 1920.

first war and in the perilous years that followed, he is honored accordingly with the title of great by every true American. In our own day great men like Cardinal Gibbons, President Wilson and Thomas Edison are honored because of the varied but valuable service they have rendered to their country. Our soldier boys received tributes and rewards proportionately to the help extended and the bravery shown on the battlefields of France. Even here in school, academic rank and popular applause are awarded to the students in proportion to their merit and their services to *Alma Mater*. Therefore you will agree that recompense in proportion to service rendered is a just method, whether individuals, groups, or whole nations are to be dealt with. But why is not Ireland recompensed in proportion to the service she has rendered to the world?

If you should ask, "What contribution has Ireland made to the well-being of the world?" I would answer by stating the qualifications which any nation should possess in order that we may say she has furthered the progress of humanity, and then prove that Ireland has these qualifications.

A country's service to the world may be, first, its contribution to the world's physical well-being, and secondly, its contribution to the world's moral and intellectual advancement.

Let us consider Erin's service to the world under these two heads. To the world's physical well-being Ireland has contributed stalwart men and useful natural products. When we wish to ascertain the physical qualities of a race, the first thing we do is to consider the climate of their country and the occupation of the majority of its inhabitants. As regards the climate of Ireland, it is milder than that of the eastern part of the United States. In other words, the climate of Ireland is more wholesome than our own. And who of us living in this climate will confess that he is physically unfit? What then must be the physical qualities of the Irish? Then again we find that the majority of the inhabitants of Ireland are engaged in agricultural pursuits. Does not the doctor recommend the farm for those who are weak and who wish to build up? What then must be the physical strength of a people of whom 80 per cent. live on the farm? We can also judge the physical qualities of a nation by its army. Irish soldiers have distinguished themselves on all battlefields and under every flag—at Waterloo under the British flag, at Fontenoy under the French, at Quebec, Valley Forge and Fredericksburg under the Stars and Stripes, and in Flanders

Fields under the banners of the Allies. If the Irish were a degenerate race they would not be fit for war; but in every war in which they appeared they have shown the strength, the stamina, the endurance of physically perfect men.

Let us now consider Ireland with regard to her useful natural products. The mineral products of Ireland are anthracite and bituminous coal, iron ore, lead ore, slate, alum and salt; of these, coal is the most important and covers a considerable area. Now, the mineral products of our own State are the same as those of Ireland. We all know and feel proud of the fact that the mineral products of Pennsylvania are useful to the world; therefore we should say the same of those of Ireland. With regard to agriculture, Ireland has great advantages. She has a vast area of arable land covered with a deep, rich soil, which is better adapted for agriculture than any portion of Great Britain. Her farm products are potatoes, grains, eggs and butter,—every one useful in a high degree. Ireland's fishery industry is of considerable importance also, for she ships large quantities of salmon, herring and codfish to England. Her leading manufactured products are linen goods and woollen materials. It is an acknowledged fact that Irish linen is known the world over for its high quality. Therefore we can see that the products of Ireland are of great value to the world. They are not as great as they should be or could be; but when Ireland obtains her freedom she will develop and encourage the Irish mines, manufactures and fisheries,—a thing which she is not permitted to do now. Since Ireland is so situated that she can be reached by a direct water-line, when she becomes a free nation, her products, multiplied ten-fold, will be found in all the markets of the world.

Let us now pass on to the consideration of Ireland's contribution to the world's moral and intellectual advancement.

The intellectual qualities of the Irish shine forth in every land and in every state of life. Of all the European countries, theirs was the only one that was not invaded by the barbarians. Ireland, therefore, was the only country in the world which preserved the tradition of ancient learning. In the beginning of the ninth century she astonished the world with her knowledge of classic literature, science and theology. It was in this century that Emperor Charlemagne, then ruler of the greater part of Europe, invited Irish missionaries to educate the people of the continent. In response to his invitation they founded schools throughout his domains, in which they taught the fundamentals

of grammar, rhetoric and arithmetic, and gradually developed into the higher arts, such as sculpture, music and philosophy. These missionaries did not confine their efforts to the class-room. They also taught the natives the art of tilling the soil, erecting buildings, and making useful articles. In Erin itself there were at this time great schools and colleges, to which all the royal princes of Europe went for their education: and this practice continued until as late as the seventeenth century; for it was at this time that the Penal Laws were enforced in Ireland, forbidding Catholic schoolmasters to teach either in school or in private homes, and preventing Catholic parents from sending their children to any foreign country to be educated. With such laws in effect, it was inevitable that Ireland should lose the name of the "Isle of Scholars." For this reason the Irish have emigrated to free countries, where they can acquire an education and make use of their natural talents. As a result, half of English literature owes its existence to Irish authors: their rich fancy, their fervid eloquence, their irresistible wit are unrivaled. To-day, across the world, we find sons of the Gael in every occupation that calls for the exercise of superior intelligence. Lord Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada in 1878, said, "There is no doubt that the world is best administered by Irishmen. Things never went better with us at home or abroad, than when Lord Palmerston ruled Great Britain, Lord Mayo governed India, Lord Monch directed the destinies of Canada, and the Robinsons, the Kennedys, the Laffans, the Callaghans, the Gores, the Hennesseys, administered the affairs of our Australian Colonies and West India possessions." To-day we find Irishmen as premiers of Australia, Spain and Austria; Irishmen as governors of New Zealand and Hong Kong; Irishmen as chief justices of England and of Canada; and the first president of the French Republic—MacMahon—was of Irish parentage. In our country, out of 28 presidents, no fewer than four were of Irish extraction. We find Irishmen in our Congress, in our Legislature, in our chambers of justice, in our churches, hospitals and schools; at the head of corporations, and in fact in every walk of life. The highest offices in the Catholic Church in America are held by men of Irish blood—Cardinals Gibbons and O'Connell. Have not all these men had their mighty share in the promotion of the world's intellectual advancement?

There is yet to be considered one aspect of the character of the sons of Erin, which of itself is sufficient to allow it be said that

the world owes to the Irish an immeasurable debt of gratitude, and that is their religious qualities. Although Ireland was converted without the shedding of a drop of blood, nevertheless, since the seventeenth century, she has been sacrificing blood and treasure in defence of her religion. Laws were then passed forbidding a Catholic to practice his faith publicly, without forfeiting his rights and property. Priests were compelled to go amongst their people in disguise for fear of being put to death by English soldiers. For generations, there was a price on the head of every priest in Ireland, and they were hunted down like wolves. All that was necessary, was to produce the head of a priest or the head of a wolf, and a reward of five pounds was paid by the English government. During these times the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass had to be offered up in secrecy on the hillsides or in caves. And oftentimes the English soldiers came upon them and massacred the priest and the worshippers. And thus the Isle of Saints now become the Isle of Martyrs and Confessors. But in spite of all this religious persecution the Irish remained faithful to their religion. The more rigid the laws became, and the more cruel the methods used to wipe out Catholicity in Ireland, the stronger grew the faith of the people. Evidence of this fidelity was shown in the manner in which they received Cromwell's command, "To hell or to Connaught!" Connaught was the poorest province in Ireland; many refused to go and were put to death, or as Cromwell called it, "sent to hell." Those who submitted to exile in Connaught struggled for existence in that famished country, but never wavered in their religion. Thus from Connaught, throughout the whole island, the Catholic religion once more spread. And to-day we find that in spite of the "Protector's" savage efforts to stamp it out, over eighty per cent. of the Irish people belong to the Catholic religion. And they are the most devout Catholics on the face of the earth. They have a special devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and there is scarcely a family in old Erin which does not assemble every evening to recite the Rosary. The priesthood is looked upon with more reverence in Ireland than in any other country. And these religious qualities of the Irish are handed down to their children in every land. The Irish to-day realize how their forefathers suffered and were persecuted that they might be brought up in the true religion. This is why the Celt loves his religion. It can be said that everyone of our forefathers was a missionary of the Catholic religion, for it is they who are

responsible for the Church's continued existence in the motherland, and her children's perseverance in other parts of the world. Is this not a valuable service to the world?

Therefore, when we stop to consider Ireland's contribution to the manhood of the world; when we reflect that the products of Ireland are very useful to mankind; when we recall that Irishmen grace every profession in the world; when we remember that it was Ireland that kept burning the lamp of Christianity, while the rest of the world was struggling to put it out; and despite every effort put forth to wipe out Catholicity in Ireland she still continues to send forth noble defenders of that religion: then we must admit, that if the law, "recompense in proportion to service rendered," is applied to the land of the Gael, Ireland deserves as much recognition from the world as she claims.

JOSEPH A. O'DONNELL, A. B., '20.



Education and Reconstruction.

VALEDICTORY.

"IT WILL be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great Nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence." With these memorable words the Father of Our Country foretold that the time should come when it would be appropriate for us to exhibit to the world by example the principles which constitute the foundation of this great Nation. He could not forecast with any degree of precision the time at which this opportunity would arrive, but, by saying, "at no distant period," he indicated that such an occasion would surely arise.

At the close of the late war, the opportunity had arrived of which Washington spoke. America, the deciding factor in that

universal conflict, was now regarded as the leader of the world. From November 11, 1918, America was to hold the foremost place in civilization. In entering upon our reconstruction period, it was imperative that we should keep in mind her great reputation and success. Reorganization was needed in every department of life—social, moral, economic, political. Yes, readjustments were needed, but what has been accomplished? How have we demonstrated those principles of which Washington spoke? What has our reconstruction been during these last nineteen months? Nothing but one evil after another; strikes on all sides, Bolshevism spreading everywhere, country-wide prevalence of unreasonable prices, and similar evils. And it is not difficult to discern the cause of these disturbances. Although numberless reasons have been brought forward to account for them, there is but one real cause, and that is the lack of education.

The absence of education has hindered our social progress. If we consider the actions of men at the present time, it appears that there are few educated men. Few fully understand one another; fewer still want to come to a better understanding. The majority fail to realize that human beings have relations in common; that the problems of one man are for the most part the problems of his neighbor. Their minds seem to be bound as prisoners for whom there is no escape. If by chance they have made a diligent study of a particular branch of the arts or sciences, they are afraid to speak out their sentiments concerning it. They do not voice their opinions because they have not confidence in their ability to stand up and defend them. Now, why is our social state so unsatisfactory? Simply because education has been neglected; because the educational opportunities of the country have not been multiplied and utilized. Learning worthy of the name is not popularly diffused; nor is even elementary knowledge permitted to flow through all classes of society with that freedom which alone can result in advancement. Records compiled in connection with our war preparations have abundantly shown that the majority of Americans do not go beyond the sixth grade. This error must be corrected, and corrected immediately, if America is to be the social leader of the world.

Again, we have suffered morally, as well as economically, through a lack of education. Since the armistice we seem to have gone back rather than to have progressed. The principles of right and justice seem to have become entirely a thing of the past. No longer does a man give his neighbor what is due

to him, but he rather tries to take away from him what he owns. Many instances of such a disregard for the claims of justice might be cited, particularly some of the strikes which have recently occurred. Another case in point is the rate at which rents have increased within the last few months. The patronage accorded to some of the low burlesque shows and silly musical comedies, and, in contrast, the little appreciation given to classical plays, in like manner shows how the moral tone of our people has been lowered instead of raised. Day after day the front page of our newspapers is simply a record of accidents due to criminal carelessness and of deeds of violence due to utter lack of moral principle. On the other hand we have made no economic progress. There is no such word as "value" in the commercial transactions of to-day. Everything is bought or sold at the maximum. Complaints are heard at every moment except at the moment of actual transaction, the only time at which they should be heard. The spirit of the times is to see who can fool the public most and give it least. And this state, both moral and economic, has been brought about in our reconstruction period merely by denying to education its just place. If education has any purpose at all, surely one of its chief aims should be to give men correct view-points in matters of the moral and economic order. For this reason education was needed; it is still needed and must not be omitted, unless we wish to see our moral as well as our economic state, not merely remain at the low level at which it is at the present time, but steadily sink to a depth from which resurrection will be impossible.

Although we are at such a low plane socially, morally and economically, it is the political situation of the country that is saddest of all. The way some of those politicians who occupy the foremost places in our Government have been quarreling and wrangling down at Washington is a shame—a disgraceful reflection on the governing ability of those supposed to be the first citizens of the country. How must Europe regard the intellectual state of the American people when she sees them send to their Congress and Senate men who are everlastingly bickering over trifles, and who know not what to do when confronted with a question which a statesman should handle! Must she not say, in the words of Hamlet, that we have "eyes without feeling, feeling without sight"? The low level to which politics have fallen can be readily seen by examining some of the presidential candidates that have come forward. Compare these candidates with

Washington and Lincoln, and note the infinite difference. Would we not be fortunate to have in our midst one who possessed the spirit of these illustrious men! In line with this political degradation is the incompetence of our representatives in dealing with international questions. Many European countries even now are looking at us with a jealous eye, and, owing to our temporary political eclipse, at least one refuses to give us the credit we deserve. I refer to the nation that for centuries has refused to grant to Ireland the credit and rights to which she is entitled. I speak of the people that has done all in its power to dampen and extinguish the spirit of Irish freedom. I mean the nation that will soon have to acknowledge Irish Independence, because it will be acknowledged by the American people,—a people whose love of liberty is proverbial, and whose spirit of fair play was shown by Daniel Webster, when, in his "Reply to Hayne", he expressed the wish that his tongue might cleave to the roof of his mouth, if, moved by prejudice or jealousy, he got up to lessen the just character and just fame of any man. This, then, is the sad political case which has arisen through the want of thorough, well-rounded education. It is a case that will remain unless we place a solid foundation for our political reconstruction; a solid foundation of which the essential rock can only be education.

Moreover, the lack of education along these lines has resulted in dispelling harmony, the one thing needed more than anything else in this reconstruction period. Co-operation is needed on all sides; all must act for the same particular end, and choose the best means to attain it; if any progress is to be made, it can result only from a united effort. Our boys fought shoulder to shoulder on the battlefields of Europe; side by side under General Pershing they struggled in the Argonne, St. Mihiel, Belleau Woods and Chateau-Thierry. During this period why can't we march together in like manner and attack those serpents of unrest which are steadily crawling upon us? Why can't we apply ourselves to a consideration of the best means to re-establish, preserve and promote our national pride? Why can't we appreciate the service our boys rendered, and make our reconstruction a work that will be worthy of a free, enlightened and, at the present time, a great Nation.

The kind of education needed in this reconstruction period is the kind that Duquesne University gives. Nor is it education useful only for a period such as this, but it is one that is needed

at all times, if we, the American people, are to be the leaders of the world. It is an education which makes men honest, truthful and trustworthy; it is an education which makes brave, heroic men, men of intrepid counsel; it is an education which makes men lovers of their fellowmen, ready for sacrifice and for service. In short, it is an education that makes a man all that a man should be.

We say it in no spirit of pride, but in a spirit of deepest gratitude: we, the 1920 Graduates, have received such an education. Some few years ago we set sail on the sea of knowledge; we visited many ports, and entered many harbors of whose existence we had been ignorant. But now our voyage is over, our trip is at an end. So, fellow-graduates, as we move down the gangplank, I shall say nothing more of Old Duquesne. We shall pass on, but she will remain. No matter where we may go, she will stretch forth her hand to us.

We must leave you, Duquesne—to think that this must be! We must part—not so much from those historic buildings and much-trodden grounds, but from those studies, professors, friends, and above all that spirit, life and sacred altar of our college career. Alas! if it must be—farewell, Duquesne;—farewell, *Alma Mater*;—farewell!

M. NOON GLYNN, A. B., '20.





The Irish Question.

SPEECH OF HIS EXCELLENCY, EAMON DE VALERA, AT THE
COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

His Excellency, Eamon de Valera, opened his address with a few words in the Irish tongue, "the ancient, fascinating language of the Irish nation." He then proceeded as follows:

I see that I am here on the programme to address you on the Irish question. Now, I am afraid that if I were to talk to you on the Irish question as I see it, you would not get away from here till morning. So the difficulty is to choose some phase or other of that question which we shall be able to deal with in the time at our disposal, and deal with it in a manner which may be valuable to the cause that I represent. Before talking on any special phase, however, I would like you to look on that particular question in its various aspects. There is the Irish question as a domestic question with us in Ireland. That is the Irish question as we Irish citizens look upon it. In Ireland, if we look upon it from that point of view, we see that we have two parties. One party, called the Republican party, wants our country to live an independent life as a republic no more related to Britain in its political system than with Spain or America. To that party I belong. That party represents the vast majority of the nation. And when we claim that our country ought to be free, we are basing our claim on the democratic principle that the majority should rule. When you come to examine the size of that majority, you will be convinced that our claim is one that ought to have the support of everyone who believes in the principle of rule of the people and by the people. But in Ireland it is not the will of the vast majority that is given heed to, but the will of a small minority. It is not strange that we should have a minority. There is scarcely any big question in which you will not have two sides. You should have a majority and a minority in the question of the League of Nations if it were put to a vote here now. The same with prohibition. In every other country the will of the majority rules. But, in Ireland, shall the will of three-quarters of

the people be set aside and the will of one-quarter be accepted? From our internal aspect of the domestic question, it would appear that democratic principles are completely turned upside down, and it surprises us that a country whose existence is based on the principle of majority rule, would even think of permitting the minority to govern the majority. This is the absurd condition existing in Ireland. That is the broadest aspect of the internal, domestic question in Ireland as it affects our people.

As a matter of fact, the difficulty is Ireland is not an internal, domestic question. The root is not in Ireland, but comes from the relations between Ireland and Britain. Britain is stronger militarily, and she tries to set aside the rights of Ireland and maintains her rule in Ireland. The Irish question then must be studied from that particular angle of the relation between Ireland and Britain. To understand this thoroughly, you must remember that Ireland is an independent nation. I wish to drive that point home to your minds. England is not the mother country. We are older than Britain. We had civilization before Britain was. We were a united country before Britain, or England, was united. We are, therefore, so far as Ireland is concerned, a nation that was independent, that has never given up its rights to independence. For 750 years we have contested their right to rule, and we are contesting it vigorously to-day. Talking to the students in the high school of Duquesne this morning, I pointed out to them that we have really never admitted that we were one of the British Isles. The fact that a robber takes his neighbor's property and says to the world that that property is his, does not give him title to that property. England's title is a robber's title. She has not even got it by right of conquest. I hold that the right which England claims would turn us back to the savage laws which were the elementary beginning of civilization. We deny that right of England. No nation is conquered as long as her people refuse to lay down their arms.

The Irish people have constantly refused to lay down their arms. However, there might be dispute on that point, but in no case can they prove that we have acknowledged that they had conquered us. We in Ireland claim nothing but our own. We have every right to take back our country, and to claim it back. We who hold this view, are said to be extremists. The extent of our extremity is that we want the people of Ireland to rule themselves in Ireland, and have the resources for themselves. Our political opponents in Ireland, that minority which wants to be at

the head of the British empire, are called moderates. They want to control the people of Ireland, and also Canada, Australia and South Africa and India. They want to grab control of practically one-fourth of the civilized world. We want our own country for ourselves, believing that we can rule ourselves better than others and be more prosperous. Considering these things to be our rights, we are called extremists. Judge for yourselves. The minority wants to rule the majority, and wants to rule one-fourth of the globe. Are we or they the extremists? Anyone will see that we are not extremists. As far as Ireland and Britain are concerned, we want nothing but what is our own by natural right. England denies us that right. Britain denies that right because it wants to exploit us and our resources. We deny their right to exploit us; we deny their right to make slaves of us in order to make themselves strong, and because we resist them we are said to be lawless and in revolt.

The word revolt should not be applied to the controversy between Ireland and Britain. The words, "civil war," should not be applied to the fight between Ireland and Britain. Civil war applies when part of a state fights against another. We are not a part of Britain, except in so far as British power forces us against our will. We entered into no union with Britain. No man is another's partner unless he is a partner voluntarily, and a contract has been entered into. No such contract has ever been entered into between Ireland and Britain.

Lloyd George, when he wants to deceive, and speaks of Ireland trying to get its freedom from Britain in the terms of the South seceding from the North, knows he is wrong, and that there is no resemblance here. Ireland's separation from Britain is not secession. You have only secession where there has been a union. There has been no union, no contract, between Ireland and Britain. The southern states entered with the states of the North into a voluntary contract, which had been admitted by North and South. The struggle rested on the interpretation. One interpreted the contract in terms of the South and the other in Federal terms. It was on the interpretation that sides were taken. There is no question of the interpretation of the contract between Ireland and Britain because there has been no contract. This disposes of England's argument. There was an act of Parliament, and when you go back and examine that and see the circumstances under which it was passed and how it was procured, and when you remember that the representatives are

elected to safeguard the sovereignty of the people, you will see that it was not the decision of the people, because their representatives had no right to go beyond their power. These Irish members were corrupted, and they sold their country. They, by accepting bribes, gave away the sovereignty of their country. This act was repudiated by the people, as the history of the relations between Ireland and Britain shows. It is obvious that if they had entered into a voluntary contract the people would not have been in revolt. Irish history shows that that act has never been accepted, but repudiated from the first moment. I repeat, there has been no contract. I also say as a matter of fact that Ireland is not necessary to England's security. I would say that England would be more secure if Ireland had her freedom instead of being bound to her against our will. We will be quite ready to shake hands with Britain and let bygones be bygones, and live in peace with Britain as we hope to live with France and Spain. Our position is that the sooner England is detached, the better it will be for us. We believe that we would put up the same fight for our liberty as did this country, for in our present position we are enemies of Great Britain.

That Ireland is necessary for Britain's security is an argument that is not legitimate or sincere. England wants Ireland for two main purposes. The position of Irish harbors given them a definite dominance on the Atlantic ocean, and England does not want that thing you Americans want—freedom of the seas. Her navy maintains freedom of the seas! You have freedom of the seas only when England condescends to give it. There might come a time when England would not condescend to give it, and therefore you have no freedom of the seas so long as England holds these harbors. In the event of war between your country and Britain, from these harbors British ships would come, and within twenty-four hours your communication between this continent and the old world would be broken unless your navy comes up to what I think it ought. It is, therefore, for this strategic advantage, for this selfish interest, that England wants to hold Ireland. She also sees a direct commercial reason. We are a market for manufactured goods. To sell us her own products, England closes our industries. She can therefore sell us at her own price, and buy what she wants for herself at her own price. The Irish trade last year amounted to \$1,250,000,000 and Britain had 97 per cent. of this total with Ireland. To realize how big that trade is, compare it with Britain's trade with other nations.

Britain's trade with Ireland is greater than that with any other country except with the United States, and was greater than the trade with the United States until a few years ago.

She, therefore, holds Ireland for her commercial advantage. We shall deprive England, if we can, of the monopoly, and of a market. She will suffer the losses; Ireland will gain by them.

There is still another aspect of the Irish question. There are three aspects to the Irish question. The Irish question as a domestic question—the difference between the majority and the minority is a party difference, and is political, not religious. The political basis is that of imperialism against nationalism. England has done her best to make the lines of political division meet those of religious division. She does that by making the lines of political division correspond with the religious lines, thus to reinforce the strength of the division. We are all inclined to be affected by religious prejudices. But this certainly would bring about a religious minority. Then why would parties try to get the support of the Protestants? The point is this—she has tried to make it so, and she has succeeded to some extent. But we are not a divided cause. Religious differences do not cause differences as to politics. The proof lies in this fact. You would not have on the majority side both Catholics and Protestants. Those elected by Catholics stand for what the people stand for. They are not influenced by religion. This is easily shown by the existence of Catholics and Protestants on both sides. This division, as it is, is not accidental, and it certainly is not on the basis of religion. We do not fear persecution. No country in the world can show such a beautiful history of religious tolerance as Ireland can. I could go back to the beginning even of Christianity, and you would see the tolerance of the Irish people. They received Christianity without making martyrs of the missionaries. When Henry II. visited Ireland, he reproached the bishops because of the fact that there were no martyrs in Ireland. Henry, as you know, knew well how to make martyrs. One of the bishops here arose and wisely said: "Sire, now that you are amongst us, I am sure there will be martyrs." When the English were persecuted on account of their religion, they came to Ireland and found safety among the Irish. Then, when the terrible persecution in Europe took place, it was in Ireland they found safe refuge. You will find them there to-day. Little colonies of this people were preserved; they cling to their customs and religions in the midst of that Catholic peasantry, and are

allowed to carry on their work and to mix with them. It is a good slam on the Irish people who have been so tolerant, to suggest that they would persecute their fellow-countrymen because of their religion. So said also a Jewish rabbi who spoke in Dublin, the Irish capital. "I am glad to go through your capital and to be among a people who have never persecuted us." That is the country, that is the type of people, that are supposed by those who do not understand or have been deceived by British propaganda, to be so intolerant as to have persecuted their fellow-countrymen. Only in four of the nine counties of Ulster do the unionists have a majority, and even this is no definite territory. It is only a small part of Ireland where the unionists are in the majority. Not half of Ulster is the home of people who think as the British do. Not a single parish but is divided. Electoral districts, whose representatives are nationalists, are very much in the minority. The majority rules, and the Almighty who created them cannot solve the minority question. Some suggest, instead of solving, to create two minorities. Let the minority in the north rule themselves because they think differently. But this minority in turn would be equally divided. Minority would be in minority. Ulster is that portion of Ireland that is dearest to the Irish. From there came their national hero. Ireland is entitled to self-determination. And this brings us to the last aspect—that of the relation between Ireland and other nations.

Ireland has declared itself a republic. We have come to the other nations and we ask them: "Are you going to side with might against us who are in the right?" We will also ask the Americans, "Shall it be a republic by the people or a government imposed upon it by military might?" The people are against this. One is legitimate, and the other is brute force. We have come to America and ask: "How can you consistently deny recognition to that government which is in accordance with your own principles and the principles for which you sent out your own flesh and blood to Flanders? Can you deny recognition to them? Can you refuse recognition? That is for what we fought in Flanders." We have only to put this question to the Americans, and the Americans cannot fail to answer it our way. You as a nation are doing us wrong by recognizing British government. We are appealing to you on the very low level of plain justice. We are urging you not to help our oppressor by giving him recognition. To deny that recognition is your right; to give it is your right. England has no right to it. Must you disobey

your conscience and continue to recognize her? What right has she? No right at all! Ireland has every right to ask you not to help our oppressors. You are doing us a wrong. You are at this moment denying us what you can give. England says she will be offended if you recognize Ireland. But what right does England have to be offended? What right does England have to tell you that you may not recognize Ireland? England could not reply to us on that point. Are you going to recognize Ireland? We have come here to ask you that question to-day. Will you be intimidated by England? Will this nation hesitate between right and wrong? If America recognized us, England would not dare to deny us. You know particularly well it would not mean war. It would not do to be afraid. Indicate that you mean to stand for your legitimate rights and that you are going to recognize Ireland. You have recognized others—others whose cause was not sound as is the cause of Ireland. You do not wish to offend England.

Again I say, England has no right to be offended. But is Ireland being offended at this time? You do not mind offending Ireland. Ireland has every right to be offended, England has not. We are bound to you by bonds of love. Can it be that you do not recognize us for the reason that the bully has intimidated you? And you therefore hesitate to do what is right! Because a small nation is weak, should it fall prey to a larger, stronger nation?

The Irish question and the solution of it means a solution of the difficulties for which you entered the war. The hope of Ireland and the hope of the world is that you do not merely wish to do right, but that you prove strong enough to do right, and to do it fearlessly. There is no nation in the world that could exist if you withdrew your support. Were it not that you accommodated Britain with financial loans, it would be unable for her to maintain her armies of occupation in Ireland. These armies are depriving the peoples of their legitimate rights. I am a firm believer of this, that the American masses will not stand for giving their strength to a cruel empire. Citizens of this country, you ought to recognize Ireland's cause. Demand that it should not stand with its enemies as citizens of their country. You could very easily convert the world. Make a public sentiment for the recognition of the Irish Republic. **AND WITH THIS RECOGNITION, IRELAND WILL BE FREE.**



Baccalaureate Sermon.

By the Rev. David P. Shanahan, LL. D.

YOUR Very Reverend and eminent President has requested me to speak to you this morning for 20 or 25 minutes, and has warned me not to exceed that limit. I am pleased to have been so limited, for I feel as a result that nothing is expected from me but an informal talk, whereas if my time were unlimited something requiring considerable thought, study and preparation would be looked for in the hope of finding therein some justice done to so large a subject as the meaning of this day to you, your work in this place, and how far this University has contributed to the honors that have come to you because of duty well done on your part and well rewarded on the part of your instructors this happy morning.

When one considers the history of this University, which from small beginnings has reached so noble an eminence, one cannot fail to be struck with wonder at the greatness of soul of the men who, in spite of untold obstacles, determined opposition, coldness and criticism, have raised this once struggling school to the high dignity of a distinguished university whose name is known and revered throughout the land and in other lands beyond the seas, leaving in them a fame as fair as that enjoyed in the land of its birth and of its struggles—struggles so long and bitter as to be unsurpassed in the annals of any other university now existing or known to us from pages of history.

I do not know if you have ever had time or have thought it worthy of your grave attention, to consider the history of this institution which has been your home, in a sense, for so long a time, and whose labors on your behalf have brought you to this happy day of graduation. There must be men of strong will back of this tireless University and directing its destinies; else it could never have lived to see the day of its elevation—to see the day when the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania reached out its mighty hand and took Duquesne from the common meeting ground of colleges and placed it on the mountain to which universities are raised and from which they speak with the wisdom and authority of a powerful state. You should learn

from its history that men who can fight a seemingly losing battle for the greater part of a century must have the brains of scholars and the souls of heroes, and that education can never be a failure in their hands—that the young men of the past have made no mistake—that the young men of the present have made no mistake—nor will those of the future make a mistake in giving the task of their training and education into the hands of men who do not know how to fail—of men who have yet to learn the meaning of the word impossible.

This University, though little advertised, and little helped by men of wealth and power, is doing a work in this community and far beyond it, that is little known in detail, even by you who have studied within its walls and have, by its aid, reached the climax of your scholastic life.

Every branch of knowledge may be pursued within its venerable halls; and if its system of registration were in accordance with that of other universities you would count four or five thousand students drawing knowledge and inspiration from its never-failing fountains. These young men, of all races and all creeds, advance in grace as well as in knowledge, under the tutelage of teachers dedicated to the majesty of education, seeking no reward and little profit save what the God of Education will some day give them. I say to you men of sacrificial souls—sacrificial in the sense of being worthy and of giving without recompense—I say to you and to all who teach as you do, that you are very near the throne of God, who is ever reaching out for the martyrs amongst men; and as we have martyrs of the hidden causes—martyrs of the spirit as well as those of blood—you men, you teachers everywhere, because of your self-immolation to this holy cause, are as much the objects of God's predilection and man's admiration as were those who gave their blood before the fierce eyes of the howling mobs of ancient pagan Rome or before the more refined cruelties of modern civilized Babylon. Now, young men, this may seem to you exaggerated, but wait till you have examined more minutely the motives of men, and you will then find with pain how little of the ideal there is in life and how much the god of self controls the world. You will find few men like those of whom I speak, who give their days to drudgery and their nights to thought, that her Majesty, the Queen of Religion and Education, might bless the lives of all who listen. But in all this I seem to be forgetting you and your great day. I am not, however. I am placing before you an

inspiration by telling you the history of this University and the men who made it and now direct it, making it the boast of the diocese as well as the pride of the city. An inspiration given to the life of a young man is the greatest gift you could bestow on him as he goes forth in all his confident strength to do battle with the world and bring it home chained to his swift-moving chariot-wheels. Nothing can conquer the world but inspirations and ideals, and I have not failed you when I have put before you the example of men vowed to the duty of self-sacrifice to the interests of the young men who are to be the nation's standard-bearers of the coming years. My doing this should tell you without words what you yourselves should be when your dedication day follows your commencement day, as it surely must if you live; and when that day comes try to be the kindly, patient, self-forgetting men who showed you every day in this University what dedication to a cause could mean, and how you may become martyrs for others though seemingly in the possession of power and pleasant places.

You are going out into a disturbed world. What has disturbed it is not easy to tell. There are many contributing causes. No one cause could unbalance the world as we find it unbalanced to-day. As for me, I think that the people in every land feel that they have been fooled and are now making their anger felt. Let us hope that their anger will not drive them to excesses which their reasoned sense would disavow. War is always reactionary except for freedom and in self-defense; and when you add to this that when war is fought for an ideal and when that ideal is shattered to pieces and nothing is to be seen but the dead and the blood and the hard earned money given to Moloch, men naturally become disturbed and embittered, more especially when the cry of the dead seems still to come from the bloody places: "You have broken faith with me and I cannot sleep—tho' poppies grow in Flanders' fields." There is no cry so sad, nor yet so maddening as the cry of the dead who seem to have died in vain—of the dead who know that the emancipation and liberty which were to be the crown of their sacrifices should become only empty phrases, as meaningless as the voices that hurry down the gale and strike upon the ears of unheeding men. Yes, you will find restless conditions abroad and you will need all that this noble place has given you to steady the swaying of this rocking world. You must look upon yourselves as men of service—not of service to self but of service to this Republic which was meant to be the hope of the world—of service to men less endowed than you,

weaker, less understanding than you. You will, of course, work for your own success, and rightly so; but be never so entirely wrapped up in the consideration of your own paltry ways and means to victory, as to forget that there are men all around you calling to you for the helping hand, the good advice, the manly example, which you alone can give to steady the wavering feet, to enlighten the brooding mind becoming vicious perhaps from the influence of criminal suggestion. Be very kind and merciful to the weak of all God's creation, especially to those of your own kind. And if you shall be endowed with a sense of power, as many are, use it for the good, not for the wreck of human creatures. Be merciful because it is a beautiful quality in one's nature and the distinguishing mark of all strong men. Look upon mercy as a virtue, not as a thing that can be created by compulsion of law for it is then mere pretense, meaningless and of no value. "The quality of mercy, you know, is not strained. It droppeth like the gentle dew from Heaven. It blesseth him that gives and him that takes. It is mighty in the mightiest." Be merciful then and you will be blessed and mighty in the hearts of men. You should guard yourselves and all who come within the radius of your influence from that unholy materialism which is eating up the hearts of the nations and deposing the beneficent form of God, for the ugly face of mammon and all the other ugly gratifications which mammon means among men. For the sake of heaven and all who love you, do not foregather with those who mock at everything good and find no virtue in anyone who, in the pursuit of a good time, as they impiously call it, trample on the weak and innocent, and sacrifice countless pure souls to their shameless debaucheries and beastly brutalities. Be not identified with those of unclean and filthy tongue, for from them proceed the loss of self-respect, the loss of caste and position, the loss of men's esteem, spiritual death and all kinds of ugliness. "Keep yourselves unspotted from this world" and the world is yours—give the keys of your soul to the world and you are its slave.

Now, when you go into this world do not think yourselves conquering heroes. The world has few real heroes and the most of them are dead. No one can be a hero anyhow until he has won some battles and lost some, or has lost all his battles in a good cause and yet is not beaten. Be prepared for failures, for they are inevitable. Though having ideals do not always live in the land of dreams and do not look for roses every day nor for

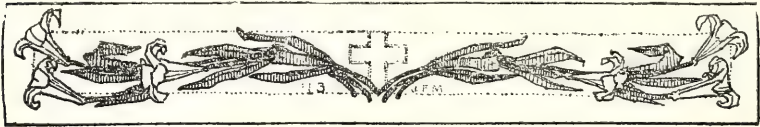
pleasant places. They say that the really great men of the world have all walked a weary way over rough roads and sharp stones. Be not too depressed in hours of failure nor over elated in moments of victory. It is hard to say whether steadiness under adversity or moderation in victory is the better standard by which to estimate a man's character, or which contributes the greater portion to his success in life. You will have your failures and your victories. I wonder how you will demean yourselves under each. We shall study your career with friendly solicitude and paternal anxiety.

Some of you will fight your battles on the plain, open to all the winds and storms of the plain. Others of you will go down into the valley and fight there, protected no doubt, but in danger nevertheless, for the thunder is loud in the valley and swift lightnings follow after. Some others of you will fight on the mountain top where there are added storms never found on the plain or in the valley, bitter, powerful storms that tear the rocks from their foundations and hurl them down with a mighty noise. Now then for every man of sense and thought there is always One who rides the whirlwind and directs the storm and you are under His hand whether in storm or in sunshine—whether on the plains or in the valley and on the mountains. It is only the fool, remember, who hath said in his heart, "there is no God."

It would be sad to think that there should be one man here this morning who has no fair vision of God in his bright young eyes—to whom the sky is only an empty place—for whose reason the beauty and order of the earth have no appeal and to whom the rolling worlds in space roll on forever and tell no tale of the infinite, who has cast these millions of mighty worlds into motion and controls them by the finger of His omnipotence. Assuredly the sign of God is on the earth and in the sky and on the sea; and the mere assertion of the fool or knave that there is no God is an insult to reason, for there are books about God in the very running brooks, there are sermons of Him in the very stones and good from His hand in everything. Therefore, have God for your guide by whatever name you know Him, especially now when the blood is pulsing and the voices are calling. "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth" is good advice though never inspired. The days of youth are dangerous days because they are days of dallying, days of roses and sunshine and pleasant laughter and of beautiful siren voices all commingling. No wonder that men have longed for and

sought for the fountains of eternal youth! But alas, they never found them and we must grow old. The golden days will come no more, nor the roses; and the pleasant laughter and the siren voices will cease. The grass will seem less green and the flowers less sweet and the clouds less bright than in the days of yore and happy youth. We are very much alone then and mere man cannot help us, for he is old like ourselves, and weak and fearful and faithless and cannot help even himself. Now what is to be done for these old men? Nothing now, I fear, for the men never remembered their Creator at any time, never saw Him anywhere, never heard Him, never spoke to Him in their lives, and so He does not exist for them now in their bitter need. Hence do I impress on you again as your friend, to remember your Creator in the days of your temptation, for the time comes to everyone when God, the pitiful, can alone befriend. Know Him now that you may be able to see Him then, and you will find Him in your need as tender in His consolations as the mother who bore you.

Now God be with you. May success wait upon your efforts. May charity and love of your kind mark your every deed. May hope, if you are crushed, keep out despair, and may faith—the gift of God to the clean of heart—raise you to the pure light of the stars beyond which is the kingdom of eternal youth and truth, where are to be found, remember, men like yourselves made perfect, men who have fought their fight and have finished their work here, and are now resting after their labors in the presence of the Great High Priest and Teacher of masters and men.



Commencement.

ON TUESDAY night, June 22, in Soldiers' Memorial Hall, Duquesne University rounded out its forty-second year of educational activity by graduating ninety-three students and conferring on four the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws and on one the degree of Doctor of Literature. Most notable among the latter group was Eamon de Valera, President of the Republic of Ireland, who assisted in person at the exercises. The

University thus honored him not merely in consideration of his scholarship, which is widely acknowledged; not merely out of sympathy with the cause which he represents, but also as a tribute to one who has attained eminence after being associated both as pupil and as teacher with a sister college, namely Black-rock at Dublin.

The other gentlemen receiving the highest ecomium in the gift of the University are John E. Laughlin, prominent attorney and Vice-Dean of Duquesne University Law School; Rev. David P. Shanahan of Duquesne, Pa., one of the most gifted orators in the diocese; and Very Rev. Thomas W. Rosensteel of Sharpsburg, whose talents have merited for him the position of dean of the district. The honorary degree of Doctor of Literature was conferred on the Very Rev. Michael J. Hyland, C. S. Sp., Director of the Holy Childhood in Ireland, and a distinguished professor of forty years' experience.

The Right Rev. Chancellor, Bishop Canevin, was obliged to absent himself from the exercises on account of the funeral of Bishop Fitzmaurice of Erie Pa. His place was taken by the Very Rev. President.

The programme was as follows :

March, With the Colors, <i>Panella</i>	. . .	Students' Orchestra
Latin Salutatory	Cyril J. Kronz
Overture, Gems of Ireland, <i>Barnard</i>	. . .	Students' Orchestra
Oration, Liberty Is Obedience to Law	. . .	John L. Aber
Part-Songs, Lassie o' Mine, <i>Walt</i>	

The Rosary, *Nevin* Students' Glee Club
Accompanist, Charles A. Ward

Oration, Activities of the Knights of Columbus, Fred W. Ries, Jr.
Valse Lento, One Sweet Day, *Zamecnik* . . . Students' Orchestra

CONFERRING OF DIPLOMAS AND MEDALS

Address, The Irish Question, His Excellency Eamon de Valera
President of the Republic of Ireland

Valedictory, Education and Reconstruction . . M. Noon Glynn
Exit March Students' Orchestra

Musical Director, Professor Charles B. Weis

Vocal Director, Rev. Francis X. Williams, C. S. Sp.

GRADUATES, 1920.

SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTS—Bachelor of Commercial Science:
Martin John Carl, Edward Xavier Foster, Harry Irving Rosenberg, Maximilian Sylvester Sieger; Bachelor of Science in Economics: Harry Rowland Chellman, Preston Edmonds Curry, Samuel John Hughes, Sherman L. Lowrey, Katherine Moore.

COLLEGE OF ARTS—Bachelor of Arts: Mary Cletus Burke, Augusta Conklin, Mary Adrian Cushwa, Mary Teresa Deuther, Patrick Anthony Diranna, John Francis Dodwell, Eugene Leo Fisher, Martin Noon Glynn, Cyril Joseph Kronz, Francis Joseph Ligday, James Francis Murphy, Mary Paul Nolan, Joseph Aloysius O'Donnell, Mary Angela Sullivan, Mary Gonzaga Walton; Master of Arts: Francis William Bennett, B. A., '03; James Earl Campbell, B. A., B. S., M. E., '16; Robert Albert Liehr, B. A., '16; Mary James McHale, B. A., '15; Anthony John Majeski, B. A., '18; John Aloysius Moran, B. A., '13; Mary Raphael O'Malley, B. A., '15.

SCHOOL OF LAW—Bachelor of Laws: John Lawrence Aber, Henry Charles Beschel, Leonard Michael Boehm, Ruben Albert Harris, Charles Gustave Lane, John Purcell Madden, Joseph Edward Manion, Charles Michael Murphy, Thomas Patrick Nee, John Joseph O'Donnell, Stephen Steranchak, Bruno Joseph Taszarek; Master of Laws: Paul John Friday, LL. B., '14; Frederick William Ries, Jr., LL. B., '14.

ESSAY PRIZE: Duquesne University Club Prize of Fifteen Dollars for the Best Essay in Competition was awarded to Clement J. Strobel.

MEDALISTS: Gold Medal for Oratory, Clement J. Strobel; Gold Medal for General Excellence, M. Noon Glynn.

HIGH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT—Commercial: Ernest Leo Baier, Albert Edwin Blank, Francis Regis Boyle, Thomas James Burch, Paul Charles Demasch, Robert Charles Ebitz, Arthur Jacob Glaser, Francis Ervin Hamill, Joseph Francis Joyce, Francis Leo Kirk, Martin Joseph Lydon, Vincent Joseph McArdle, Edward Casper Merkel, John Beaumont Mochary, William Anthony Schwab; Joseph Theodore Sieben, Terence Ignatius Tamburini, James Oliver Welsh, Daniel Edwin Wright, John Elliott Young; Scientific: Thomas Joseph McGrath; Academic: Richard Henry Ackerman, Francis Vincent Bielski, John William Cain, Thomas Leo Conley, Anthony Michael Connelly, John Anthony Deasy, Thomas Joseph Dempsey, Francis Eugene Downey, Joseph Edwin Downey, James David Doyle, Raymond Leo Foerster, John Joseph Garrity, Eugene Francis Haggerty, Christian John Hoffmann, Oliver David Keefer, Bernard Joseph Kelly, Vincent Bronislaus Kuklewski, Joseph Aloysius Nee, John Francis O'Connor, Harold Francis Patterson, Lawrence James Quinn, Joseph Michael Rozenas, Norbert John Schramm, Mary Immaculata Schutte, Florian Bronislaus Starzynski, John Briley Walsh, Mary de Sales Walsh, John Edward Zubol.

MEDALISTS: Silver Medal for Public Speaking, Division I., Jack Carney; Silver Medal for Public Speaking, Division II., Christian J. Hoffmann; Gold Medal for Accounting, F. Regis Boyle; Gold Medal for Excellence in the Commercial Department, Thomas J. Burch; Gold Medal for Christian Doctrine, Oliver D. Keefer; Gold Medal for Excellence in the Academic Department, J. Briley Walsh.

DONORS OF MEDALS: The late Right Rev. R. Phelan, D. D.; Right Rev. Mgr. F. Keane, P. R., LL. D., Sacred Heart Church, Pittsburgh; Rev. J. P. Kearns, LL. D., Greenville, Pa.; Rev. B. J. Hynes, P. R., St. John the Evangelist's, S. S., Pittsburgh; A Friend; Dr. E. A. Weisser, Pittsburgh; Mr. M. J. Beamon, Duquesne, Pa.; Mr. J. J. Cairns, Duquesne, Pa.; the late Mr. R. E. Walsh, Crafton, Pa., and Rev. P. J. Quilter, St. Andrew's, N. S., Pittsburgh, to each of whom the Faculty return their cordial thanks.

We subjoin also the programme of the Commencement Exercises of the High School Department, which were held on the evening of Sunday, June 20, in the University Hall.

March, The American Legion, *Vandersloot*, Students' Orchestra
Salutatory Richard H. Ackerman

Vocal Duet, Whispering Hope, *Hawthorne*
Joseph J. Dolan, Hugh E. Kelly

Accompanist, Rev. F. X. Williams, C. S. Sp.

Cornet Solo, Emily Polka, *Levy*. Albert Amrhein
Accompanist, C. A. Ward

Address, Service, a Guarantee of Success . . . Thomas J. Burch
Novelette, Rose Buds, *Zamecnik* Junior Orchestra

Violins—W. L. Carl, D. N. DeSilvio, G. Haney, F. Kolenkiewicz,
J. E. Lennox, F. Pawlowski. Cornet—A. Amrhein.

Piano—F. J. Emig

CONFERRING OF CERTIFICATES AND MEDALS

Address . . . Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, LL. D., President

Part-Song, Little Cotton Dolly, *Buck-Geibel* Glee Club

S. N. Balcerzak J. A. O'Donnell L. J. McIntyre

H. E. Kelly J. J. Dolan W. J. Turley

V. M. Rieland C. J. Mahony T. J. Burch

M. N. Glynn J. F. Murphy C. J. Kronz

H. J. Heilman P. A. Diranna J. A. Sullivan

L. J. Watterson R. E. Wehrheim

Valedictory, Advantages of a High School Education
J. Briley Walsh

Exit March Students' Orchestra

"Under Cover".*

I SUPPOSE I've attended as many Duquesne plays as any man living. My memory goes back to the days of "Virginus" and "Richelieu" in which William Owen Walker rivaled John McCullough and Richard Mansfield; to the times of "Louis XI.", when Alfred McCann out-Irvinged Irving; of "William Tell", "Damon and Pythias", "Caius Gracchus", and "The Vespers of Palermo", wherein appeared men now just about out of their twenties. I saw the popular taste veer around to farce, and laughed with many a delighted Pittsburgh audience at the Red Masquers' presentation of "What Happened to Jones", "Why Smith Left Home", "Bachelor's Honeymoon", "It Pays to Advertise" and the rest. When the mystery element came in for its share of popularity, I thrilled with the crowds that saw "Office 666" and "Seven Keys to Baldpate", and called for more. But—in spite of all my experience with them, I was not prepared for the unalloyed enjoyment that they furnished as interpreters of pure melodrama. "Under Cover" was different from all that preceded it; one could have expected that: but it was better too; it was a bigger play in itself, and it was better done. Neither the heroics of the nineties nor the stage-types and forced situations of the Broadhurst period were in evidence; the story, though complicated, worked itself out to the inevitable conclusion, and the people were more like those you might meet every day in social or business intercourse. The costuming was the last word in appropriateness, and there were some real Urban settings and light effects.

Don't mistake me: I've never written a line for the theatrical page. But I'd like to be Clinton E. Lloyd's press agent. It is telling much less than half the truth to say that Pittsburgh has not seen an actor that can approach him in many a day—barring none. Cool, clever, suave, self-possessed, master of every situation, he was a delight from curtain up to curtain down; we are glad he has returned to the stage. He was an inspiration to the company that he surrounded himself with. It would be difficult to find a lady of more queenly grace and noble bearing than Mary Dixon, the Ethel Cartwright of the play. An exacting part was that of Daniel Taylor, the self-important and secretly grafting surveyor of customs, but it was capably handled by Michael A. Wolak. The custom-house atmosphere was well

* Duquesne Theatre, June 1 and 2, 1920.

maintained by his assistants, M. Noon Glynn as the aspiring James Duncan and Leo J. McIntyre as the gossiping Harry Gibbs. Hilda Seger and Janet Milliken also helped to show the sometimes gruelling methods employed by the officers, the former in the role of Amy Cartwright, the defaulting society girl, and the latter in the part of Sarah Peabody, the clever smuggler, pretending deafness to evade the law. In the scenes at the Long Island home of Michael and Alice Harrington, Kenneth and Lenita Leopold played to perfection the parts of the millionaire couple, doting on each other when together, and chaffing each other in the presence of guests. Christian Hoffmann was their methodical butler, quietly attending to business whether the rest of the household was excited or not. Much of the humor—which was exceptional—was contributed by their guests, Mercedes Hoffmann as Nora Rutledge, and Richard H. Ackerman as Monty Vaughn. As a disinterested spectator I can predict a brilliant future for every one of these charming young people.

I was asked to express my views about the play, but I cannot conclude without paying my compliments to the Students' Orchestra, that has certainly never been better. The encores, of which there were several, were richly deserved. More power to Professor Weis! I owe a tribute of praise also to the Glee Club, which, under Father Williams's guidance, did its share to maintain the old school's long-established musical traditions. But when I come to speak of the gymnastic exercises, I am at a loss for words. Your "Father Mac" is a genius. Frankly, I don't see how he can attain such perfect results with flighty, fidgety boys—two hundred and fifty of them! At one time three sorts of evolutions were going on, producing a kaleidoscopic effect at which one could only sit back and marvel. And the pyramids were eye-filling symphonies of grace, strength, poise, and symmetry, executed by three-score of handsome, well-built youths, the pride of the school—the boarders.

You'll accept a suggestion or two? Number one: why don't you advertise more? I personally know twenty people that would have been delighted to take in your "show" and would have brought their friends; and I suppose about everybody present could say the same. Number two: is there any reason why you don't have more of them? There is not!

OLD-TIMER.

CHRONICLE

More than 2,100 students have been registered during 1919 and 1920. Over 500 of these occupied the main building, but the ever-increasing number of applications has rendered necessary the erection of a new Community Hall building for the Fathers, so as to leave the entire main building to the students of the High School and College departments. Plans for this Hall are now nearing completion. In the Vandergrift Building the School of Law, Finance, Education and Social Service are conducted. In these schools over 1,600 students had been registered during the past year. Members of the faculty conduct extension courses and classes for teachers in various parts of the city, thus making them more efficient for their work in our schools.

Thomas J. Quigley again secured the highest average in the school in the final examinations. The following students secured first place in their respective classes:

Exams	R. Wehrheim, H. Heilman, E. Caye, G. Hudock, S. Balcerzak, B. Sciotto, R. Slusarski, W. Jacko, A. Radasevich, R. Harrison, J. Styka, J. Johnston, J. Benson, J. Allen, G. Fasciczka, G. Beck, R. Kosakovic, A. Heim and F. Emig.
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One of the best features of Commencement Week was the St. Vincent-Duquesne game. The Alumni of both institutions turned out in great numbers to witness the "big game." Let us hope that this will be an annual event hereafter. Seeing the large number of clergymen present, some wag remarked that it looked like a Synod.

The Duquesne University Club, at its last meeting, elected Joseph Szepe as President; Rev. George Angel, Vice-President; and Albert Yunker, Secretary and Treasurer.

Club Activities	The following officers were elected for the D. U. Commercial Club: Michael Yates, President; John Kettl, Vice-President; James Madden, Acting Secretary; James McFall, Secretary, and John Young, Treasurer.
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Ordinations	It gives us great pleasure to record the ordination to the priesthood of Michael J. Brannigan, C. S. Sp., S. T. L., at Rome; of Michael J. Hinnebusch, '16, at St. Vincent's, and Thomas A. Drengacz, '17, at St. Francis' Seminary, Milwaukee. <i>Ad multos annos!</i>
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June Marriages

Mr. John P. Egan and Miss Mary L. Murray heard the joyous peal of the wedding bells last month. Cupid also favored Mr. William M. Deviny and Miss Margaret E. Flanagan.

Gold Watch

The \$100 gold watch donated by Mr. F. Keating, an alumnus, to the Football Boosting Club was won by Mrs. Coyne of Oakland. Paul Smith and Paul Clougherty sold the most tickets.

Christian Doctrine

Oliver D. Keefer secured the gold medal in the Christian Doctrine Contest, in which a large number of high school students competed.

Sympathy

We sympathize most deeply with Regis Mansmann, William Jacko and Edward Egan in their recent bereavements.

Summer Courses

The Summer Courses in the School of Accounts will open on July 6th and close August 13th.



ATHLETICS

THE ' VARSITY.

The athletic curtain of sports at Duquesne University was rung down on June 18, when the Dukes triumphed over St. Vincent's College crack diamond squad.

Games were won from the following schools: Grove City, St. Vincent's, Juniata, Indiana Normal, while the Dukes dropped games to St. Bonaventure's, Indiana, Carnegie Tech, Juniata, Waynesburg, Muskingum and St. Vincent's. Grove City figured in the lone tie which the Bluffites played.

Erlain, the Dukes' right field gardener, was the outstanding star of the year, his batting featuring nearly every game in which the Bluffites were participants. He has made four home runs, five triples and seven doubles, besides connecting for any number of singles.

The other gardeners were Captain Kettl in center and Carl in left. Although Kettl did not put up the spectacular play he showed last season at the bat, he nevertheless performed well in the field. Carl was lead-off man for the Dukes during the course of the season, and got on the bags practically 50 per cent. of the time.

McGrath was guardian of the first sack, and Davies performed stellarly at the keystone bag. McGrath, originally a pitcher, was put on the initial bag when the season opened, and his playing was so remarkable that there is little doubt that in another year he should blossom into the greatest guardian of that bag ever turned out. He is also a very timely hitter and a dangerous man in the pinch. Davies became overnight the idol of the Duke followers on account of his sensational playing and fighting spirit. He has received any amount of offers to perform for semi-professional teams in the tri-state district.

Titz, who finished the season at short, shows all the requisites of a future great. Keefe, who began the season at short, was moved to third, where he remained till the end of the season. He has an excellent arm and takes care of the ground balls in fine style.

Sciotto, the Dukes' little catcher, was in every game, performing in fine style and settling the pitchers in their "wildest moments." The best wishes of the undergraduate body will go with him for he has proved himself a good, steady, reliable, quick-witted catcher.

The pitching aces for the Dukes were Vebelunas and Marecki. The former bore the greater part of the burden. And while it is regretted that his teammates did not always give him the needed support he may call his season a success, for he has established himself at the top among collegiate slabmen in this district. He has proven himself a nemesis for any number of batsmen during the course of the season. His hitting aided the team greatly and has enabled the authorities to play him at other positions when not hurling.

Marecki has proven all that he has been proclaimed to be. His assortment of curves and good head have enabled him to overcome his physical handicap. He is an exception to the general rule that a good moundsman must have superhuman strength besides being a six-footer.

FRANCIS X. FOLEY, H. S., '22.

THE UNIVERSITY HIGH.

The high school team broke even, winning five games, and also losing a quintet. Rain was the real jinx for the Duke Camels; Jupiter Pluvius curtailed several games which they would undoubtedly have won. The team was exceptionally good as high school teams go, but began the season without an adequate pitching staff. McQuade, a catcher, came to the rescue and did well as a twirler. They struck their proper stride from the time that Wilinski, corralled from the inter-class league, received the twirling assignment. Our boys were at their best in the St. Mary's game. The Mt. Washington lads had gone through the season undefeated and on a former occasion had walloped the Dukelets, 12 to 5. In the final game of the season the latter batted out a 10 to 3 victory. The game was nip and tuck until the seventh frame, when the U-Hi took kindly to Southpaw Diranna's offerings, and by timely hitting marked up five tallies. Wilinski merely allowed two hits while the Dukelets garnered ten blows. The team will lose the valuable services of Hoffmann, Bielski, Zubol and Rozenas by graduation.

JAMES F. McCaffrey, H. S., '22.

THE CHAMPION JUNIORS.

The Duquesne University Juniors—all members of the junior high department of the well-known school on the hill—closed a very successful season. With Captain Witt as the only veteran from last year's champion nine, Coach Campbell built up a classy team which claims the undisputed championship of Pittsburgh.

From the tabulated record below it may be seen that the Little Dukes dropped a few seven-inning games. Most of the eleven victories were won in the final canto from older and more experienced teams. The Bluffites met only two teams their own size: St. Mary's High of Homestead and Riverside. The former was beaten in a ninth inning rally and Riverside won a seven-inning contest, but lost a splendid fray to the Dukelings in the twelfth frame.

Not to be caught with only one veteran on his hands for next season Coach Campbell developed two men for each of the infield positions. Boyle and Kaveny alternated at first, Witt and Regan at second, Bullion and Clary at third, and Clary and Miller at short. Thus the Duke solon had seven classy infielders at his disposal.

Savage and Walsh paired well as batterymen. Savage was a relentless foul-fly chaser. Walsh's strength as a twirler lay in his slow bewildering drop that nearly broke the backs of the opposing batsmen.

The Titz brothers are as cool as cucumbers. Opposing runners feared Frank's accurate peg. Chris is a southpaw and has a fine assortment of curves. He has a no-hit and a one-hit game to his credit.

Gunde, Julius, Wissenbach and Rebhun formed a strong corps of reliable outfielders. Rebhun, the fleetest man on the team, did invaluable service as a pinch runner. Bullion, the leadoff man, also led the club in batting due to his ability to draw free passes to first. Gunde, Julius, Witt, Regan and Wissenbach were consistent hitters. Rebhun, Miller and Savage excelled in stolen bases. The record:

	Dukes	Opponents
St. Mary's Hi, Lawrenceville.....	8	6
Westinghouse Seconds.....	9	10
St. Peter's High, N. S	4	6
St. Mary's Hi, Lawrenceville.....	14	10
Harmony Cubs, Ambridge.....	11	8
Riverside (7 innings).....	4	5
St. Thomas Hi, Braddock.....	6	2
St. Rosalia's Hi.....	9	0
Ralston Hi.....	10	5
Harmony Cubs, Ambridge.....	9	8
Harmony Cubs, Ambridge (7 inn.)	8	9
Riverside (12 innings).....	3	2
St. Mary's Hi, Lawrenceville.....	5	4
	<hr/> 100	<hr/> 75

WM. P. KOHLER, H. S., '22.

THE DUKUMS AS "CHAMPS"

Launched on the high sea of baseball by their shrewd and capable pilot, Father Rowe, the Dukums sailed successfully into port after gaining

twenty victories in twenty-two battles. The first game, with St. Luke's of Carnegie, was the fastest and most spectacular of the season. Scarcely forty-five minutes were consumed for this contest and the Dukums were returned victors, 3 to 0. O'Brien allowed but three scattered hits. In a return engagement the Skibos had our boys at an 11 to 3 handicap, but the Dukums wielded their bats so effectively in the final innings that they emerged victoriously, 15 to 12. Laughren was the "Babe Ruth" of the team during the season, registering four home runs and a myriad of hits. Maughn showed excellent control as a twirler and was a consistent hitter. Friedrich with his bewildering curves has a remarkable strike-out record. McDonald was a sensational southpaw. Davies and Mikolajewski were excellent catchers. Captain Fleck on first was the mainstay of the club; Shiring held down second acceptably well; Zapf was a wizard at short, turning seeming hits into put-outs; Lennox played an errorless season at third. N. Schaub was an excellent utility infielder. Goff, Funk and Kilkeary put up a good game in the outer garden. On account of their enviable record the Dukums are considered the champions by all the grade and parish schools. The following games were played since our last issue:—

Dukums Opponents		Dukums Opponents	
Plaza A. A.....	11 10	St. Anne's.....	21 7
East Liberty....	8 7	St. Canice	22 0
P. V. Juniors...	6 11	St. Luke's	3 0
Bloomfield	15 10	St. Luke's.....	15 12
Cathedral.....	18 2	H. C. Grubs...	12 5

JOSEPH M. MAXWELL, H. S., '22.

FOOTBALL.

Now that collegiate baseball is at an end the average student of athletic leanings is rather restless. A smile of satisfaction illumines his countenance as he recalls the school's record in sports. The baseball and basketball seasons were a success. In football the University High and the irrepressible Dukums made an astounding record. The vital question for him is, Why can't Duquesne have a 'Varsity football team? He asks his fellow-students to solve this question. Not satisfied with their responses, he timidly makes known to the Faculty his long-desired ambition to see Duquesne once more on the collegiate football map. To make a long story short, the Faculty has consented to put a 'Varsity team on the gridiron next fall. Father Rowe, Professor McCloskey, and Coach "Jake" Stahl, form the triumvirate to govern and regulate all football activities. Mr. F. A. Keating, an active member of the Commercial Club, donated a splendid \$100.00 gold watch which realized a handsome sum in a raffle. The material in school for a good team is abundant, and we look forward to a successful gridiron season. The following schedule was carefully arranged by Graduate-Manager James J. McCloskey:—

September 25	Marietta College	Abroad
October 2	Detroit University.	Abroad
“ 16	Muskingum College	Home
“ 23.....	Mt. St. Mary's, Emittsburg, Md.	Home
“ 30	Thiel College.	Abroad
November 6	St. Bonaventure College	Home
“ 20	Pending	Home

